# The English Illustrated Magazine

1898

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# THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## VOLUME XIX

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SWEET SPRING.

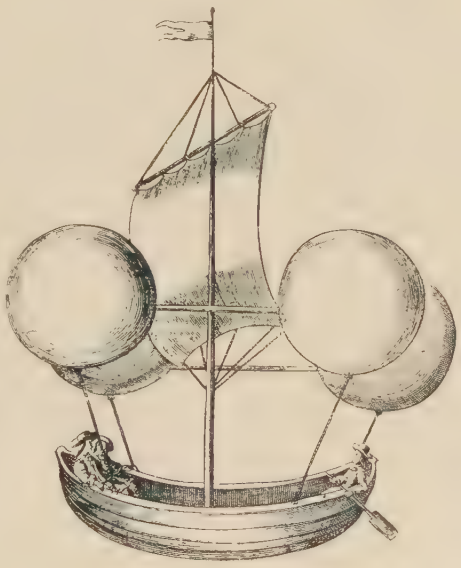
*From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.*

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# THE LONG-SOUGHT FLYING MACHINE.

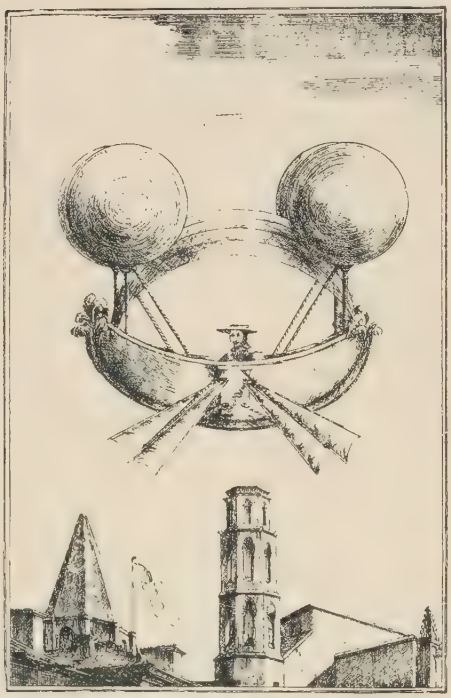
AMONG the vain crowd of human aspirations the most comically pathetic is perhaps that after flying. The desire, analytically considered, is obviously a particular form of that great general desire wherewith mankind is plagued, the desire to be other than we are. Regarding the healthiness of this endeavour after flight there may be two opinions. Granted that flying is impossible, then this desire, according to the Greek adage, must be a sickness of the soul. But granted that flying may yet be compassed by man, the aspiration cannot be termed altogether unwholesome, for its realisation would undoubtedly be a gain to the useful arts, and would make for the convenience and well-being of mankind. Not only as a means but as an end in itself, flying was recommended to athletes by the ill-fated enthusiast, Otto Lilienthal, who accounted his own fairly successful method "an exhilarating pastime." On the other hand, supposing the problem of aërial natation satisfactorily solved, there are grave objections to any general adoption by mankind of flight as a mode of locomotion. The objections are not of to-day any more than the aspiration, although the aspiration is far more venerable than any definitely formulated criticism.

Implicit criticism, however, of the *reductio ad absurdum* order has been inseparable from all proposals, even the very earliest, on the part of man to fly. The first difficulty to be exposed was constructional. To mere flying the Greek legend of Dædalus and Icarus does not at first sight appear hostile. Success is conceded to Dædalus perhaps out of deference to the cunning inventor of glue and plumbline. Icarus also flew, but soared too near the sun, whereupon the wax which fastened his wings melted, and the adventurer perished in the sea which ever after bore his name. Undeniably the popular wisdom from which the story sprang was laughing in its sleeve at the deft artificer who after a lifetime of useful invention turned to fantastic experiment. It may be argued, of course, that since flying was the only means by which Dædalus and Icarus could escape from Crete, the experiment was altogether praiseworthy, and that the son came to grief only because he



AN AIR-SHIP.
*Designed by Francis Lana, of Barcelona, 1670.*

neglected his father's warning not to fly too near the sun, but that were to debase the legend to the level of a Sunday school story. It is more edifying to believe that Dædalus, whatever his personal success, suffered for a ridiculous performance. This is a hard saying, and to such as Captain Baden Powell it may seem a damnable heresy, but the fact remains that hitherto man's attempts at flying have savoured of the comic and the pathetic.



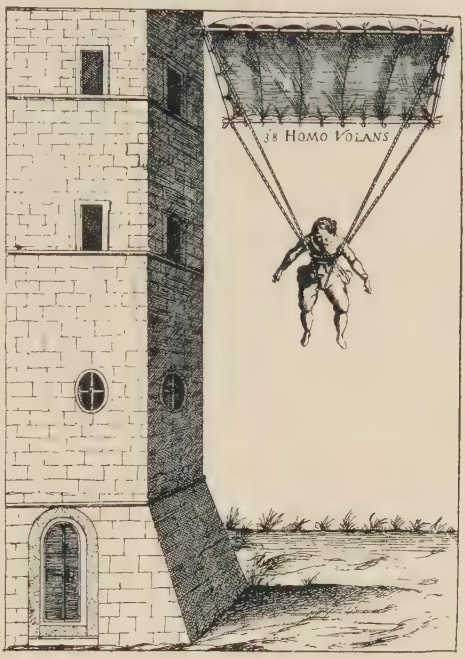
AN AIR-SHIP.
*On the Principle of Francis Lana, 1678.*

Try as we will it is impossible to eliminate these elements from the question. The Greek story-teller, consciously or unconsciously realising this, gave us the too high flight, the melted wax, and tragedy. And so on, from that day to this whenever man has taken unto himself wings, he has made himself a laughing-stock or has perished, or both.

Although the attempts of would-be human fowls have in all ages been attended with the most doubtful success, failure has not cooled the ardour of enthusiasts. The perpetual motion so long and eagerly sought after died hard, but died surely on a better understanding of the laws of friction. The quest after flight, however, has outlived it. Experimenters may no longer make themselves wings, as did Dædalus, James the Fourth's ingenious Italian friend, the Prior of Tongland, "Mr. Ironside" in the *Guardian* of 1713, and more recently Dr. Miller and Darius Green; but they cling to the problem of the air-ship to be supported and propelled by purely mechanical means. Hope of a solution springs eternal in their breasts, and even Mr. Hiram S. Maxim turns for solace from murderous invention to the gentle art of flying. The adaptation of the balloon to aërial locomotion, once so popular an experiment, has now been wholly superseded by machines fashioned on the "aëroplane" principle. None of the purely mechanical contrivances have ever achieved complete success. They have been unable to remain afloat for any length of time, and the question of balance amid cross winds remains unanswered. Only balloon supported machines have soared for any considerable time, and these it has been impossible to guide. The devices of both kinds, the dirigeable that will not float and the buoyant that cannot be steered, form a goodly company of ingenious failures of which some of the more interesting and curious are reproduced on these pages.

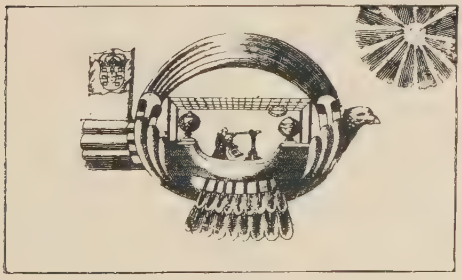
The geographer Strabo tells a shadowy story of a Scythian people who soared aloft on smoke, but he gives no particulars of the method, so that we can only guess that it may have been a primitive forecast of Montgolfier's fire-balloon. For the earliest definite promulgation of a theory of flying we must leap over some twelve centuries, from Strabo to Roger Bacon, who seems to have believed in the possibility of human flight, but was, perhaps, too wise to risk the experiment. In the fifteenth century Leonardo da Vinci designed a mechanical wing, but does not say that he made practical trial of it. That he thoroughly understood the theory of flying, however, is manifest from his admirable "Treatise upon the Flight of

Birds." A less scientific and more empirical experimenter was the Prior of Tongland, aforementioned, who in 1510 diverted the Court at Stirling with his attempt to fly. Putting on his elaborate arrangement of feathers, he leaped gaily from the battlements of the castle, and by simple gravitation presently found himself in the "mydding" (dunghill), from which he emerged unhurt but inglorious. He had his explanation ready, however, saying that in his wings were certain hen's feathers which "yarnit and coveted the mydding."




A MAN FLYING.
*From Faustus Verontius, 1695.*

The seventeenth century was prolific of flying machines. During the Restoration period the craze for pseudo-science led many visionary mechanicians to propound schemes of aërial navigation. Both at home and abroad the matter was diligently inquired into, and in 1670 Francis Lana, a Spanish Jesuit, designed, but seems not to have constructed, an air-ship. Lana's idea was to support his vessel by globes of very thin copper, which he proposed to exhaust of air. He argued that as the solid content of vessels increased so much more rapidly than their superficial area, such a globe when exhausted would be lighter than air, and so would ascend and possess considerable lifting power. By increasing the size of the globe he hoped to increase the lifting power. The obvious fallacy of his theory was exposed by Robert Hooke, who aided Boyle in the construction of the air-pump. For, in the first place, globes of metal as thin as those proposed by Lana would never when exhausted resist the pressure of the atmosphere; and, again, increase in the size would require a corresponding increase of thickness, so that the weight would be proportionately augmented. But in those days flying was "in the air," and even Bishop Wilkins, the first President of the Royal Society, believed so firmly in its ultimate attainment that he foretold a time—he put it no farther off than "the next age"—when



BARTHOLOMEW LAURENT'S IDEA, 1709.

THE FLYING PHILOSOPHER, 1802.

man would call for his wings as readily as he now calls for his boots. The "next age," alas! has come and gone and we still call with some confidence for our boots, leaving aërostatic enthusiasts to call with more or less confidence for their wings.

The problem of flying is almost as hardy an evergreen in periodical literature as the sea-serpent. One of the quaintest and perhaps most impossible of designs was that which appeared in the *Evening Post* of Dec. 22, 1709. The article in question gravely set forth how a Brazilian priest, Bartholomew Laurent, had invented and brought under the notice of the King of Portugal "a flying ship, by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way, either by sea or land, so that you may go 200 miles in 24 hours." Laurent's epistle to the King is translated in full, and is in effect an application for patent, for he prays his Majesty that no person shall "presume to use or make this ship without the express license of the petitioner, and that transgressors may be declared liable to an arbitrary punishment." The *Evening Post* was not behindhand in illustrations, and submitted a diagram of Laurent's machine, which is here reproduced. There was likewise a lengthy explanation so replete with absurdities that one is almost tempted to regard the whole affair as a joke. Plainly, if the machine was intended seriously, it had never got beyond paper, for a more earthbound device could scarcely be imagined. The iron grating above the navigator's head was fitted with "a good number of large amber beads, which by a secret operation will help to keep the ship afloat." The operation, we imagine, must have been profoundly secret. A beautiful disregard of the elementary laws of the fulcrum and the lever is the chief charm of the description. There are innumerable contrivances to lift and propel the vessel, but they are,

DEGENS' MACHINE, 1812.

unfortunately, all dependent on accessories within the ship itself. For instance, the amber beads aforesaid are expected, when the sun is hot, to draw towards them

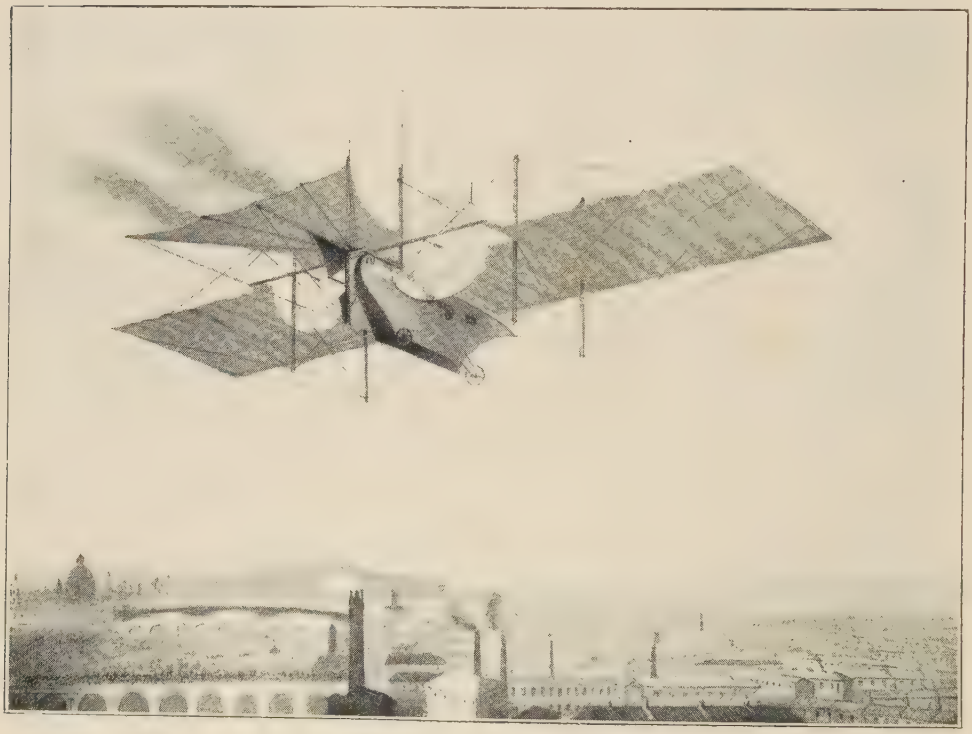
original diagram, is described as "the artist who, by the help of the celestial globe, a sea-map, and compass, takes the height of the sun, thereby to find out the

DR. MILLER'S AËROSTAT, 1843.

the straw mats with which the vessel is lined, thus, so please you, increasing the buoyancy of the ship. On the same exquisite principle, the globes of Heaven and Earth, fore and aft, conceal two lodestones "to draw the ship after them, the body of which is of thin iron plates." On this beautiful principle we might propel our ironclads merely by fixing a large electro magnet to the stem. The device, one suspects, was surely borrowed, by false analogy, from the driving power of the carrot hung before the donkey's nose. Laurent's explanation provokes to further extracts. He points out to us "the stem to govern the ship, that she may not run at random," and "the two wings which keep the ship upright," also "the sails" (overhanging the vessel) "wherewith the air is to be divided." Carefully, too, he informs us that in the stem and stern "is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind." The gentleman on board, designated by "G" in the spot of land over which they are on the globe of the earth." Idiotically fixed to the iron grating overhead is "the compass to direct them in their way." With regard to motive-power, Father Laurent's admissions are vague, but evidently he means to depend on Boreas and his bellows, or, perhaps, upon another "secret operation."

Laurent's machine is represented as sailing "with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air," while Sol looks down admiringly at the daring of the Brazilian clergy. It is, indeed, the fashion for all flying contrivances to achieve perfect success — graphically. Most of them are represented as poised victoriously—whether they ever were so or not—over Mother Earth, which shrinks to insignificance beside the triumphant engine. This is very noticeable in the prints which appeared during the brisk revival of the flying craze between the years 1843 and 1850. Among these were

Henson and Stringfellow's "Ariel," built only in a small model; Dr. Miller's aërostat, Peter's portentous patent of 1850, and Bell's much-derided invention exhibited at Vauxhall in the same year. The Ariel was patented by Henson, an American inventor, for the dimensions of the machine portrayed in triumphant flight over London, but was never built of such a size. The design, however, is remarkable as the first intelligent attempt to employ the aëroplane, and to connect plane surface and weight in relative proportion. Henson's formula was one square foot of surface for every half-pound to be lifted, and in the specifications of his patent, which was to weigh 3000 lb., he proposed to employ 4500 square feet of canvas or oil-silk in the two wings, and 1500 in the tail, thus obtaining the requisite 6000 square feet. A steam-engine of great lightness but high power was to drive the two propellers, and the machine was to be kept afloat by the presentation of its aëroplane at a considerable angle to the plane of its direction, on the principle of a kite. The machine, the body of which was fitted with wheels suitable for land traction, was to be started by being allowed to glide down an inclined plane. Henson was aided in his further experiments by a Mr. Stringfellow, of Chard, in Somerset, and in 1845 they completed a small model with no very satisfactory result. Some time later, Stringfellow alone made another model, which was tried indoors at Cremorne with some success. The machine descended gracefully from an eminence, and it was believed that had it had room enough to continue its flight it would have conquered the initial fall, and, recovering, would have soared. This little model, with water and fuel, weighed only 6½ lb.

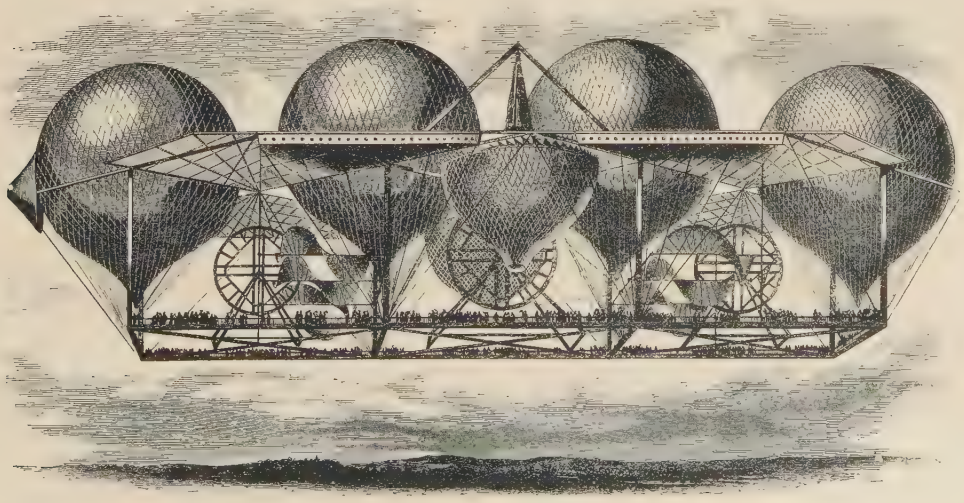


THE ARIEL, 1843.—HENSON AND STRINGFELLOW.

Among the noteworthy attempts of 1843 were those of Dr. Miller and Monck Mason,

of Nassau balloon fame. Dr. Miller, like the Flying Philosopher of 1802, and of the still earlier Prior of Tongland, sought a definite emulation of the bird. His machine weighed 15 lb., and was to be propelled by an action precisely like rowing. The chief obstacle to such contrivances lies, of course, in the structure of the human body, for, relatively to his size, man has not the muscular power of the bird. Monck Mason's contrivance, again, was rather to be reckoned among balloons than among flying machines proper. To an elliptical balloon he fitted a screw and rudder, not altogether an original device, for, in 1784, Blanchard professed to have guided a balloon with large wings or sails. Lunardi also professed to control his balloon with an oar. In 1850, Bell made a similar attempt at Vauxhall, with a machine almost identically the same as Mason's. On July 23 a host of people went out to witness the ascent, curious to see if a balloon could really be controlled and propelled. The machine was imposing. An oblong, horizontal envelope held 15,000 feet of gas, and the car was fitted with two large fans and a caudatory rudder. At 7 p.m. Bell ascended alone. A south-east wind was blowing, and the balloon, according to the precedents of seventy years, went north-west. For a time the aëronaut twirled his wings and flapped his tail, but to no purpose, for the balloon drifted slowly down the wind and finally disappeared. "The crowd," says the *Times*, "was quite apathetic, and shortly turned to the enjoyment of the good things earth provided." Similar in design, but even more cumbrous and impracticable, was the "Eagle," designed about the same period. The poor success of these attempts, however, did not deter others from similar effort, and in 1865 the problem of guiding a balloon was claimed to have been solved by Delamarne, who exhibited his machine, christened

MONCK MASON'S AERIAL MACHINE, 1843.
*14ft. by 6ft. 8in. high*

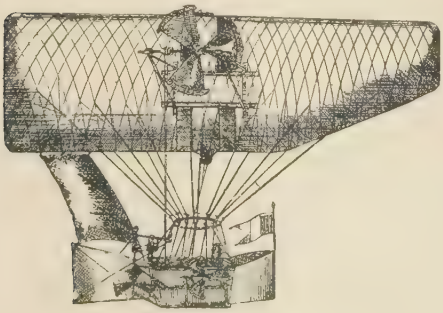


PETER'S PATENT, 1850.

BELL'S UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT AT VAUXHALL, 1850.

"L'Esperance," during the month of August at Cremorne. Delamarne deserted the elliptical balloon for one of extraordinary shape, to describe which mathematics affords no adequate term. It may serve, perhaps, to say it resembled a dissipated cigar. Delamarne's frequent ascents seem to point to some success, and a careful study of the Cremorne advertisements leads one to suspect that he wisely chose to ascend only in calm weather. Granted that he did so, he may have contrived to impart a little purpose to his flight.

Among present-day experiments those of Professor Langley at Washington claim to be the most successful. After ten years' research he has constructed an "aërodrome" which has remained afloat for a minute and a half, covering in that time about half a mile. His machine is not unlike the old "Ariel" of Henson, but appears to promise more satisfactory results. Steam is the motive-power; but as the present model is too small to admit of condensers, the waste is too great to ensure long flight. With a larger model, however, the inventor hopes to remain afloat hours instead of minutes. Stentzel, a German, and Praul, an American, are also experimenting, the former with parabolic wings, the latter with a steel cylinder fitted with oblong vanes. Praul hopes for a speed of a hundred miles an hour, while Stentzel declares that he only needs capital to enable him shortly to fly over the Kaiser's Palace. Would this, one wonders, amount to *lèse-majesté?*



M. DELAMARNE'S AERIAL SAILING BALLOON, "L'ESPERANCE," AT CREMORNE, AUGUST 1865.

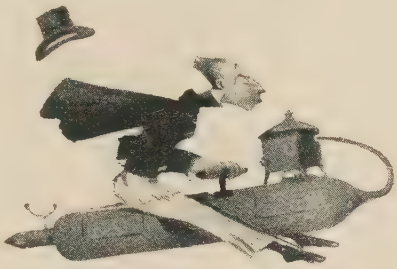
The enthusiastic Herr Otto Lilienthal, already mentioned, recently fell a victim to his passion for flying. His contrivance

DR. MARGRAVE'S MACHINE.

was something of a return to the old attempt at fixing wings to the human body. Lilienthal's wings, which resembled those of the butterfly, were made of bamboo and calico. He thrust his arms through two leather armlets and grasped a bamboo stick on the framework with his hands. His legs, which hung free, he used to secure a balance. From a pyramid fifty feet high Lilienthal used to launch himself against a head wind, and sometimes floated two hundred yards before he alighted. Actual ascent, however, he seems never to have accomplished, and last year his progress was stopped untimely by the accident which enrolled him among the martyrs to aërostation. Similar experiments are pursued by Mr. Pilcher, assistant to Mr. Hiram S. Maxim. This artist has descended chiefly at Cardross, in

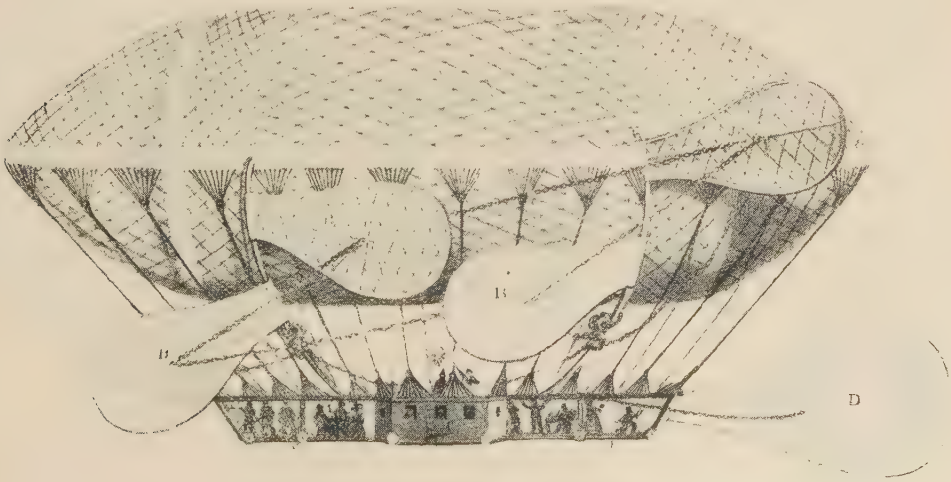
Dumbartonshire. He runs a little way downhill, and then leaps into the air. His descent is gradual, and, on a favourable day, not unpleasant.

Poor Lilienthal once had a broken wrist for his pains, but he persevered to the end and was not saved. Mr. Pilcher has been luckier, but confesses to some discomfort in certain weather. Still the good work goes on, quietly, however, for the inventors nowadays make no boast either before or after performance. In this they are wise, for disappointed spectators have sometimes wreaked vengeance on disappointing artist and machine, as happened in 1812 to the unfortunate Degens. The unfeeling treatment meted out to luckless aëronauts in blows, print, and picture, would alone fill an entertaining treatise. An amusing cartoon at the expense of Dr. Margrave, a would-be flyer of last century, is reproduced with the present article. The doctor is represented with the devil aboard his machine, of which the Prince of Darkness is evidently in charge. Flying was also caricatured in the well-known adventures of Mr. Golightly Reason, for the satirical handling of aëronauts, especially of those who have attempted direct imitation of the fowls of the air, is not far to seek. Apart from failure, the mere wearing of wings puts man in a ludicrous position. It used to be a stock joke in a well-known menagerie to make the elephant play "Oh, would I were a bird!" upon the cornet. The aspiration is scarcely less comical in mankind. Our human frame seldom appears to less advantage than when suspended in mid-air. If proof of this were needed it is perhaps supplied by a print of 1695 from Faustus Verontius, exhibiting an early form of the parachute. It is dangerous, of course, to deride an incomplete invention, but the trifling advance made by the art of flying, despite ages of diligent research and experiment, much of it neither unintelligent nor unscientific, seems to justify in great measure the assumption that this venerable problem will ultimately be laid to rest beside the perpetual motion, embalmed, perchance, in the elixir of life and its grave marked by the philosopher's stone.—A. P. Teros.



THE FLIGHT OF INTELLECT.

*Mr. Golightly Reason experimenting on Messrs. Quick and Speed's new patent high-pressure steam riding-rocket.*




THE EAGLE.

HIGHLAND POACHERS.

*By Archibald Thorburn.*

# THE BATTLE OF ALMA TERRACE.

By LILIAN QUILLER-COUCH.

THERE were sixty-seven spinsters in Penslyder, counting all creeds and classes. Sixty-seven maidens of certain and varied positions, and uncertain and varied ages; left by Fate, or Circumstance, or Man, to win their way to Heaven all solitary—or at least unhampered. Consequently, when the one builder in Penslyder bestirred himself to build, he noted the turn things were taking, and he raised houses suitable to meet the demand, piling his bricks in the shape of neat squares and crescents, rows and terraces; prim, snug, compact; varying slightly in size and decoration to suit the incomes of the respective tenants.

Alma Terrace (so called from the battle of that name, fought and won while the mortar was yet soft upon the bricks) stood at the top of Penslyder High Street, and consisted of three drab-coloured stucco houses in one block, with square windows, green venetian blinds, small gardens in front, fat wooden palings to edge them, and a bright brass knocker on each green front door.

In Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Alma Terrace, lived three of the sixty-seven Penslyder spinsters—Miss Jane Tootell, Miss Emily Tiplast, and Miss Susannah Sayre; attended by their respective serving-maids, Ann, Grace, and Georgina. And to four at least out of the half-dozen representatives of single blessedness, Alma Terrace was as the heart of the world for interest. The green front doors of No. 1 and No. 3, Alma Terrace, opened one on either of the side walls of the drab-coloured block; the green front door of No. 2 opened on to the garden path in the middle. Emily Tiplast with Grace, and Susannah Sayre with Georgina, lived in Nos. 1 and 3 respectively. Jane Tootell with Ann lived in No. 2, and felt that, literally and metaphorically, she was the centrepiece.

Jane Tootell was a maiden who never aimed at the obtaining of moons, or any nonsense of that sort, for such aims are silly and unpractical, and a moon, moreover, even if one did obtain it, is neat and well proportioned for such a very short time each month that Jane Tootell would have found it irritating, and, indeed, would rather have been without it. But, on the other hand, when her alert mind or sharp eyes had decided what she wished to have, see, or carry out, Penslyder and Jane Tootell knew that, with few exceptions, it was merely a matter of time and importunity.

And Jane Tootell, from the first moment of her tenancy, had decided upon the proper appearance of Alma Terrace as a whole.

She had been the first of the three tenants by a full quarter, and had chosen the middle house, more by reason of saving the terrace from three months' lopsidedness than from any preference for the situation. And for three full months she had felt herself to be almost tenant of the whole block; for no casual glance would detect that three separate houses lay within those four stuccoed walls. The landlord had painted palings, doors, and venetian blinds of one uniform green, because of her importunity; and for the same reason had allowed her the entrance to the two empty houses that she might draw those same venetian blinds to the height of inhabited consistency. So it was with trepidation that Jane Tootell and Ann, her serving-maid, even contemplated the

advent of real tenants for Nos. 1 and 3, for the scope for taste in the matter of maids and window-curtains was wide even in the days following close upon the victory of Alma.

By the next quarter, however, Nos. 1 and 3 were taken. And even during her anxiety as to her future neighbours, Jane Tootell breathed a sigh of thankfulness that both houses had been taken at the same quarter; otherwise her own central position would have been but an irregularity, and she would have felt strongly inclined to change to the unoccupied end house, for the sake of uniformity. When, however, the sigh of thankfulness had been breathed, anxiety rose and became all-absorbing; for, after all, the central tenant of a block of three runs two risks in the matter of next door neighbours. And it must be confessed that when from the point of observation behind her white netted curtain, darned in cockatoos, she saw the new tenants, within a couple of hours of one another, walk up their respective garden paths, she had reason to complain of the hand of fate; for in very truth they did not match a bit.

The tenant of No. 1 was short, small-boned, and plump, with a shy, nervous, little way with her as she tripped up to her door, followed by her maid carrying a birdcage, and the flyman with a holland-covered trunk. Jane Tootell, gazing through her mesh of white, clear-starched cotton, felt a certain measure of contempt for her little new neighbour, even while she decided that she would be easy to manage.

But later in the day, when from the same point of vantage she saw her other new neighbour get out of a fly and walk up to the door of No. 3, her feelings were more uncertain. This new neighbour was tall and fair and rather stout—what Jane Tootell called "floppy"; the bands of her light hair were untidy from her journey; her large, shapeless travelling-cloak was buttoned here and there, without regard to symmetry; she walked with rather a weary slouch; and the maid who followed her was brisk and rosy, and by no means old.

Jane Tootell, as she watched them disappear, felt that she did not quite grasp No. 3; and she went to the bell and rang Ann from her position at the white dimity curtain in the front bed-room, for she wished to have a second opinion.

But Ann could do no more than repeat what her mistress already knew; and Jane Tootell sighed again over the one point which was obvious — the irritating dissimilarity between the two new tenants.

One fact, however, brought a pleased tranquillity to Jane Tootell's mind as the days slid on towards Sunday; and that fact was the absence of curtains in the windows of Nos. 1 and 3. And hope beat high in her that none might be hung until etiquette permitted her to pay her respects on either side, and point to the advisability of a pleasing uniformity.

When, on Monday afternoon at a quarter past three, Jane Tootell was ushered by Miss Tiplast's maid (who might have been blood-relative to Ann, judging from complexion and general expression) into Miss Tiplast's drawing-room (for Miss Tiplast, having walked into No. 1 full two hours before Miss Sayre had walked into No. 3, was entitled to the first call), she—Jane Tootell—was relieved and gratified to see that in colour, neatness, exactitude, and general arrangement, the room was quite in keeping with her own. Jane Tootell felt strong and confident; her nostrils dilated like those of a war-horse scenting the battle he loves; and with but few preliminaries she plunged into the subject which meant so much to her and to the appearance of Alma Terrace.

But here there was no battle to be fought. Emily Tiplast, with quick, short smiles, and nervous claspings of her hands upon her silk apron, met Jane Tootell half-way, and was gratified and interested in the uniformity of Alma Terrace.

"Yes, I have white netted curtains," she ventured timidly, "but not darned in cockatoos, I'm afraid — only parrots. Parrots are not unlike cockatoos at a little distance, and perhaps——"

"Parrots!" interrupted Jane Tootell in a dubious voice. "Well—perhaps we could make parrots do; just bring a fold

over the head, where the top-knot should be, and pull them well over to the centre of the—— But—no—I will tell you what I will do. I will come in myself and loop and arrange them when they are hung, because I know exactly."

"You are very kind," murmured Emily Tiplast.

"And your maid ——"

"A very old and faithful ——" began Emily Tiplast.

"Yes, yes, so I thought. I have just

FOLLOWED BY HER MAID CARRYING A BIRDCAGE.

such another. No doubt they will become acquainted. She wears black of an afternoon?"

"Oh, yes."

"And cross-barred muslin aprons and caps?"

"Oh, yes."

"So does Ann. It is quite the best style. It is well to have them dress alike, after the manner of a retinue of one large house."

Miss Tiplast agreed; and after some few more details, Miss Tootell took her leave. And when, five minutes later, she bore down upon No. 3, her face was flushed with victory.

Here, as at No. 1, Jane Tootell found herself the victor of a battleless triumph; but here, alas! the triumph was not entirely satisfying. To begin with, the hair of the cheerful maid who opened the door—garbed though she was with the neatness of a Quaker—was undoubtedly red—red and rebellious.

"Such an unconscionable colour for a servant," thought Jane Tootell snappishly, "and entirely out of place in our terrace."

And then Susannah Sayre's drawing-room!

"*This* is no drawing-room," mentally snapped Miss Tootell again. "Unworthy of the name! Drawing-room indeed!"

Indeed it was untidy, littered with books and wrappings, and house-linen awaiting mending; showing itself plainly to Jane Tootell's eye to be an all-day sitting-room. The couch was, it is true, covered with a fresh chintz covering; but its shape

was low and broad, and its cushions were dented with use. It was quite unlike Jane Tootell's own rosewood sofa; it had an Eastern look, suggestive of Persian harems (as set forth in the *Illustrated Almanack*). Jane Tootell's breath came sharply, and she felt as if, really, it was scarcely decent to look upon. The chairs, too! There was not one to match another. And in the window, instead of a jardinière, or neat, round table, there stood a plain, square table, untidy with letters, pens and ink, scraps of paper, and even a hammer and nails. Jane Tootell's lips tightened, but otherwise she betrayed nothing of the shock.

Miss Susannah Sayre laid down the bundle of letters she was scanning, and came forward to welcome Miss Tootell; and then with a placid expression on her large face, and a half-smile in her far-away eyes, she suggested the most comfortable chair by the fire, and seating herself on the low couch on the other side of the hearth, began to talk pleasantly in low, lazy tones.

"Curtains," she repeated, when at length Jane Tootell had plunged into the subject of Alma Terrace as a whole, and its window decorations in detail. "Oh yes, curtains. I had not thought of them yet. I have some Persian things I brought home with me; but if you like the white netted ones better, I believe there are a lot in an old box which belonged to my aunt. I don't know about the pattern——"

"Cockatoos—or parrots," said Miss Tootell. "Mine are cockatoos, Miss Tiplast's are parrots unfortunately, but I think they will match if properly hung."

"Cockatoos," said Susannah Sayre thoughtfully.

"Or parrots," repeated Jane Tootell.

"Or parrots," echod Susannah Sayre. "I think I should have noticed if they had been cockatoos or parrots. But I know that some of them are plain—quite inoffensive."

"Do you not think you could darn in the cockatoos?" suggested Miss Tootell.

"I am quite sure I could not," laughed Susannah Sayre. "But my little maid, Georgina, is devoted to fancy work; perhaps she could do it. For my part I am no needleworker, beyond a little sewing and mending."

"And dimity—for upstairs," continued Miss Tootell.

"Oh, yes; we can manage dimity quite easily," declared Miss Sayre placidly, "and the box-edging you spoke of, and the movable door-scrapers. Oh, quite easily, if you like the idea of uniformity. But," she added with a slow smile, "don't you think a little individuality would be more natural?"

But Jane Tootell negatived that idea most decidedly. It would spoil the block, she said. So she had her way, and reached the green door of No. 2 once more, feeling that at least she had saved the outward appearance of Alma Terrace.

So in due course the curtains were hung, and Jane Tootell paid two more calls for the purpose of arranging the folds.

Then Emily Tiplast almost ruined the effect by hanging her canary-cage in her drawing-room window, in the face of Jane Tootell's expostulations, and even in the face of her offer to give it house-room herself, that it might hang symmetrically from the middle window. Emily Tiplast was obdurate. It was the only point on which she ever ventured to stand out against Jane Tootell, and in defence of her canary she was ready to face a regiment.

But in the long run the terrace was saved, for when the matter was placed in its full importance by Jane Tootell before Susannah Sayre, she answered most amiably—

"Oh, yes; I will have a canary-cage to match, if you like. Must I have the canary, too? I don't mind at all, only Georgina must look after it. I should forget. Buy one for me, if you will, Miss Tootell; you know exactly what you want, and I will pay you afterwards."

So it was settled. And with the exceptions of the unwieldy presence of Susannah Sayre and the unmatchable hair of Georgina, the terrace was neat and trim, and all in keeping, to the eye of any passer-by.

Jane Tootell and Emily Tiplast soon became quite intimate — after the little matter of the canary had been settled. It could scarcely be said that they had many points in common, but their points of dissimilarity dovetailed and blended admirably. Jane Tootell was strong in the laying down of laws; Emily Tiplast delighted in observing them. Emily Tiplast shrank from the making of decisions; Jane Tootell would decide anything on

COQUETTING WITH THE BAKER'S MAN.

earth — as yet she had been tried no further. Added to this, they found that each had been strictly trained on the lines laid down by Mrs. Markham and Mangnall, and this was a strong bond between them; it seemed to vouch for the blameless past of each spinster, and wiped away all doubts and strangeness with regard to those former years.

As for Susannah Sayre, although on friendly terms with her, Jane Tootell could not feel that their opinions were in unity. Susannah Sayre was amicable enough, and yielding, and open-handed, and inoffensive, but—there certainly was a "but." It was not that she was backboneless. Emily Tiplast was backboneless—to Jane Tootell's thinking—and she found the trait convenient rather than otherwise. But Susannah Sayre was so untidy, so dreamy, so unmethodical, so indifferent to all matters of Penslyder interest, her mind seemed ever wandering among things right outside Penslyder life. She took no heed of the quarrel among the members of the Ladies' Committee; she gave no second thought to the honour conferred on her by a call from the leader of Penslyder society, who had known her third cousin. Jane Tootell found no congenial topic for conversation with her, and she grew irritated, and longed to shake Susannah Sayre out of her silly apathy.

One or two people living far away from Penslyder could remember Susannah Sayre as a grand great girl with happy eyes, growing to womanhood after the pattern set by Juno. They could also remember Susannah about the time that love came her way, offered to her by the man whose very presence made her life glad—to be withdrawn when his taste had changed and he fancied another style of sweetheart. And they could remember—and spoke of it even now—the day when she awoke to her lover's worthlessness; the hours of her dumb, despairing agony, the weeks of her mad, poignant anguish that followed, as her heart and voice cried out that the pain was unbearable; and then that day when that heart and even the soul seemed unable to endure the torture, seemed to lose the power of suffering. And they could recall her cry as she rose up suddenly and confronted them with wide, hard eyes. "What difference does it make, after all? My God, what does it all matter? What does anything matter?" Sinking into apathy, and drifting on from year to year, growing careless, middle-aged, and unwieldy; fixing any interest remaining in her mind on other lands and other periods.

But Penslyder knew nothing of this.

However, in spite of internal dissimilarity, all went well in Alma Terrace until the day when, after several rumours and second-hand reports of bold, flirting behaviour, Jane Tootell, with her own eyes,

saw Miss Sayre's Georgina talking and coquetting with the baker's man at the door of No. 3. The sight almost rooted her to the ground in disgust and outraged dignity. She never knew, when she thought of it in after days, what power prevented her from betraying her horror and shrieking aloud to the brazen girl. As a matter of fact she controlled herself sufficiently to reach her own hall and lay down her tradesmen's books (she had been returning from her morning shopping when the shock came); and then she hastened in to Emily Tiplast to confide the scandalous sight she had seen.

"So *terrible* for the Terrace!" she wound up, when she had told her shocking story.

Emily Tiplast agreed that it was terrible; but she trembled even as she agreed.

"What shall you do?" she faltered.

"Do!" cried Jane Tootell, "I shall go straight to Susannah Sayre and tell her that Georgina's behaviour is a disgrace to the Terrace; and you must come with me to uphold my views."

"Oh!" said Emily Tiplast faintly. Then her heart felt watery; but she went upstairs and put on her bonnet, for Jane's tone held command.

Within ten minutes the upholders of propriety stood on the doorstep of No. 3. Jane Tootell cast one withering glance upon the fiery head of Georgina as she stood smiling before them, and stalked into the drawing-room, followed by Emily Tiplast, all varying in colour and fluttering with nervousness.

"Miss Sayre," declared Jane Tootell, plunging into her tale of horror at once, heedless of the hand stretched out to greet her, "I have come to see you upon a painful—I may say a deeply painful—matter."

Susannah Sayre's dreamy eyes seemed to focus themselves on the present as she heard and answered—

"Indeed, Miss Tootell, I am grieved to hear you say so."

"Yes," continued Jane Tootell, seating herself on the edge of the most upright chair she could find, while Emily Tiplast sank into the cushioned depths of an arm-chair, feeling rather faint; and Susannah Sayre rested on the corner of her harem-suggesting couch. "A painful matter, which I rely upon you to set right, as you alone can."

"Pray let me know what has happened," said Susannah Sayre politely, as she rose with instinctive sympathy and handed a capacious vinaigrette to Miss Tiplast.

"What has happened is this," declared Jane Tootell. "Your maid—your red-haired maid——"

"Ah, her pretty hair," interposed Miss Sayre, in gentle protest. "I am so proud of it."

Miss Tiplast was convinced that at that point she distinctly heard Jane Tootell utter the word "Pshaw," after which she proceeded to explode her bomb.

"This gaudy-headed maid of yours is in the habit of encouraging and behaving indecorously with *men*—a man, I should say, the baker's man—at your door."

"She always does," admitted Susannah Sayre mildly. "She prefers the baker's men to any others, wherever she is; she says they are so clean."

For one moment Jane Tootell sat speechless with amazed indignation.

"But—but," she stammered angrily, "she holds him in conversation at all hours of the day—even when it is no longer day—with unseemly flippancy. My Ann would have *died* rather than behave so."

"But then Ann is not pretty," remarked Susannah Sayre. "Georgina is such a pretty girl. I can quite understand the men."

Jane Tootell gasped. "Do you mean to say that you are aware of the disgraceful proceedings, and—and countenance them?" she demanded.

"I don't quite understand you," returned Susannah Sayre. "I think you must have heard some exaggerated account of poor little Georgina and her lovers."

"'Poor little Georgina'!" repeated Miss Tootell; "a shameless, brazen, disreputable hussy; that is what she is. It is no exaggeration, for I saw her with my own eyes. I think—I *think* he even tried to kiss her."

Emily Tiplast, who had been sitting silent, thankful that as yet she had not been called upon to bear witness, now, looking timidly into the enemy's face, saw flashing suddenly and transiently into the enemy's eyes a light which altered her strangely, seeming to strike years from her age, and show her as she might have been long ago.

"If you have heard no exaggerated account of my little maid-servant, I fear your mind must be in a very depraved

Miss Sayre rose deliberately from her couch, and ringing the bell as she passed, went to the door and held it open.

"Will you go?" she said, with just a suspicion of interrogation in her tone.

For one moment Jane Tootell stared and caught her breath; then she rose from her chair and went. And Emily Tiplast crept out quietly behind her, the red-haired Georgina standing at the green front door to show them forth.

SHE SET THE MAN AND THE BOY TO WORK.

state, Miss Tootell," said Miss Sayre, with rather dangerous quietness, "imagining harm where none exists."

"You dare say that to me!" exclaimed Jane Tootell. "I tell you that such doings are not decent, they are not respectable, and I insist that they be stopped. With our Terrace to all outward appearance as one house, I feel I have a right to be heard. The public might imagine that the disgraceful behaviour was countenanced by myself or Miss Tiplast. Who is to know that it is a separate house, and one of very different——"

Shortly after, from behind the cockatoo-curtain, Jane Tootell's angry eyes saw Susannah Sayre sally forth; and Jane glared at the slow, unwieldy figure, and her gorge rose in her throat. But when, some half an hour later, she saw Susannah Sayre return with leisurely steps to Alma Terrace, accompanied by a man and a boy, the gorge within her was tempered with wonder and a mingling of instinctive fear, for the man and the boy held brushes and paint-pots, and the colour of the paint was yellow—vivid yellow.

Susannah Sayre's face was placid and

unruffled as usual, but she set the man and the boy to work.

* * * * *

When evening came Alma Terrace was as an autumn-touched beech-tree, a green bough tipped with gold.

In the drawing-room of No. 2 lay Jane Tootell on the rosewood sofa, with Emily Tiplast sitting by her side.

"If it had been but white," came a faint voice from the woolwork cushion, "I might have brought myself—in time—to—to—— Oh, but yellow!"

"Terrible," whispered Miss Tiplast, "quite—quite *enraging*."

But Jane Tootell had been conquered, and was faint with defeat.

In the drawing-room of No. 3 Susannah Sayre lay on her Eastern couch in the candlelight, dipping desultorily into the pages of "Monte Cristo"—that tale of determined revenge. But Susannah was quite placid, quite unruffled, and except for an occasional realisation of the smell of paint, her golden victory had faded from her mind.

Outside, in the gloaming, Georgina stood at a safe distance from the wet, yellow door, and hearkened to the soft tones of the baker's man.

## ANGELICA KAUFMANN, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

THE Royal Academicians would appear to have repented ever since they elected two women among the original thirty-six members which formed the R.A. in 1768, if any significance attaches to their subsequent denial of that honour to lady artists. When the painter of the "Roll Call" and other widely popular pictures came before the public some years ago, the question of her election was mooted by her admirers, but the Academy contented itself with giving Miss Elizabeth Thompson a position on the line; yet, if merit and popularity carry an election, the painter of "Quatre Bras" ought to be of the "divine Forty."

If we look back through Time to catch a glimpse of the world of fashion a hundred and thirty years ago, one of the most picturesque and romantic figures we should see among that brilliant throng would be Angelica Kaufmann, the only woman, besides Mary Moser, her friend, who had the privilege of writing R.A. after her name.

Maria Anna Angelica Kaufmann, to give her full baptismal name, was the only daughter of an indifferent painter, Johann Joseph Kaufmann, by his second wife, his first wife having died about 1740, leaving him a son. Angelica, as she is always known, was born at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, on Oct. 30, 1741.

Angelica is one of those rare instances of a child of precocious talent living to justify this early promise. At nine years of age she began to use crayons and oils, so that when her parents left Morhegno to settle at Como in 1752, she executed a portrait in pastels of the bishop of the diocese. She then went to Milan, and her social success, which so distinguished her through life, appears to have begun, for, becoming friendly with the governor of the galleries in which she studied, she was introduced into the best society. Music, for which she had some talent, history, and modern languages—four of which she afterwards spoke fluently—filled out her busy life at this time, for she gained popularity as a portrait-painter, and had the Duchess of Carrara among her sitters.

In 1757 we find her helping her father, who had returned to his native village, Schwarzenberg, in painting a series of frescoes in the church. Angelica, it is said, executed twelve full-length figures of

saints, and this work probably gave her that facility which she afterwards displayed in the painting of ceilings, which she executed under the celebrated architects, the Brothers Adam. The ceiling of the council chamber at Burlington House is designed her. A picture of hers of that allegorical character which she afterwards made her own—"A female figure allured by music and painting," has some significance as indicating her difficulty in the choice of a profession, but that she chose

THE MIRROR OF VENUS.
*From the Picture by Angelica Kaufmann.*

by her hand; so, too, is that of the reading-room at the Arts Club, Hanover Square, formerly the residence of the famous Lady Hamilton. Further commissions were given to them by the bishop of the diocese, and on her return to Milan, Angelica finally adopted the profession of artist in preference to that of musician, for which her father had at one time rightly is evidenced by her success. Johann Kaufmann, though only remembered now in connection with his daughter, must have been a most admirable teacher, and her visits with him to the chief cities in Italy, where she studied in the different galleries, were invaluable. She made friends, too, at Naples and Venice, among them Lady Wentworth, wife of the English

Ambassador, who persuaded Angelica to come to London in 1766.

An accomplished linguist and musician, with the power of attracting all those she met to her, and at that age when a woman is neither too young to be crude and hoydenish, nor too old to have lost the freshness which anticipation gives—"when the heart promised what the fancy drew"—little wonder is it that both herself and her paintings soon became the vogue. She is described as being of medium height, with a Grecian oval face, fresh complexion, blue eyes, regular features, and an expression of vivacity and good humour. In 1767 her father and she took up their quarters in Golden Square, and here she painted the Princess of Brunswick and her infant (now in Hampton Court), Christian III. of Denmark, and Queen Charlotte, who also commissioned her to paint, with Mary Moser, a room called the Flower-Room at Frogmore. Angelica, with her instinct for knowing the right people, had, on her entrance into London, at once made a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it was probably through his influence that she obtained a place among the first thirty-six R.A.s. So far Angelica had played the game with entire success, but now she made a move which was serious enough to have entirely ruined a less clever woman's social career. Mixing with the fashionable world (she had been introduced at Court), the allurements of an aristocratic marriage would appear to have made her an easy prey to an adventurer. It strikes one, looking back upon these events, very extraordinary that Angelica should have been deceived by a fellow who appears to have been a discarded servant of Count Horn. He imposed himself upon her smiles with the title of his late master, and being a very fine, handsome fellow, she was determined to show her friends with whom she had flirted that she had at last made a good hit; and therefore, without the least hesitation, immediately gave her hand to the impostor, and they were married clandestinely. The next time Angelica attended at Buckingham House upon the Queen, who was pleased by seeing her paint, she communicated her marriage to her Majesty, upon which she received the most condescending congratulations, with an invitation to her husband to come to Court. He, however, was cunningly determined to keep himself within the house, from the sight of everyone, until his baggage had arrived, which he expected every day. At last Count Horn himself came to England, and when at the Levée was much surprised by being complimented upon his marriage. Angelica, who soon received the mortifying information from the Queen, was for a time inconsolable.

ANGELICA KAUFMANN.
*From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Father and daughter bribed the impostor to leave England in much the same way, I

opine, as old Eccles was in "Caste," though whether "Horn" went where brandy was cheap cannot be ascertained. Angelica had procured from the Pope a deed of separation, until her husband's death finally released her from her thraldom, though she allowed him a separate maintenance while he lived.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY VERELST.
*From the Picture by Angelica Kaufmann.*

Vanity, we must conclude, was at the bottom of the *mésalliance*, and as many of her contemporaries considered her a coquette, they did not deeply sympathise with Angelica in her disappointment. They thought it was a case of "serve her right," apparently. In support of this view, the story Nollekens used to relate gives some aid. When she was in Rome (before she came to England) she was ridiculously fond of displaying herself and being admired, for which purpose she one evening took her station in one of the most conspicuous boxes of the theatre, accompanied by Nathaniel Dance and another artist, both of whom, as well as many others, were desperately enamoured of her. While she was standing between her two beaux, and finding an arm of each most lovingly embracing her waist, she contrived, while her arms were folded before her on the front of the box, over

which she was leaning, to squeeze the hand of both, so that each lover concluded himself beyond all manner of doubt the man of her choice.

At this very time she was sitting to Reynolds, as she did in 1769 and 1777, and whose portrait she painted in 1769. She is often mentioned in Reynolds' diary under the name of Miss Angel, and once the word *fiori* is set against her name, and it seems not improbable that Angelica might have become the President's wife had she not contracted her clandestine marriage with the impostor. J. T. Smith says that Angelica declared to her visitors that she was dying of love for Sir Joshua, and this must have been in 1769, the year of the founding of the Academy, to which she was elected as an original member. Through Reynolds' influence, she had exhibited in the Associated Painters' Gallery. Between 1769 and 1797 she sent to the Academy eighty-two pictures.

ANGELICA KAUFMANN'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF IN THE CHARACTER OF "DESIGN."

We know that Reynolds never married, and we also know that the gossip of the day coupled their names. This is well shown in the quarrel in 1775 between Nathaniel Hone, the miniature-painter, and the President. Hone painted a picture, which he called "The Conjuror," of an old man in a gown, holding a wand in his hand, in the act of commanding the very engravings which he affirmed Sir Joshua had used in composing his portraits, to rise out of the flames. There was at first some indelicacy in the picture in the shape of a nude female figure which Hone had introduced, respecting a slanderous report which had been whispered as to the relations between Sir Joshua and Angelica. Hone protested that he did not intend his picture to satirise these two people, and made alterations to the picture; but the council of the Academy would not hang it, and Angelica's letter to Hone shows that she believed the gossip of the day rather than Hone's asseverations. Possibly

Angelica's "confession to her sitters" of her dying of love for Sir Joshua was made to keep him her devoted admirer until her legal husband was removed, but we can only conjecture what were Sir Joshua's real feelings. His belief in woman may have been too severely shaken by Angelica's extraordinary marriage to have inclined him thitherward again. It must be remembered, too, that Reynolds was fifty-seven, and a bachelor of that age is a very timid fish and easily frightened away from the bait. It is said that on Flaxman's marrying in 1782, Reynolds' advice forestalled that of *Punch* a century later.

Few women of eminence of whom we have any reliable details have had a greater number of admirers among celebrated men than had Angelica. Goldsmith wrote some lines to her; Garrick, whom she painted, was much fascinated by her; and Fuseli paid addresses to her before she made her mad marriage. When she left England (which she did in 1781), Goethe, meeting her in Rome in 1787, professed a sentimental attachment for her. She painted his portrait, and the poet read her "Iphigenia," then in manuscript; he afterwards sent her "Egmont," and corresponded with her (see vol. v. of Goethe Society Publications). Two other German poets, Klopstock and Gesner, wrote verses to her. The cause of her quitting England was her father's health, and she, as travelling companion, took a husband in the person of Antonio Zucchi, whom she had been associated with in the decorations they executed for the Brothers Adam, and by whom Zucchi was introduced into England. Edwards (in his "Anecdotes") says he quitted England in 1781, and retired to Rome in *company* with Angelica Kaufmann, but he says nothing about marriage, which is curious, seeing that he

VENUS ATTIRED BY NYMPHS.
*From the Picture by Angelica Kaufmann.*

was a contemporary. Miss Bradley, in her recent biography, gives the date of her marriage. Zucchi died in 1795. Though an R.A., his work is quite forgotten, and probably little now exists, as Zucchi was almost entirely a decorator.

To the last Angelica was the centre of a circle of admirers. Joseph II. made her acquaintance in Rome and much admired her; and for him, the Queen of Naples, Catherine II., and Stanislas, King of Poland, she painted some of her later pictures; and for Pope Pius VI. a large historical picture. The Revolution of 1798 involved her in heavy monetary losses, which she appears to have met with resignation, judging by the following letter of hers, which has been preserved—

"Rome, Oct. 12, 1797.

"I have suffered nothing in regard to my person, but there is no want of other distresses of all kinds, and the prospect was gloomy beyond expression. The losses I have sustained are considerable, and at a time of life when I had flattered myself that I should enjoy a little comfort and ease. However, a resigned mind is able to endure distresses of this world. Perhaps, in time, affairs will be settled again in regard to public funds, but the whole state has been plundered of all that is valuable in every branch."

I looked through other letters which have been preserved, but Angelica did not write in an interesting way. The letters were as conventional and proper as her pictures.

She continued to paint up to the last; for though her health failed, her mind was unaffected. She died peacefully in Rome on Nov. 5, 1807. Her funeral was conducted with much pomp, the sculptor Canova personally superintending the arrangements. The church was decorated in the manner customary on the interment of those of noble family. At ten in the morning the corpse was accompanied to the church by two very numerous fraternities, fifty Capuchins and fifty priests. The bier was carried by some of the brotherhood, and the four corners of the pall were supported by four young ladies dressed suitably to the occasion. The four tassels were held by the four principal members of the Academy of St. Luke; these were followed by the rest of the Academicians and other virtuosi in Rome at the time, each one with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. Two pictures, painted by the deceased, completed the procession. It is hardly necessary to say that Angelica was a Romanist.

To give some idea of her popularity as an artist, some six hundred plates were engraved from her works by the most skilful men of the day, including Ryland and Bartolozzi. She herself learned to etch and engrave, and a representable collection of her prints is in the British Museum.

Her chief quality as an artist is grace, and for this she sacrificed vigour, the want of which makes her work seem to us wholly unreal. There is a sentimental langour about it which is as cloying to the taste as chocolate to the palate, but Angelica was caught up by the *Zeitgeist* of the eighteenth century, and her attitude in art was the conventional classic one which strikes us now as so unsubstantial; but she sinned with the most famous of her contemporaries. Angelica was, however, as facile an artist as she was an industrious one, but she will live longest by the engravings after her pictures than by the pictures themselves, as, for some reason or other, few appear to have survived.

But the interest one feels in her is not affected by this apparent neglect of her pictures. We view them now with a historical and sentimental—yes, sentimental—interest which gives her work a unique value and has given engravings after her compositions a high monetary one; and when reproduced by a Ryland or a Bartolozzi her sham Hellenism is forgotten in the skill exhibited by those great engravers in giving her graceful compositions to the world. Some are forgotten before their works; others, again, outlive their reputation, and die forgotten. Angelica will always be the centre of that brilliant company which strutted its hour upon the stage over a century ago, in which she was not one of the least brilliant players.

FRED MILLER.

# AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

By DOROTHEA BLAGG.

IT was raining hard, and they had only one umbrella. That was why they had to walk so close together. They were *not* on their honeymoon ; they flattered themselves that their sensible demeanour proved that fact to any unprejudiced observer. But it was their first long holiday since the wedding, and they had taken a cottage for two months. Neither of them was far advanced in the twenties: he, erect, dark-haired, and clean-shaven, she, small-featured, with very pretty hands and feet, light-brown hair with a tendency towards curliness, and eyes as nearly blue as eyes ever are.

"My 'brelly is dripping on that frock of yours, I'm afraid," he said ; "but you must change it when we get in."

"Oh, I needn't. It isn't really wet—I mean, not much."

"Perhaps you didn't quite catch my last remark. I said" (a little louder) "you must change your frock when we get in."

"I know you did, but it only showed want of judgment on your part. I said I needn't, so that settles it," said the little wife, laughing softly.

"Oh, you think that settles it, do you? Don't you know that when I say 'must' I mean 'must,' and you will have to obey your lord and master?"

By this time they were in the hall, shaking off the rain as a dog shakes himself after a swim.

"I suppose it's the weather that has put you into such a bad temper," said Elsie sweetly. "Anyhow, I shall put on that blouse that you hate," and she ran upstairs. He glanced at her and lifted his eyebrows slightly when she rejoined him at the tea-table.

"I thought I wouldn't make a fright of myself even for the sake of annoying you," she explained ; "and besides, you might be unpleasant, and we have a long evening before us."

"I have the pull over you in one respect—the muffins are on my side of the table," he said, handing them to her. "We must keep Sarah, she does the muffins so well."

"She's got neuralgia to-night, so I suppose we had better not have any music. You might read to me instead. We haven't finished the books you bought at that sale where you got Erasmus' letter."

"They are rather difficult for the infant mind ; but this is an intelligent infant, I will say that for her."

"She can understand anything if you explain it properly," said Elsie.

"By-the-bye," said Dacre, "I suppose Sarah hasn't made Erasmus' autograph into spills, because no muffins would save her from annihilation if she did."

"No ; it is in a very safe drawer of the writing-table, for which, of course, you have me to thank."

By the time tea was finished the rain had increased to a violent storm. Just as Dacre, from the depths of his arm-chair, was asking permission to light a cigarette, the door-bell rang violently, and Sarah's unwilling steps were heard in the passage. After a few seconds she appeared with her face tied up, announcing "Mr. Alistair Gordon." Her master and mistress, exchanging puzzled glances over the unknown name, rose from either side of the table and came forward as Mr. Alistair Gordon entered. He was a lad of seventeen or thereabouts, dripping from head to foot, his thick, dark hair plastered to his

forehead with the wet. He looked only half awake, being dazzled by the rosy light of the shaded lamp, the cheery glitter of the spirit-kettle, and the general contrast to the blackness without. Yet he held his square chin high, and Elsie thought it was the first time she had seen anyone look dignified with a raindrop trickling down his nose.

"You are Mr. Caryl Dacre?" he said in soft, slow tones. Caryl bowed, and motioned him to a chair near the fire.

"I am doing a very impertinent thing," the boy went on; "the fact is, I missed the last train at Laneham, and am walking on to Oldstone; but while the storm is like this one cannot get a yard forward. By-the-way, I think you have heard of an uncle of mine," he added with a smile; "old Andrew Gordon, whose effects were sold at Christie's the other day."

"Of course we have!" exclaimed Caryl and Elsie simultaneously, after which Elsie begged him to change his wet clothes for some of her husband's, and ordered Caryl off to show him their whereabouts while she made fresh tea. The guest looked almost handsome when he reappeared awake and dry, and conversation went on briskly over the tea-cups. Caryl and Elsie also carried on a mute conversation after their own manner, always perfectly intelligible to one another.

"Oughtn't we to ask him to stay the night?" asked Elsie's eyebrows.

"I don't know who or what he is. He may be an impostor," replied Caryl's shoulders.

"*Anyone* can see he is a gentleman," said Elsie's whole countenance.

"How can you have anything ready?" was the next inquiry, answered by a look of superior scorn on the face of the young housewife. Caryl's own hospitable instincts revolted against the idea of turning out this bit of a lad to walk twelve miles in the raging storm; in fact, on reflection, he concluded it to be impossible, as the boy might never reach Oldstone alive; and he ended by giving him the heartiest invitation imaginable, which Alistair accepted gratefully and without demur. He took everything very serenely, in fact; talked wonderfully well for a boy of his age, but seemed shy with Caryl. Now and then his eyes would wander over the room, and he would seem abstracted when addressed, but he quickly recovered his self-possession. He evidently felt for their anxiety to know something of his antecedents, for he contrived, little by little, to tell them of his mother and numerous brothers and sisters, and that their home was in Perthshire. He added that he was a medical student at Edinburgh, and was now on his holidays. Caryl's love of Edinburgh made it a congenial topic, which kept them amused while Elsie communicated with the neuralgic Sarah concerning the mysteries of beds.

"Master Alistair mustn't be allowed to go to bed *very* early, and then we shall be all right," was the mental conclusion which Elsie drew from this conference; "but I hope Caryl won't give him a cigar, for it would be very bad for the little boy, and I feel answerable for him to his mother."

Master Alistair's health seemed to have suffered no detriment when he made his appearance the next morning; in fact, he was less solemn than the night before, though still given to occasional brown studies. Caryl had to go to the village after breakfast, and Alistair wandered about the room with his hands in his pockets, while Elsie watered her pet ferns in the window.

"What a lot of books! Good ones, too!" he remarked presently.

"Oh, those are nothing to what we have at home. We only brought a few here," said Elsie.

"He never looks at them, I suppose?" said the boy brusquely. Elsie was up in arms in a moment.

"Perhaps you don't know that my husband took a double first at Oxford," she said with immense dignity. "There isn't one of these books that he hasn't read, and a good many he knows by heart."

She rather spoiled her effect at the end of this speech by allowing her anger to be visible, but it soon changed to astonishment at sight of the scared dismay depicted

in Alistair's face. She took it for excessive penitence for his sudden rudeness, and graciously forgave him. By the time Caryl reappeared they were on the best of terms again.

"The fact is one couldn't help liking him if one tried," she remarked to her husband that afternoon; "he is such a little gentleman."

"Does this pink of courtesy," inquired Caryl, with one of his odd ironical smiles, "say anything about taking his leave?"

"He hasn't said anything yet, and there is no need for him to go off very early. He was awfully tired last night."

She learned towards evening from Alistair that Mr. Dacre had most kindly asked him to stay two nights longer, and share in a mountain climb to-morrow. She chuckled inwardly, but was not surprised; it was only what she would have expected of the male sex. The effect on Alistair of the extended invitation was decidedly good. Having during the last few hours appeared as if something were looming before him which he must face, he now became quite lively and unconstrained.

ELSIE WAS UP IN ARMS IN A MOMENT.

He was the merriest and most winning of companions all through the next day's expedition; but after their return in the evening the old mood returned. Elsie exercised all her powers to make him talk, but found him very heavy in hand, and inwardly vituperated Caryl for sitting there so lazily with his cigarette, leaving all the trouble to her. In point of fact, Alistair did not even hear half her remarks, for he was busy with another and a painful train of thought. "I can't do it!" he mentally ejaculated. "It would be beastly,

disgraceful—impossible! After the way they have treated me, too! And it is just as impossible to go back and confess that all my theories have broken down in practice. Heavens! everything is impossible." Suddenly he started as if he had been shot. Was Mrs. Dacre a thought-reader?

"Caryl," she was saying, "Mr. Gordon hasn't seen Erasmus's letter. He'd like that." And she began rummaging in the writing-table, from which she produced the precious document for Gordon's admiration. He was quite cool now, as the three gathered together to examine it, he duly admiring, and explaining that he had seen it once, long ago, at his uncle's house. Elsie put it back in its drawer, locked the writing-table, and put the key in a little jar on the top, Caryl asking whether she supposed Sarah did not know the whereabouts of the key just as well as if it were in the lock. "Sarah is an honest woman," was the not wholly logical answer with which he was fain to be satisfied.

"And you ought to speak more nicely of her," Elsie added severely, "for I should think there is not another servant in England who would let you keep such a lot of papers lying about the room. Here, for instance, 'Church Missionary Report,' year before last—whatever made you bring that from home? It shall go into the——"

"Hi! stop! There are some notes on the back of it."

"Just in time," said Elsie serenely. "'Is Crime on the Increase?' How can you keep such horrid things? I shall throw *that* away!"

"Don't you think, Mrs. Dacre," said Alistair, "that a great many so-called crimes are not crimes?"

Elsie paused in the act of tearing up "Is Crime on the Increase?" to say, "I don't quite understand."

"I mean that it is possible to imagine any so-called crime as being right under special circumstances. It is the fault of all set forms of religion that they lay down hard-and-fast rules—'Such a thing is always right, such a thing is always wrong.'"

"I often feel a leaning towards your theory," said Caryl gravely. "It is curious, in regulating one's own conduct, how many of the exceptions one seems to experience, and how few instances of the general rule."

Alistair glared at him as if his participation in the discussion had been by no means desired. "You choose to turn everything into ridicule," he said hotly, "but I am serious." Caryl bit his lip and took refuge behind a newspaper. Alistair, somewhat offended, retired into his shell, and it was soon deemed advisable to ring for Sarah to come in to prayers.

Alistair was the first to come downstairs the next morning. A sort of fascination drew him to one particular corner of the room. "Just one more look," he muttered, unlocking the writing-table and reverentially unfolding the autograph. "And he must have it, because he chose to plank down some beastly coin for it, when by all natural and moral laws it is mine!" He heard Caryl running downstairs. In another instant his hand would be on the door. One moment's madness, and Alistair had slipped the paper into his pocket, locked the writing-table, and gone to greet his host.

Elsie, quite touched by his sadness at taking leave after breakfast, felt some compunction for having made fun of him with Caryl upstairs. She told him he must come to see them again, laughing as she recalled their first meeting, and declared Caryl had been afraid that he would run away with the silver spoons.

This was the last day of their own holiday, so that most of their time after their guest's departure was occupied with that melancholy duty—the worrying, bustling packing which must needs absorb the last hours of a happy sojourn. Elsie looked round the half-dismantled sitting-room in the evening with something rather like tears in her eyes.

"Come and rest those feet of yours, little one," said Caryl. "You'll tire yourself out before the journey begins."

She seated herself on the arm of his chair, and began scribbling in the margin of his book, "Caryl Dacre, Esq., L.V." This, she explained (as he *wouldn't* ask),

meant "Lazy Vagabond." "Do you know," she said, "I was rather glad when that boy went. I like him very much, but he rather gave me the creeps."

"He would have driven me into melancholy madness if he had stayed much longer."

Elsie forbore to ask who had invited him to stay two extra nights.

At that moment the subject of their remarks was within half a mile of their door. White and haggard, looking as if he had eaten next to nothing all day, he struggled doggedly on, with the unshaken purpose of reaching the cottage before night. A certain speech of Mrs. Dacre's, uttered lightly enough, haunted his brain. But at times he did not think at all, only went on mechanically at a headlong pace. Two terrors were present to his mind, both urging him forward. One, the terror of passing a night in his present frame of mind; the other, lest his resolution should fail if he had to wait two days, and he knew he could not see the Dacres to-morrow, as they would be travelling all day. He saw their sitting-room windows gleaming in the darkness. A few more stumbling strides, and he pulled at the bell, staggered past the amazed Sarah, and into the sitting-room, where he fell prone upon the floor, throwing down a crumpled paper and saying: "Take it—Erasmus' letter—I have brought it back—I stole it. Prosecute me if you like. My

"PERHAPS YOU WILL EXPLAIN YOUR EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENT."

honour is gone; I don't care what you do with me." Here he broke down in sobs as helpless and passionate as a child's. Caryl and Elsie had risen from their chair. Slowly Caryl stooped and picked up Erasmus's letter.

"Thank you for bringing this back," he said frigidly. "When you are calmer perhaps you will explain your extraordinary statement."

Alistair raised his haggard face. "I came deliberately meaning to steal it," he began. "I was his eldest nephew; it was my right, and I cared more for it than for all his money. But he left everything away from us, and Erasmus was sold. I found you in the Visitors' List. I heard you were a sort of *nouveaux riches*."

"I don't know about *nouveaux*," murmured Elsie; "but there 's certainly not much *riches* about it."

"I never dreamed of your being—the sort of people you are. But it was you, Mrs. Dacre—your trust—that brought me back." He buried his face in his hands.

"Caryl, dear," said Elsie, "shall you prosecute?" Caryl laughed long and loudly. And forthwith his wife stole up to him, and there was a sound which was not one of Alistair's sobs.

"Mr. Gordon," exclaimed Elsie, "I didn't know you were—awake! It was my fault, you know. Caryl told me I oughtn't to keep the key there. I hope you won't mind sleeping on the sofa. Please come and have some tea."

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## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

It was the Voice of Spring—
That faint, far cry—
And birds began to sing,
And winds blew by.

And up the blossoms got—
*They* knew the call—
The blue Forget-me-not,
The Lily tall,

And Mayflowers, pink and white
As any lass,
Sprang up for Heart's delight
Among the grass.

The happy world is fain
To hail the feet
Of Spring who comes again,
Spring that is sweet.

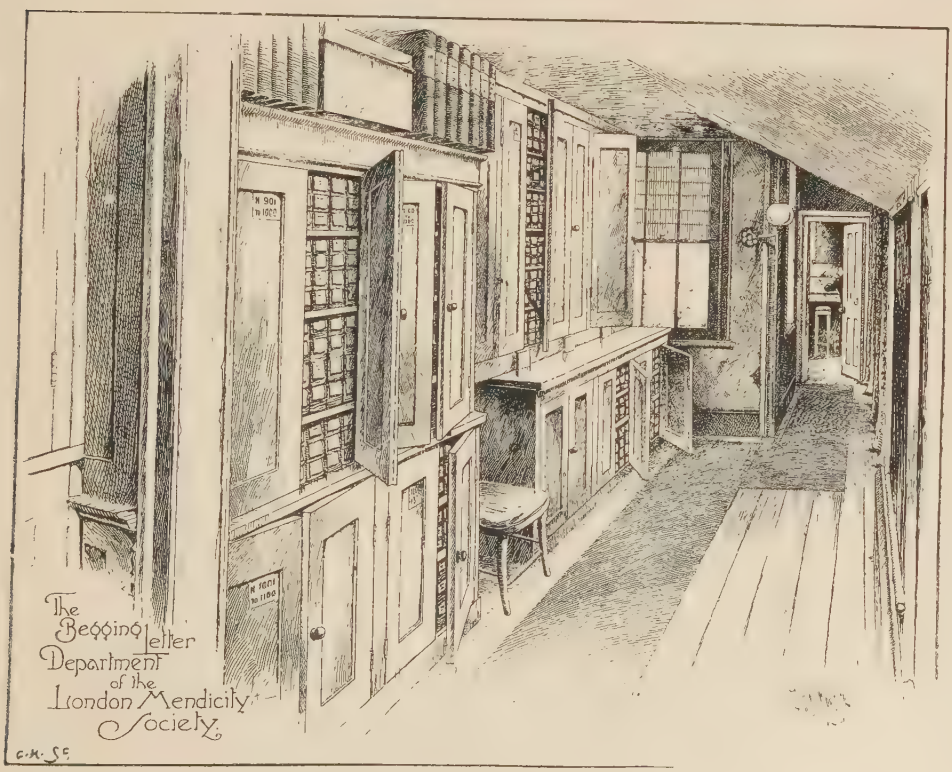
Let us, dear Heart, rejoice—
You, Love, and I—
We, too, have heard the voice.
Our Spring is nigh.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

# INSIDE A BEGGARS' MUSEUM.

PROBABLY the most remarkable museum in the country is that in connection with the London Mendicity Society's offices in Red Lion Square. The "Trophy Room," as it is called, displays every device by which beggars and other impostors have succeeded, and are succeeding, in extracting alms from the charitable public, and some of the examples really say a good deal for the enterprise and impudence shown by this ever increasing class of individuals.

As you enter the museum, you will notice immediately before you a large, glaring painting, representing an explosion on board ship. The gentleman who exhibited this by the roadside had lost a leg; how, it is not stated, but certainly not by reason of the explosion asserted, and so graphically described in the pamphlets of his career, which a generous and sympathetic public purchased from him at a penny a copy. Of course, the whole story was simply a tissue of falsehoods, and one




THE BEGGING LETTER DEPARTMENT, CONTAINING, IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1898, 224,000 BEGGING LETTERS.

is glad to know that the sure hand of justice at length overtook him, and, much against his will, we are assured, he was forced to undergo a magisterial examination, which, as may be expected, at once sealed his fate.

The next exhibit was taken from a man who was arrested for begging at the time when the "Purity Crusade," in connection with the Empire and other music-halls, was in progress. This ingenious individual, taking advantage of the interesting topic, procured a large tin plate on which was painted the following—

MRS. ENORMOUS CANT.

*"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"*
*"Going to the Empire, kind Sir," she said.*

By the aid of this notice he was doing a thriving business, when, unfortunately for him, an officer "spotted" him, and recognising him as an old offender, promptly took him off to the station.

Three very terrible-looking pictures here attract your attention. If you read the explanation beneath you learn that each represents the interior of a ward in a certain London hospital, and the man is undergoing an operation in the spine. There was, of course, no foundation for this in the least, and the sentence he shortly afterwards received from a local magistrate was more than deserved, for it appears that he had been imposing on the public in this way for many years past.

It would seem that begging is a very profitable mode of gaining a livelihood, for nearly every man arrested either by the Mendicity Society's officer or police-constable is well supplied with money. Some time ago an individual, attired in sailor's garb and moving on crutches, was apprehended for soliciting alms in the vicinity of the Camberwell Road, and on being searched at the station eight shillings and tenpence was found in his possession; also a carefully arranged plan of the streets that were to claim his attention during the coming week.

Another rogue who professed to have had his hand smashed and hip dislocated, and stated, on the plate hung around his neck, that he had a consumptive wife and four children to keep, was found, on being searched, to be possessed of a goodly sum of money in silver and copper. When he was brought before Mr. Biron, Q.C., who sentenced him to a month's hard labour, an officer stated that the whole story was a fabrication. He was a lazy vagabond who had deserted his wife for another woman. Neither was his wife consumptive, nor did she and his children depend on him for their livelihood.

Now mark this! He was again arrested at Peckham on a similar charge shortly afterwards, and when searched at the station a second time, a sum of 6s. 4½d. and a silver watch were found in his possession. This was evidently the result of one single day's begging. When lazy individuals can, by these methods, obtain as much per day as a hard-working mechanic, can we wonder that our streets are so thickly lined with whining beggars, itinerant musicians, and other of the fraternity?

The Mendicity Society sometimes has occasion to investigate the cases of Italian organ-grinders and other vendors of street music, and in this connection the Secretary gave me some interesting information. He said that it used to be quite a usual thing to import children from Italy solely for begging purposes, and one Italian who was arrested for sending his children out to beg was afterwards discharged on condition that he and his offspring returned to their own country, but a short time afterwards he was again arrested on exactly the same charge.

For downright impudence commend me to the one-time soldier who, with a long placard before him, successfully enlisted the sympathy of passers-by. The unique announcement, after stating that he was once a private in the 26th, and latterly in the 14th Regiment of the line, claimed that the British Government owed him a gratuity of six months' pay amounting to £12 3s. 4d., in addition to sixty acres of land in New Zealand, valued at £120. These two items, with £27 for passage-money, made up a total of £159 3s. 4d., of which the British Government had

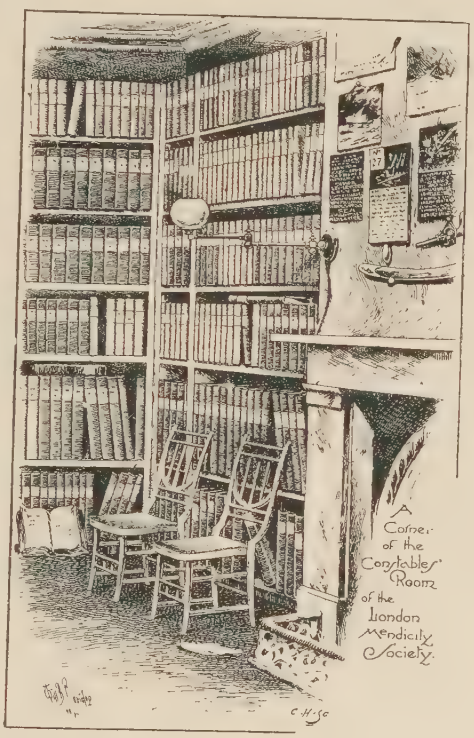
robbed one of its brave soldiers and defenders! But the most astounding piece of cheek appeared in the last few sentences, which stated that the question in regard to his case had been asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Sexton, M.P. The date was also given, and altogether the placard was so cunningly devised that one could be pardoned for being taken in by it.

Perhaps, however, the most amusing instance of beggars' enterprise may be found in a book resembling in outward appearance a Congregational psalter. Indeed these words appear in gold on the cover. Open this and you will see that the contents consist of nothing less than a portion of a West-End directory, some of the names being ticked off with lead-pencil. No doubt these houses were marked for very obvious reasons.

But why should the vagrant have covered it in the way described? Simply because he recognised that piety in a beggar, as in everybody else, pays; and this individual, with the book under his arm, used to wait outside the gates of a fashionable church on Sundays, where no doubt his repentant appearance touched many a heart in a practical manner.

To the begging impostor nothing proves of greater value than glaring pictures—the more glaring they are the better. On the walls of the museum may be seen hanging three pictures, showing the beggar undergoing the operation of having his tongue cut out at the London Hospital. Students sit in a circle around him, while a doctor and nurse stand a few yards from the table on which he lies, the former holding the dismembered tongue in his hand.

Certainly this man had undergone an operation, but it was a very slight one, and certainly no excuse for the ghastly picture he exhibited. Nor was the man in want or distress as he professed, but on inquiries was proved to possess a comfortable if not palatial house. Notwithstanding, however, the magistrate before whom he appeared discharged him.




An appeal to patriotism at the expense of a foreign nation is made by another individual, who, on arrest, was exhibiting three gaudy pictures by the wayside. These represented a lifeboat going to a shipwreck, while a French boat was looking on, as it were, with no evident intention of assisting. Underneath these words appeared—

*Leaving Boulogne Harbour in Life-boat When French would not go to save Life.*

The Society do all they can to enable convicted beggars and other individuals to obtain proper and regular employment after they leave jail, but unfortunately few of them ever appreciate such efforts. One man, who had served several terms of hard labour as a rogue and a vagabond, was offered a situation, but after serving three days, left, saying that there were men who wanted a job before him, and his conscience would not allow him to stand in their way.

As a final example of the curiosities in which the museum abounds, let me refer

to a member's ticket of the Land League, on which the name of J. H. Fagan, one of the Fenians connected with the Phœnix Park murders, appears. This unique piece of pasteboard was found on a woman apprehended for begging, who, no doubt, had made good use of it to further her ends.

The constables' department is a very important feature of the London Mendicity Society's office, for here may be found records of no fewer than 69,000 cases dealt with by its officers. This proves of the greatest assistance to the London magistrates, who rarely deal with a beggar or other impostor without the attendance of a Mendicity officer, who can substantially prove whether the prisoner is an old offender or not by means of these records.

Finally the reader may wonder by what power does a private society employ officers to perform duties so akin to those of the police; and I would reply, by the regulations authorised by the Secretary of State, and dated May 1857—years before the Metropolitan Police Act was passed. But, as a matter of fact, the Mendicity officers are controlled by the Chief Commissioner of Police, from whom they have to receive their certificates, and on whose behalf they have to report themselves at headquarters once a year.—A. H. Mann.

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# THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE.

By W. C. MORROW.

ON a sweltering July day a long and ungainly shadow, stretching thirty feet upon the ground, crept noiselessly up an avenue leading to a fashionable hotel at a great summer resort. The sun was setting, and its slanting rays caused the shadow to assume the appearance of an anamorphosis of ludicrous proportions. It was a timid shadow—perhaps a shadow of strange and unnerving experiences.

The original of it was worthy of study. He was a short, stout, stoop-shouldered man; his hair was ragged and dusty, his beard straggling and scant. His visible clothing consisted of a slouch hat, torn around the rim and covered with dust, a woollen shirt, a pair of very badly soiled cotton trousers, braces made of raw-hide strips, fastened to his trousers with wooden pins, and the strangest of old boots, which turned high up at the toes like canoes (being much too long for his feet), and which had a rakish aspect.

The man's face was a protest against hilarity. Apparently, he had all the appurtenances of natural manhood, yet his whole expression would have at once aroused sympathy, for it was a mixture of childishness, confidence, timidity, humility, and honesty. His look was vague and uncertain, and seemed to be searching hopelessly for a friend—for the guidance of natures that were stronger and minds that were clearer. He could not have been older than thirty-five years, and yet his hair and beard were grey, and his face was lined with wrinkles. Occasionally he would make a movement as if to ward off a sudden and vicious blow.

He carried a knotty stick, and his ample trousers-pockets were filled to such an extent that they made him appear very wide in the hips and very narrow in the shoulders. Their contents were a mystery. The pockets at least produced the good effect of toning down the marvellous ellipticity of his legs, and in doing this they performed a valuable service.

"Hullo! Who are you?" gruffly demanded a porter employed in the hotel, as the disreputable-looking man was picking his way with great nicety up the broad interior stairs, afraid that his dusty boots would deface the polished brasses under foot.

"Baker," promptly replied the man, in a

small timid voice, coming to a halt and humbly touching his hat.

"Baker? Well, what's your other name?"

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours."

The stranger was evidently puzzled by the question. He looked vacantly around the ceiling until his gaze rested upon a glass chandelier above him; but, finding no assistance there, his glance wandered to an oriel, in which there was a caged mocking-bird.

"Jess Baker—that's all," he answered at last, in his thin voice, and slow, earnest manner.

"What! don't know your other name?"

"No, I reckin not," said Baker, after a thoughtful pause. "I reckin it's jess Baker—that's all."

"Didn't they ever call you anything else?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

Again Baker looked helplessly around until he found the chandelier, and then his eyes sought the oriel. Then he started as if he had received a blow, and immediately reached down and felt his ankles.

"Yes, Sir," he answered.

"What was it?"

"Hunder'd'n One," he quietly said, looking at his questioner with a shade of fear and suspicion in his face.

The porter believed that a lunatic stood before him. He asked—

"Where are you from?"

"Georgy."

"What part of Georgia?"

Again was Baker at sea, and again did he seek the chandelier and the oriel.

"Me?" he asked.

"Yes, you. What part of Georgia are you from?"

"Jess Georgy," he finally said.

"What do you want here?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I want you to hire me," he replied, with a faint look of expectancy.

"What can you do?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Oh, well, I'll tell you. Most everything."

"What salary do you want?"

"Me?"

"Of course, you."

"Want?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, about five dollars a day, I reckin."

The porter laughed coarsely. "You needn't talk to me about it," he said; "I'm not the proprietor."

"The which?" asked Baker.

"The boss."

"Oh, ain't you?" and then he looked very much puzzled indeed.

The porter had had sufficient amusement, and so he demanded, in a brusque and menacing tone, "Now, say—you get away from here quick! We don't want no crazy tramps around here. You understand?"

Baker did not stir, but stood looking helplessly at the porter, surprised and grieved.

"Get out, I say, or I'll set the dogs on you!"

A look of deep mortification settled on Baker's face, but he was not frightened; he did not move a muscle, except to glance quickly around for the dogs.

"Ain't you going, you crazy old tramp? If you don't, I'll lock you up and send for the sheriff"; and the porter rattled some keys in his pocket.

Instantly a great horror overspread the countenance of Baker from Georgia. He looked wildly about and seemed ready to run, and laboured with an imaginary weight that clung to his ankles. He took a single step in his agitation, and suddenly realised that no such encumbrance detained him. He shook off the delusion and sprang to the bottom of the stairs. His whole appearance had changed. Humility had given way to uncontrollable fear, and he had become a fleeing wild beast that was hunted for its life. He sprang through the outer door and reached the ground in another bound, and gathered his strength for immediate flight from terrors without a name.

"Stop, there!" called a stern, full voice.

Baker obeyed instantly—obeyed as might a man long accustomed to the most

servile obedience; as might a dog that has been beaten until his spirit is broken. He bared his head, and stood in the warm glow of the fading light, meek and submissive. All signs of fear had disappeared from his face; but he was no longer the Baker from Georgia who, a few minutes ago, had trudged along the gravelled walk after the ungainly shadow. He had sought a thing and had not found it—had bitten a rosy apple and was choked with dust. Even the rakish boots looked submissive, and showed their brass teeth in solemn acquiescence to an inevitability; and somehow they looked not nearly so rakish as formerly.

The voice that had checked Baker had not a kindly tone; it was that of a suspicious man, who believed that he had detected a thief in the act of making off with dishonest booty stored in ample pockets. Yet his face had a generous look, though anger made his eyes harsh. The two men surveyed each other, anger disappearing from the face of one to give place to pity, the other regarding him with mild docility.

"Come along with me," said the gentleman to Baker.

Evidently Baker had heard those words before, for he followed quietly and tamely, with his dusty old hat in his left hand and his head bowed upon his breast. He walked so slowly that the gentleman turned to observe him, and found him moving laboriously, with his feet wide apart and his right hand grasping an invisible something that weighted down his ankles. They were now passing the end of the hotel on their way to the rear when they came near a hitching-post, to which rings were affixed with staples. Baker had been looking around for something, and as the gentleman (who was Mr. Clayton, the proprietor of the hotel) stopped near the post, Baker walked straight up to it, without having looked to the left or the right. Upon reaching it he dropped the invisible something that he carried in his right hand, laid his hat on the ground, slipped the raw-hide suspenders from his shoulders, unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it over his head, and laid it on the grass alongside his hat. He then humbly embraced the post and crossed his hands over a ring, to which a chain was attached. He laid his cheek against his bare right arm and waited patiently, without having uttered a protest or made an appeal. The old boots looked up wistfully into his sorrowing face.

His naked back glistened white. It was a map on which were traced a record of the bloody cruelties of many years; it was a fine piece of mosaic—human flesh inlaid with the venom of the lash. There were scars, and seams, and ridges, and cuts that crossed and recrossed each other in all possible directions. Thus stood Baker for some time, until Mr. Clayton kindly called to him—

"Put on your shirt."

He proceeded to obey silently, but was confused and embarrassed at this unexpected turn of events. He hesitated at first, however, for he evidently did not understand how he could put on his shirt until his hands had been released.

"Your hands are not chained," explained Mr. Clayton.

The revelation was so unexpected that it almost startled the man from Georgia. He pulled out one hand slowly, that a sudden jerk might not lacerate his wrist. Then he pulled out the other, resumed his shirt and hat, picked up the imaginary weight, and shuffled along slowly after his leader.

"What is your name?" asked the gentleman.

"Hunder'd'n One."

They were soon traversing the corridor in the servants' quarter of the hotel, when Baker halted and ventured to say—

"I reckin you're in the wrong curryder." He was examining the ceiling, the floor, and the numbers on the doors.

"No, this is right," said the gentleman.

Again Baker hobbled along, never releasing his hold on the invisible weight. They halted at No. 13. Said Baker, with a shake of pity in his voice—

"'Tain't right. Wrong curryder. Cell hunder'd'n one's mine."

"Yes, yes; but we'll put you in this one for the present," replied the gentleman.

HE SLIPPED THE RAW-HIDE SUSPENDERS FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

as he opened the door and ushered Baker within. The room was comfortably furnished, and this perplexed Baker more and more.

"Hain't you got it wrong?" he persisted. "Lifer, you know. Hunder'd'n One—lifer—plays off crazy—forty lashes every Monday. Don't you know?"

"Yes, yes, I know; but we'll not talk about that now."

They brought a good supper to his room, and he ate ravenously. They persuaded him to wash in a basin in the room, though he begged hard to be permitted to go to the pump. Later that night the gentleman went to his room and asked him if he wanted anything.

"Well, I'll tell you. You forgot to take it off," Baker replied, pointing to his ankles.

The gentleman was perplexed for a moment, and then he stooped and unlocked and removed an imaginary ball and chain. Baker seemed relieved. Said the gentleman, as Baker was preparing for bed—

"This is not a penitentiary. It is my house, and I do not whip anybody. I will give you all you want to eat, and good clothes, and you may go wherever you please. Do you understand?"

Baker looked at him with vacant eyes and made no reply. He undressed, lay down, sighed wearily, and fell asleep.

## II.

A stifling Southern September sun beat down upon the mountains and valleys. The thrush and the mocking-bird had been driven to cool places, and their songs were not heard in the trees. The hotel was crowded with refugees from Memphis. A terrible scourge was sweeping through Tennessee, and its black shadow was creeping down to the Gulf of Mexico; and as it crept it mowed down young and old in its path.

"Well, Baker, how are you getting along?" It was the round, cheerful voice of Mr. Clayton.

The man from Georgia was stooping over a pail, scouring it with sand and a cloth. Upon hearing the greeting he hung the cloth over the pail and came slowly to the perpendicular, putting his hands, during the operation, upon the small of his back, as if the hinges in that region were old and rusty and needed care.

"Oh, well, now, I'll tell you. Nothin' pertickler to complain on, excep'——"

"Well?"

"I don't believe it's quite exactly right."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, now, you see—there ain't nobody a-listenin', is there?"

"No."

"I think they ought to give me one more piece, anyway."

"Piece of what?"

"Mebbe two more pieces."

"Of what?"

"Pie. It was pie I was a-talkin' about all the time."

"Don't they give you sufficient?"

"Pie?"

"Yes."

"No, Sir, not nigh enough. An'—an'—come here closter. I'm a-gittin' weak—I'm a-starvin'!" he whispered.

"You shall not starve. What do you want?"

"Well, now, I was jess a-thinkin' that one or two more pieces fur dinner every day—every day——"

"Pie?"

"Yes, Sir, pie. I was a-talkin' about pie."

"You shall certainly have it, but don't they give you any?"

"What? Pie?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, they do give me some."

"Every day?"

"Yes, Sir, every day."

"How much do they give you?"

"Pie?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll tell you. About two pieces, I believe."

"Aren't you afraid that much more than that would make you sick?"

"Oh, well, now, I'm a-goin' to tell you about that, too, 'cause you don't know about it. You see, I'm mostly used to gittin' sick, an' I ain't mostly used to eatin' of pie." He spoke then, as he

always spoke, with the most impressive earnestness.

Baker had undergone a great change within the two months that had passed over him at the hotel. Kindness had driven away the vacant look in his eyes and his mind was stronger. He had found that for which his meagre soul had yearned—a sympathising heart and a friend. He was fat, sleek, and strong. His old boots—the same as of yore, for he would not abandon them—looked less foolish, and seemed almost cheerful. Were they not always in an atmosphere of gentleness and refinement, and did they not daily tread the very ground pressed by the bravest and richest boots in the land? It is true that they were very often covered with slops and chickens' feathers, but this served only to bring out in bolder relief the elevating influence of a healthy morality and a generous prosperity that environed them.

There were six hundred guests at the hotel, and they all knew Baker and had a kind word to give him; but they could never learn anything about him other than that his name was Baker—"jess Baker, that's all"—and that he came from Georgia—"jess Georgy." Occasionally a stranger would ask him with urgent particularity concerning his past history, but he then would merely look helpless and puzzled and would say nothing. As to his name it was "jess Baker"; but on rare occasions, when pressed with hard cruelty, his lips could be seen to form the words "Hunder'd'n One," as though wondering how they would sound if he should utter them, and then the old blank, suffering look would come into his face. He had free access to every part of the house, and was discreet, diligent, faithful, and honest. Sometimes the porters would impose upon his unfailing willingness and great strength by making him carry the heaviest trunks up three or four flights of stairs.

One day the shadow of death that was stealing southward passed over the house containing so much life and happiness and wealth and beauty. The train passed as usual, and among the passengers who alighted was a man who walked to the counter in a weary, uncertain manner. One or two persons were present who knew him, and upon grasping his hand they found that it was cold. This was strange, for the day was very hot. In his eyes was a look of restlessness and anxiety, but he said that he had only a pain across the forehead, and that after needed rest it would pass away. He was conducted to a room, and there he fell across the bed, quite worn out, he said. He complained of slight cramps in the legs, and thought that they had been caused by climbing the stairs. After a half-hour had passed, he rang his bell violently and sent for the resident physician. That gentleman went to see him, and after remaining a few minutes went to the office, looking anxious and pale. He was a tall, quiet man, with white hair. He asked for Mr. Clayton, but when he was informed that that gentleman was temporarily absent he asked for Baker.

"Is your patient very ill, doctor?" inquired the cashier privately and with a certain dread.

"I want Baker," said the doctor somewhat shortly.

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Send me Baker instantly."

The physician had a secret of life and death. To treat it wisely he required confidants of courage, sagacity, patience, tact, and prompt action. There were only two to whom he should impart it—one was the proprietor and the other the man from Georgia.

When Baker had come, the physician led him upstairs to the floor which held the patient's room, brought him to the window at the end of the corridor and turned him so that the light fell full upon his face.

"Baker, can you keep a secret?"

"Me?"

"Yes; can you keep a secret?"

"Well, let me tell you about it; I don't know; mebbe I can."

"Have you ever seen people die?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!"

"A great many in the same house?"

"Yes, Sir; yes, Sir."

"Baker," said the physician, placing his hand gently on the broad shoulder before

him, and looking the man earnestly in the eyes, and speaking very impressively—

"Baker, are you afraid to die?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Die?"

"Yes."

There was no expression whatever upon his patient, gentle face. He gazed past the physician through the window, and made no reply.

"Are you afraid of death, Baker?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes."

There was no sign that he would answer the question or even that he comprehended it. He shifted his gaze to his upturned boot-toes and communed with them, but still kept silence.

"There is a man here, Baker, who is very ill, and I think that he will die. I want someone to help me take care of him. If you go into his room perhaps you, too, will die. Are you afraid to go?"

"Was you a-talkin' 'bout wantin' me to wait on him?"

"Yes."

A brighter look came into Baker's face, and he said—

"Oh, now, I'll tell you; I'll go."

They entered the stranger's room and found him suffering terribly. The physician already had put him under vigorous treatment, but he was rapidly growing worse. Baker regarded him attentively a moment, and then felt his pulse and put his hand on the sufferer's forehead. A look of intelligence came into his sad, earnest face, but there was not a trace of pallor or fear. He beckoned the physician to follow him out to the passage, and the two went aside, closing the door.

"He's a-goin' to die," said Baker, simply and quietly.

"Yes; but how do you know?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that; I know."

"Have you seen it before?"

"Hundreds."

"Are you afraid of it?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, they all ought to know it," he said, with a sweep of his hand towards the corridors.

"Hurry and find Mr. Clayton first and bring him to me."

Baker met Mr. Clayton at the main entrance below, and beckoned him to follow. He led the way into a dark room stored with boxes and then into the further corner of it. There he stood Mr. Clayton with his back against the wall and looked straight into his face. His manner was so mysterious, and there was so strange an expression in his face—a kind of empty exaltation it seemed—and his familiarity in touching Mr. Clayton's person was so extraordinary, that that gentleman was alarmed for Baker's sanity. Then Baker leaned forward and whispered one terrible word—

"*Cholery!*"

Cholera! Great God! No wonder that Mr. Clayton turned deathly pale and leaned heavily against the wall.

At midnight the stranger died, and none in the house had heard of the frightful danger which had come to assail them. The physician and Baker had been with him constantly, but their efforts had availed nothing; and after preparing him for the grave, they went out and locked the door. Mr. Clayton was waiting for them. The anxious look in the faces of the two gentlemen was intensified; Baker's evinced nothing but calm consciousness of responsibility.

"We must alarm the house," whispered Mr. Clayton.

The doctor shook his head sadly. "If we do," he said, "there will be a panic."

They both seemed helpless and undecided, and in need of someone to determine what should be done. They turned to Baker in silence and for his decision. He seemed to have expected it, for without a word, without submitting it for their concurrence, he went to the end of that passage and rapped upon a door. There was an answer, Baker mentioned his name, the door was opened, and the dreadful news was quietly imparted. The guest was terror-stricken, but a word from Baker gave him heart, and he hastily but quietly began preparations

HE BORE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN AND FAINTING WOMEN IN HIS STRONG, SURE ARMS.

to leave the house. Thus went Baker from one door to another, imposing silence and care and careful dressing, and advising the people to take with them such bedding as they could. Mr. Clayton and the physician, observing the remarkable success of Baker's method, adopted it, and soon the three men had the great house swarming. It was done swiftly, quietly, and without panic, and the house became empty.

But selfishness appeared without shame or covering. Every one in the house wanted Baker's assistance, for all the porters had fled, and there was none other than he to work.

So he staggered and toiled under the weight of enormous trunks; listened to a hundred orders at once; bore frightened children and fainting women in his strong, sure arms; laboured until his face was haggard and his knees trembled from exhaustion. He did the work of fifty men—a hundred men.

The seeds of the plague had been sown. Towards morning the physician retired to his room, stricken down. Baker administered to his needs, and discovered a surprising knowledge of the malady and its treatment. A few of those who had scattered about in the surrounding hills were taken down and brought to the house moaning with fear and pain. Baker treated them all. Mr. Clayton and a few other stout hearts provided him with whatever he ordered, and assisted in watching and in administering the simple remedies under his direction. Many recovered, others grew worse; the physician was saved.

At sunrise, while Baker was working vigorously on a patient, he suddenly straightened himself, looked around somewhat anxiously, and reeled backward to the wall. The strong man had collapsed at last. Leaning against the partition, and spreading out his arms against it to keep from falling, he worked his way a few feet to the door, and when he turned to go out his hand slipped on the door-facing, and he fell heavily upon his face in the passage. He lay still for a moment, and then crawled slowly to the end of the passage and lay down. He had not said a word nor uttered a groan. It was there, silent, alone, and uncomplaining, that Mr. Clayton found this last victim of the plague waiting patiently for death. Others were hastily summoned. They put him upon a bed, and were going to undress him and treat him, but he firmly stopped them with uplifted hand, and his sunken eyes and anxious face implored more eloquently than his words, when he said—

"No, no! Now, let me tell you: Go an' take care of 'em."

Mr. Clayton sent them away, he alone remaining.

"Here, Baker, take this," he gently urged.

But the man from Georgia knew better. "No, no," he said; "it won't do no good." His speech was faint and laboured. "I'll tell you: I'm struck too hard. It won't do no good. I'm so tired. . . . I'll go quick . . . 'cause I'm . . . so tired."

His extreme exhaustion made him an easy prey. Death sat upon his face, and was reflected from his hollow, suffering, mournful eyes. In an hour they were dimmer; then he became cold and purple. In another hour his pulse was not perceptible. After two more hours his agony had passed.

"Baker, do you want anything?" asked Mr. Clayton, trying to rouse him.

"Me?" very faintly came the response.

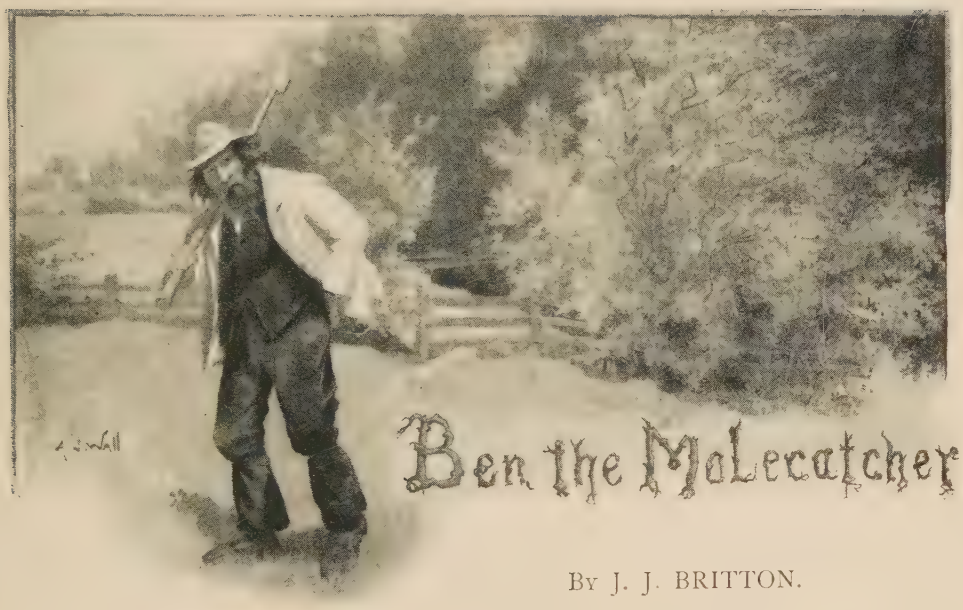
"Yes. Do you want anything?"

"Oh . . . I'll tell you: The governor . . . he found out my brother . . . done it . . . an' . . . an' he's goin' to . . . pardon me. . . . Fifteen years, an' played off . . . played off crazy. . . . Forty lashes every Monday . . . mornin'. . . . Cell hunder'd'n one's mine. . . . Well, I'll tell you: Governor's goin' to . . . pardon me out."

He ceased his struggling to speak. A half-hour passed in silence, and then he roused himself feebly and whispered—

"He'll . . . pardon . . . me."

The old boots stared blankly and coldly at the ceiling; their patient expression no longer bore a trace of life or suffering, and their calm repose was undisturbed by the song of the mocking-bird in the oriel.



# Ben the Molecatcher

By J. J. BRITTON.

"WELL, Sir, you see, hoontes is curous things." This was at my first interview with Ben the mole-catcher. It was in the red-tiled and timbered hostelry of the village, the Crown, relic of the far-off days when the slopes of Edgehill, the wooded crest of which could be seen in the distance, were alive with armed men, and the banner of the royal Charles was floating from the summit. I had entered the public-house, being thirsty and longing for a pull at a cool mug of cider, and there, under the flitches of bacon and strings of onions, I found Ben in company with a half-drained pot of beer. He and I have since become very good friends. As I saw him that afternoon he seemed to me a picturesque page from the book of our earlier England, and one who might have known Bardolph and his "coney-catching rascals" in the flesh or grinned at Falstaff's ragged contingent on the Coventry march. He was not a tall man, but gave one a curious impression of having been such at some time or other, and then pollarded. His frame was bulky and powerful, but his legs were short and slightly bowed. His much-worn and mended corduroys were strapped below the knee in the orthodox country fashion, derived perhaps from the Romans, and his patched boots were those of a giant; his whole garb was a remarkable lesson in shades of colour, and his storm-beaten billycock was in itself a study, and looked like some strange species of fungus. Altogether he seemed like a grey, lichen-covered, moss-encrusted stump from the autumn woodland outside. His face was gaunt and creased into a network of furrows, with a large pendulous nose drooping down from the centre, and his small eyes were set deeply in his head, underneath his overhanging brows; they were of a piercing blackness, something like those of the tiny animal whose capture was his business. The grizzled hair hung about

his countenance in weird, wild ringlets, and blended with the unkempt grey and black beard; there were puffy rolls of flesh beneath his eyes, and his face would have been the better for a liberal application of soap. Yet one could readily imagine that in the early years of the century he may have been a handsome young peasant and the delight of village girls, long since dead or surviving as victims of chronic rheumatism. What might be his age was hard to determine or conjecture. I should say seventy-one or two, but can quite believe that at ninety his appearance and vigour would be little changed. If I had encountered him upon an Asian Steppe I should certainly have exclaimed, "At last, the Wandering Jew!" His bag, which he had partly loosed from his shoulder, where it seemed to grow as a grey protuberance upon an ancient tree-bole, and a "spud" or tiny spade with a long handle just then resting against the black oak settle, had rather puzzled me as to his vocation. I tried, after drinking "good luck" to him, to get into conversation, but found him doggedly reticent, and I thought rather surly. The offer, however, of another supply of the village beer worked wonders, and the old man's tongue was loosened. Times were bad, work was scarce—but what work? "What have you got in your bag there?" I asked. "Hoontes," he replied.

"Hoontes, what are they?"

"Well, they calls 'em mold-warps in some places—but hoontes is the name we knows 'em by mostly hereabouts," and he undid his patched sacking-bag and took out two or three poor little dead moles. "Oh!" I said, "a mole-catcher, then?"

"Yes, Sir, I be—when theere's no other work about, I 'edges and ditches when there is, or turns my 'and to anythink as be going. Hoonte-catching ain't what it used to be—my respec's to you, Sir," and he took a steady pull at his beer.

"Bad—like all other trades, eh?"

"Yes, it ain't what it used to be. Time wus when a man could a'most live at it. You see, the squoires and the farmers used to pay a fixed sum a year, and you 'ad to take the res-pon-sibility" (this was a big word for him, and he carefully divided it into its component parts with a sort of pride in his own learning). "You 'ad to keep the placen free of hoontes, and you 'ad to goo round about over and over again all the land and work 'em out systematic, and you 'ad your wage certain and your drop of beer reg'lar. I 've 'ad ten—ay, twenty—moile to goo over in a week afore now, and 'ard work it wus, but you wus your own master, and it wus a pro-fes-sion loike; now it 's different. Landowners and farmers sets their own men a hoonte-catching, and we only gets a job now and then. Then there wus the skins. See what beautiful fur! just like welvet; and the skin 'ud fetch a good price. My owd wife used to skin 'em; 'er wur a dab 'and at it."

"You haven't a wife now?"

"No—'er be dead this many a year; but her wus a good 'un, 'er wus."

The old man paused, rubbed the back of a grimy hand across his eyes, and lifted the pot of consolation.

"But," I said, "you don't save the skins now, for I see moles hanging up in strings on sticks, or on the trees."

"Yes, I 'angs 'em up; I hallus does it as a rool, to let farmers see my work. I 've saved these 'ere in my bag this time just to mick me a nice winter weskitt."

"Any family?" I asked.

"I 'ad foive—and buried three—got one son, 'e 's married, in Lancashire—and one darter 'ere—married—and 'er 's a good 'un, thank God!"

He held out to me one of the poor little limp bodies and stroked the fur.

"Talk about weskitts, there never was welvet like that theere."

"No," I said. "The little gentleman in brown velvet—do you know that a mole once killed a king?"

"Did 'un, now?" he asked.

Then I recounted to him the story of the mole-heap that tripped up the horse of Macaulay's great hero, and caused his end.

His remark was professional. "If that theere king 'ad 'ad a hoonte-ketcher 'e med 'a bin aloive now."

"Hardly that, I think," I remarked, taking the mole's body in my hand. "Moles have got eyes?"

"Yes, and sharp 'uns too—look ye 'ere." He pushed back the soft fur, and showed me the tiny specks of black, now clouded over with death.

'eaps, just like them old ancient castles as the great barons used to have—so passon told me."

"Yes, I know that."

"And, you see, theere's tramways and tunnels running out on ivery side, and the hoontes cut about along 'em—look at 'is

"GRANTHER, GRANTHER!"

"They have not much use for eyes in their underground work, have they?"

"I dunno; but they comes out a-nights, in the moonlight, and looks after the fat snails and such-like, and the howles catches 'em sometimes. Ah, hoontes is curous things."

"Tell me all about them."

"Well, Sir, you knows, p'r'aps, as they ave a sort of round castle under their 'ands." Here he held up the mole. "You see 'em—loike a babby's, ain't 'um?—they be set sideways, so as 'e can scrat more easy, and 'e scrats and scrats and works out them tunnels, and they do say sleeps in the middle castle 'arf 'is time—wheere 'e 'as the nusseries for the babbies and 'is missus, and wheere 'e keeps 'is wittals."

"On what does he live principally?"

"Well, on worms, wire-worms and grubs and catterpillers, and such-loike—some folks say as 'e heats the roots of the grass—but that 's a lie—'e don't—'is food is hanimal."

"So he does not do much harm to the farmers, after all," I said.

"I dunno," he answered doggedly, feeling, no doubt, that the utility of his profession was at stake by his unguarded testimonial to the non-vegetarian habits of the mole. "All I knows is as 'e eats a lot, and 'e is most partic'lar, too; 'e likes worms, and 'e won't eat 'um till 'e 's skinned 'em proper just like rabbits, and 'e cuts 'em up with 'is teeth for the young 'uns. Keep 'im without wittals for a day and a night, and he dies—or without water, for 'e drinks as much as 'e eats, and if there ain't no water about 'e makes pools and cotches it; 'e takes 'is food and sleep reg'lar, sleeps for three hours and then works for three hours—yet 'e ain't got no clock! Rum things is hoontes. You fright 'em, and see how they cuts along them tunnels! As fast as a man can run."

"Or a horse," I said. "I 've heard of a French learned man who once tried to measure the speed of a mole; and how do you think he did it?"

"I dunno."

"Well, he stuck bits of straw into the galleries—the runs, you know—with little flags on the ends of them; then he frightened the moles, and they ran along, knocking the straws down, and by his watch he reckoned how fast the little flags fell."

"Oh, 'e wur a clever 'un!" said Ben in admiration.

I opened the dead mole's mouth.

"If there is not much work for the eyes there 's no doubt that these sharp white teeth do their business well. Moles fight a good deal, don't they?"

"Yes, and bites too. Look ye 'ere."

He stretched out his dingy right thumb, and there, amid the ingrained dirt, I could see a faint white mark.

"This wur a bad 'un," said my friend. "I cotched a hoonte in my trap one day, and he warn't dead, and 'e 'd like to 'a 'ad my thumb off. It wur a long time a 'ealing up. Fight? Ay, they fights—nothing fights like 'em 'cept it be game-cocks, and the chap as wins heats t'other up just like the Hannibals in furrin parts, so passon says—bones and all. But they 're werry fond of their missuses and the young 'uns, just like Christians, and I 've knowed as how, when the female was cotched in a wire, the male 'un wouldn't leave it till he wur cotched and killed too."

"Well, now, how do you catch them? They sell wire traps now, don't they?"

"Gar!"—this with a look of the most supreme contempt—"I wuddent use them doomed things. I sticks to the owd trap as I meks mysen."

He fumbled in his bag and produced a small piece of board about five inches long and two broad, with a couple of semi-circles of wood, one at each end, and an arrangement of wires.

"This is my trap. I puts this in the run, it spiles the passage. The hoonte runs along to mend the tunnel, and 'e must run through these 'ere arches of stick, and he knocks out this wedge, and the wire cotches 'im round the neck or the middle mostly, and the withy flies back, and up 'e goes a-dangling in the air, trap and all—just like this."

And he demonstrated as well as he could, with a bit of stick that was lying on the settle.

"But sometimes I don't use no trap; but I digs 'em out with my spud, and throws 'em out and kills 'em."

The explanation was not a very lucid one, and I made up my mind to go out with him some day and see him really at work.

"Well, I 'll be off to my tay," he said, rising and shouldering his bag.

"I 'll walk with you. I agree with you that moles are very interesting and curious things."

"Yes, they be; and passon 'e said one day, though I think he wur laffin', that the fust hoonte was a princess."

"Yes; I 've heard a legend of the sort."

"I don't know about no legends; but 'e said as a long time agone theer was a princess as was in luv with a nobleman

who didn't want 'er; and theer was a great supper and a dance somewheres, and 'er dressed 'erself up foine to go and cotch the swell; and when 'er wos dressed 'er looked at 'erself in the glass, as gels will, and wos so proud of 'er good looks, and said 'er would be sure to cotch 'im; and then they 'eard a screech, and the lady wor clean gone. But the next day the gardiner he found a beautiful ring as wos 'ers a-lying by a 'eap of mould, and a mole ran out; and that there hoonte was the princess. But it ain't loikely, is it?"

"Not very," I replied; "but it 's an old story."

As we walked side by side up the pretty village street where the last autumn sunrays were flaming upon the small lattice-windows and the weather-vane of the old grey church, a little girl of six or seven years of age, with a dirty but pretty face, and a tangled mass of yellow-brown hair, came running towards us, calling out, "Granther, Granther!"

He held his hand out, and she ran to him and clung to his knees. He stooped down to kiss her, his homely face transfigured with love.

"Dooty to the genelman, Molly," he said, and the little one bobbed me a fine old-fashioned curtsey. Then she took her grandsire's hand, and we walked on.

"A pooty little gel, bain't 'er?" he asked, looking down lovingly at his small descendant. "And a good 'un too, 'er is—bless 'er!"

Arrived at a cottage door he paused, and I made an appointment to meet him on the morrow and see him at work hoonte-catching.

So we parted, and I felt I had been shown just a glimpse of the softer and better side of my rugged friend's nature, and of the family affection that renders even hard times and monotonous toil endurable, and sheds a ray of the higher light upon the humblest lot.

NAPOLEON IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

From the Portrait by Lefèvre in the Versailles Gallery.

*See "The Great Adventurer."*

# THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

## *STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

### BOULOGNE AND AUSTERLITZ.

"MEN are fond of toys, and are led by them." So Napoleon answered to those who opposed the institution of the Legion of Honour and spoke slightingly of it as an empty bauble. He was inordinately fond of such toys himself, and played with them to his heart's content to swell the pomp and circumstance of his brand-new Empire. It is almost pitiable to read the long list of great offices created by this degenerate Republican, this parvenu promoted so soon to such dizzy heights of grandeur; to note the infinite pains he took to organise the ceremonial of his Court. For himself he became the "brother" of Emperors and "cousin" of Kings; his letters ended with a formula copied from the correspondence of the *Grand Monarque*. He invented the most sonorous, but often grotesque and absurd, titles for his family, his friends, and supporters. His former colleagues in the Consulate became Arch-Chancellor and Arch-Treasurer, with the address of Most Serene Highness; one brother, Joseph, became Grand Elector; another, Louis, Grand Constable; the sisters were Princesses; on Madame Letitia the highest yet the simplest of all titles was devised—that of Madame Mère. What higher rank could woman have than that of the Mother of Cæsar? Numerous high functionaries were appointed to maintain the dignity of the Imperial régime: Grand Chamberlain, Grand Almoner, Grand Marshal, Grand Master of the Ceremonies; a host of lesser officials also, such as pages, maids-of-honour, ladies-in-waiting and of the palace. M. de Rémusat, one of the old *noblesse*, was called in to assist with his advice on cerémonials, but Napoleon saw to every detail, the costumes and uniforms, the breadth of embroideries, the shape of hats, the length of the ladies' elaborate trains. He devised his own coronation robes and the whole programme for that important ceremony, to sanction which the Holy Father, not without protest and misgiving, was brought in person from Rome. But Napoleon would only be crowned by his own hands; he cried solemnly, as he put the crown on his head, "God has given it to me; woe to him who dares to touch it!"

The army, of course, his most favourite plaything, although certainly no toy, was not overlooked in the distribution of new dignities. He surrounded his throne with his best soldiers, raised to the highest rank he could utilise to do them honour. There had been Marshals of France in times past, and it was natural they should be revived in a régime based upon his strong arm and military prestige. Not only was he pleased to reward his old companions-in-arms, the lieutenants who had served him or France—and the first creation of marshals included Murat, Berthier, Masséna, Lannes, Soult, Brune, Ney, Augereau, Moncey, Mortier, Davoust, Jourdan, Bernadotte also, thanks to his brother - in - law, although not free from the taint of friendship with Moreau—but four honorary marshals were made in the persons of Kellermann (the elder), Perignon, Lefebvre, and Serrurier. Only the Army of the Rhine, Moreau's army, was entirely unrepresented.

From the moment of his accession to power, Napoleon had found his chief

pleasure in perfecting the great man-slaying machine he was soon to direct with such incomparable skill. He loved his fortnightly reviews on the *carrousel* or great courtyard of the Tuileries; and held one the very day of his installation as First Consul. The spectacle was splendid. Troops of all arms—horse, foot, and guns, conscripts and veterans—stood there side by side, so that the one might take example by the other, and the martial spirit be raised to the highest pitch. Every regiment in the service came to Paris in turn, in order to appear at these parades. The First Consul arrived with a numerous and brilliant staff in new and resplendent uniforms; he was attended by the War Minister, the Governor of Paris, the General commanding the First Division, the Commissary General, all the great officers concerned in the military administration. Sometimes he rode down the line on his favourite grey Arab Le Désire; more often he dismounted and made a most minute and lengthened inspection, lasting five or six hours. He talked freely with all ranks, both officers and men, encouraging the latter to speak, to put forward their grievances. "Conceal nothing from me, suppress no complaints of your superiors. I am here to do justice to all, and the weakest is best entitled to my protection." He questioned them individually on their campaigns, on the scars they showed; he recognised and rewarded those who had served with him, often corrected injustice and seeming slight by giving immediate promotion, or the coveted cross from his own breast. The pains he took to be *au fait* with all details were immense.

It was by such acts as these, honourable and natural enough in a great commander, that he reached the hearts of his troops and won their unstinting devotion, to an extent that perhaps no other leader has inspired. They learnt to believe in him as a god, to cry with honest Junot, "This man is a supernatural being." In later years he was less assiduous, but the fascination survived. It was a legacy left by thousands of brave souls who had perished in his service, and the tradition was maintained by thousands more as ready to give him their lives. But the enthusiasm was at its highest point when he reached the apogee of his power. The weapon that France had fashioned, first for self-defence and then blindly made over to the man who had enslaved her, was so set and sharpened by him that it was now fit for any fight. It was too much to expect that this great captain and *condottiere*, the absolute soldier of fortune, should forbear to use it. Already indeed, and before he became Emperor, he was looking around like Alexander and preparing to conquer the world.

The Treaty of Amiens had been almost a farce; its provisions were observed by neither side. England had not surrendered Malta, although Bonaparte declared he would rather see her in the heart of Paris. France annexed new territories. George III. called the peace experimental, and the First Consul considered it no more than a short armistice. There was continual strife and bickering between the two countries. A newspaper war raged in which the free Press of England showed much irritating license in lampooning Bonaparte. The old rivalry between England and France was more bitter than ever. The rupture came abruptly, and after an unseemly scene with the British Ambassador, in which, however, the great Corsican actor only played a part for the express purpose of hastening the crisis. Yet the first reckless steps taken by the First Consul showed deep irritation: contrary to the custom of civilised nations, he detained all British subjects he could catch in France, even tourists and non-combatants; he laid hands on the sacred persons of the diplomatic body; he seized Hanover, the appanage of the English Kings, and, at the risk of a permanent quarrel with Prussia, established himself in the heart of Germany; he proclaimed the commercial blockade which was to close Europe to English-made goods, and nearly brought ruin to all Continental trade.

The duel with England was to be to the death, and, indeed, it was not ended till Napoleon fell after Waterloo. He entered

upon it with all the eagerness of one who counted confidently upon success. He was but imperfectly informed of the strength and character of the nation he challenged; to the last he never fully realised the measure of our naval power, nor of the probable resistance he might expect from a sturdy race defending hearth and home. So little did he know of England that he believed a first victory on its soil would rally to him all who hated "oligarchic government," although, as Lanfrey puts it, he would not have attracted a single beggar-man in the street.

progress to Brussels, and saw at Amiens the triumphal arch inscribed "The Road to England." His naval officers alone doubted, and at first essayed, but vainly, to point out the hazardous nature of the enterprise. They were alive to the incompleteness and inefficiency of the French navy, the meagre character of French marine resources; they knew better the strength of their enemy, the marked superiority of the British at sea. "Our masts are bad and our sails," wrote Villeneuve to Decrès; "so is the rigging, the officers also, and the ships' companies."

NAPOLEON RECEIVING AT ST. CLOUD THE SENATUS-CONSULTUM PROCLAIMING HIM EMPEROR, MAY 18, 1804.

No doubt he was supported in this by other opinions. Years back, when named by the Directory to the command of the "Army of England," Moreau had written him (March 27, 1798): "There are few Frenchmen who have not been desirous of an invasion of England, and there are few who do not feel confident of the success of the expedition since you have taken command of it." In France the project, when openly announced in 1803, was hailed with delight. "The idea of a conquest of England fired the general imagination," Madame de Rémusat wrote. She went with the imperial party in the

"Napoleon's fleets," wrote Nelson to Collingwood, "suffer more damage in one night than ours in a year," and, again, speaking of the French naval officers to the Admiralty, he says, "Those gentlemen are not accustomed to the storms which we have defied for one-and-twenty months without losing a spar." They were well aware indeed of their shortcomings, but after their first protests, so rudely received by their imperious master, they lapsed into silence, meaning to do their best, but with little hope of a favourable issue.

It has been stated seriously and strongly

NAPOLEON PRESENTING THE EAGLES TO THE GRAND ARMY IN THE CHAMP DE MARS, DECEMBER 5, 1804.

"Soldiers, here are your standards; those eagles will always serve you for a rallying point. . . . You will swear to sacrifice your lives in their defence, and by your courage to preserve them ever in the path to victory."

*From the Picture by David in the Versailles Gallery.*

that Napoleon was never really committed to the invasion; that the formation of the great camp of Boulogne was no more than an excuse for keeping a large army together and training it for more feasible Continental conquests. This is the line adopted by admirers who cannot otherwise explain the strangeness of his general policy at this period. Was it possible that this commanding genius would dare affront all Europe, as he did, to encourage a fresh coalition against him, at a time when he was about to lock up the flower of his army in the islands beyond the sea—not so remote, of course, as Egypt, but possibly as inaccessible? His absence from France in 1799 might be prejudicial to his cause, but in 1805 it would spell absolute ruin. Did he hope to effect his purpose with such ease and despatch that he might subjugate England in a few weeks, and return victorious to face the European armies that would surely invade France when the great army of Boulogne was across the Channel? In this dilemma his eulogists can only conclude that the whole project was a feint; the alternative was to convict Napoleon of a want of ordinary common-sense.

Yet there can be no sort of doubt that he was thoroughly in earnest. It is proved by the elaboration of means to the end in view: the thousands of orders he issued, the schemes and counter-schemes, the time he spent in camp, the extent of his preparations and their costliness; and again, by his deep personal anxiety for his project, exhibited hour after hour, and increasing in intensity as the moment of fruition approached. Let us look at Lanfrey's picture of Napoleon on the cliff at Boulogne waiting for Villeneuve, a portrait as exact as a photograph, and say whether the whole project was a myth devised to cajole and to throw dust in the eyes of Europe. He had written that unhappy Admiral on Aug. 22, 1805: "This, I hope, will find you at Brest. Hurry on—do not lose a moment—come with our combined squadrons, and England is ours." "Now," says that historian, "he watched the horizon incessantly, passing through all the harrowing emotions of hope and fear, of uncertainty—most difficult of all to bear. For months all had been prepared, in Boulogne and in the neighbouring ports. The monster flotilla waited only the signal; day after day the army went through their embarkation drill," nothing was wanting but Villeneuve, and he never came.

There was no make-believe in all this. We might doubt the military preparations, which would and did serve for the campaign of Austerlitz, but the naval must have been intended exclusively for invasion. The vast sums spent upon the flat-bottomed boats that were to serve as bridges; the great efforts made to manufacture them in every ship-building yard of the French coasts—these surely were for the specific purpose of invasion. The feverish haste with which the navy was strengthened when the first idea of an unprotected flotilla was improved into the joint action of fleet and transports; the recruitment of the navy by the press-gang; and the contingents forcibly raised in independent maritime states — there was no pretence about these. In a despatch to Marshal Brune in July 1804, he writes: "I have at my disposal 120,000 men and 3000 launches, which only await a favourable wind to plant the Imperial Eagle on the Tower of London. Time and Destiny alone know what will happen"—language, surely, that implied a set purpose, for there was no reason to deceive Brune. Again, the express orders sent to the Admirals, Bruix, Decrès, Gantheaume, Villeneuve, the exact combinations and movements of their squadrons, and the great results he looked for, would hardly have been the work of imagination, even in this colossal deceiver.

Many smaller matters plainly endorse this view: the selection of daring privateer captains to harry the English coast and seize fishermen and hobblers who could give information of the harbours between the Thames and Portsmouth; the creation of a body of interpreter-guides; the enlistment of discontented Irishmen into a foreign legion. The troops were trained to row, and made to work at the oar two hours daily; a

poetaster was commissioned to compose a song, "Le Chant du Départ," to be sung in camp; and prizes were offered to soldiers who would venture out on yard-arms; the theatres were to produce plays such as "William the Conqueror," to stimulate public feeling. Perhaps the most positive fact of all was the medal struck beforehand, which was to be issued in London after the conquest, a rare *objet d'art*, but still to be seen in some collections. On one face is the Emperor's head, laurel-crowned; on the other, "Descente en Angleterre. Frappée à Londres, 1804." This triumph by anticipation has yet to be accomplished, although England and its people should not count too surely upon the causes that guaranteed her safety then. Steam has greatly altered the conditions of naval warfare, and there is nothing nowadays impossible in Napoleon's boast that if he were master of the Channel for six hours, England would cease to exist. He looked for the happy concurrence of natural allies — night, fogs, heavy weather — in order to pass his flotilla over—advantages "he must be mad to expect," as Nelson said, but their assistance would not be necessary now.

On the 23rd August, 1805, he still hoped; two days later he resolved to abandon the projected invasion; and on the 27th the march from Boulogne upon Austria was begun. He was checked ingloriously in one direction, but by prompt action in another he might escape ridicule, and he had very strong cards to play. The project of invasion had put into his hands a perfect army, the best in Europe, held compactly together and readily available for war. It has been said that this alternative of springing without warning upon his Continental foes had been always a second string to his bow. A shrewd blow might thus be struck at one before the second should join her. Austria lay exposed, with forces, as usual, widely scattered, while her ally, Russia, was miles in distance, months in time, to the rear.

Whatever mistake and misapprehension may have falsified Napoleon's plan of invasion, in the military operations that succeeded that abortive attempt he was at his best. He was at last in a situation he could control, engaged in his own trade. As he himself said, he was never so happy as in the field. No wonder, for he was a past master in the art of war, and he played that most chanceful and exciting game with uncommon skill. The conditions at the outset of the campaign of Austerlitz were, no doubt, greatly in his favour, but yet he made the most of them. His strategy was bold yet unerring, following the soundest principles, and practised with extraordinary promptitude and decision, as will be seen.

Austria meant to take the offensive in due course, and had two armies in the field. The strongest, 100,000 men, was in Italy, under the Archduke Charles, opposed to Masséna, but far outnumbering him; the other, under Mack, 76,000, was on the Inn, covering Vienna, but intended to advance through Swabia when reinforced by the Russians. Napoleon's plan was to hold Masséna to the defensive, occupying the Archduke Charles, while the army of Boulogne, transferred secretly and rapidly into Central Europe, struck through Mack straight at Vienna. Its movement was concealed by every possible means. Every artifice was used to protract negotiations until it had completed its long march, and twenty-six days after leaving the sea-coast it arrived on the Rhine. Speed was of the utmost importance. Napoleon intended to fight with the legs, not the arms, of his troops. All the passages of this great river were in French hands, and Napoleon crossed at Mayence, Spire, and Mannheim. Now Bernadotte, coming from Hanover, reached Würzburg; and Marmont, coming from Holland, had joined the Grand Army, as it was called for the first time by its imperial leader, who organised it into seven army corps each, composed of two or three infantry divisions, a brigade of cavalry, and a small proportion of artillery.

The 1st corps was commanded by Bernadotte, the 2nd by Marmont, the 3rd by Duvoust; Soult had the 4th, Lannes the 5th, Ney the 6th, Augereau the 7th. Murat commanded the corps of cavalry

The Imperial Guard, under the immediate orders of the Emperor, was in reserve, and a Bavarian army of 25,000 was soon detached from the Coalition to throw in its lot with the French. The total of the

as Oct. 8 complacently reported that his army could not be better or more effectually posted. Already, by this date, Napoleon's forces were closing round him in greatly superior numbers, having already cut his

THE EMPRESS JOSÉPHINE.
*From the Portrait by Gérard in the Versailles Gallery*

Grand Army amounted to upwards of 200,000 men.

Meanwhile Mack, going to his fate, had advanced from the Inn and occupied Ulm upon Sept. 18. He was quite ignorant of the near approach of the French, and as late

communications with his base. For on Oct. 6, hearing that French detachments had appeared in Bavaria, he sent General Kienmayer towards Ingoldstadt to hold the bridges over the Danube. But there three whole corps—those of Davoust

Marmont, and Bernadotte—fell upon Kienmayer, and drove him back in confusion upon Munich. The complete occupation of Bavaria followed; the French armies were in force on both banks of the Danube, and Ulm was enclosed.

Napoleon's headquarters were at Donauwörth on the 7th, and he was quite master of the situation. "The enemy must be quick, if he would escape complete destruction" were the significant words of his order of the day. Mack met the danger by reversing his front. Hitherto he had faced west, towards the Black Forest; now he turned his back on the Black Forest and faced east. The French were on that side between him and home. Indeed, every line of retreat was menaced by the splendid strategy of his opponent. Napoleon had made only one mistake. He had left a loophole of escape by the position of Albeck, on the left of the Danube, which was insufficiently guarded, and by which Mack, with a determined effort, might have cut his way through. But the Emperor always believed Mack would retreat on the Tyrol, and Dupont was exposed to the whole weight of the Austrian army. Mack, using only one corps, drove back Dupont, but made no further effort to get out; and Napoleon soon sent Ney to close the gap by crossing at Elchingen in strength, which brought on the battle of that name. The Austrians escaping towards Bohemia were forced to lay down their arms.

Mack's position at Ulm was now desperate. Soult had crossed the Iller and, reaching Biberach, cut off all retreat to the Tyrol; Marmont had come up; Ney captured the heights above Ulm, and the investment was completed with 100,000 men. Napoleon now sent an ultimatum to Mack, threatening to put the whole garrison to the sword "as he had done at Jaffa." The luckless Austrian General tried to temporise, hoping still for support from the advancing Russians, and offered to capitulate on the 25th October if not rescued before. But on the 19th he learnt that the Russians were not yet on the Inn, and he laid down his arms. Next day, the débris of his army, some 24,000, marched out of Ulm with the honours of war. But this surrender does insufficient justice to the fullness of Napoleon's triumph. Between the last days of August and the 20th October he had marched from Boulogne to the Danube, and at no great cost, simply by masterly combinations and successful strategy, had overwhelmed the enemy's forces. The capitulation of Ulm gave him 60,000 prisoners, with eighteen general officers, eighty-four standards, and 1200 guns. Vienna was at his mercy.

Fortune seldom comes with both hands full. The glory of Ulm was quickly balanced by the defeat of Trafalgar, the news of which reached him when he was marching to meet the combined Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz. He showed no outward sign, says Berthier, who handed him the despatch. But he was profoundly moved, and he visited the whole of the blame of a catastrophe for which he himself was entirely responsible upon the gallant but luckless Admiral who had already failed him at Boulogne. It was under the express orders of the Emperor that Villeneuve—whom he loathed and loaded with abuse and invective, yet continued in command—issued from Cadiz to confront Nelson and the British fleet. The Emperor, with blind infatuation, still refused to believe in the inferiority of his navy; he would not tolerate the suggestions of a cautious and defensive warfare. He sent positive instructions to Villeneuve to fight; to leave Cadiz. "Nothing shall keep them there!" he wrote not many days after the capitulation of Ulm. That he thus sent his fleet to destruction may be excused as the error of a proud, haughty spirit, but that he should vent his displeasure upon the brave officer who obeyed but could not succeed, is another of the dark blots upon his character. Villeneuve, it is now gravely asserted, did not commit suicide, but was murdered at Rennes on his return from England, where he had suffered a brief detention as a prisoner of war. He was found stabbed to the heart; there were six wounds, one of which at least must have been inflicted after death. The dagger, too, which had

been used was found at the distance of several paces from his body, where a dying man could not possibly have thrown it. The story runs that he found at Rennes a letter from Decrès, the Minister of Marine, harshly upbraiding him, and that he could not bear to live. Before the deed, he wrote a noble letter to his wife, giving his reasons for suicide. Yet the first letter is still in the possession of the Villeneuve

NAPOLEON'S STATE COACH.

family, and it is couched in kindly, affectionate terms. The second letter has never been seen. When Madame de Villeneuve asked for it, Fouché declared he had already sent it to her, and that it must have been lost in the post. Assuredly there are grounds for classing this suicide with those of Pichegru and Wright.

It is pleasanter to turn to the battlefield on which Napoleon reigned supreme—to the great day of Austerlitz, the finest victory Napoleon ever won. The first Russian army had now appeared upon the theatre of war, and, in junction with the remnant of the Austrian forces, was waiting in Moravia to make a fresh appeal to arms. Napoleon was in a critical position. The Archduke Charles was in Hungary with 80,000 men; a second Russian army was at the heels of the first; Prussia, alienated, was about to join in coalition. Napoleon now was not unwilling to make peace. His overtures to the Czar had been badly received. When he proposed to send Savary to treat, the Russian Emperor replied in a letter addressed to the "Chief of the French Government." Later on, the very eve of Austerlitz, Prince Dolgorouki offered terms on behalf of the Czar that Napoleon found simply insulting.

Now the allied forces, about 90,000 men, were based upon Olmutz. Napoleon,

INTERVIEW BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND FRANCIS II., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, AFTER THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

NAPOLEON: "I am obliged to receive your Majesty in the only palace I have occupied for two months."
FRANCIS II.: "You make so advantageous a use for it that you must find it very pleasant."

*From the Picture by Prudhon in the Louvre.*

with 70,000 men, having Vienna as an intermediate base, but a very long way from home, was advancing upon Brunn to meet his enemy. Arrived there on the 20th, he rested till the 27th, then felt forward as far as Wischau and Austerlitz. His advanced guard having been driven back from Wischau, Napoleon was satisfied that the enemy were approaching in force, and he fell back into a position along the Goldbach, some eight miles in front of Brunn. He seemed thus to have abandoned the still stronger position of the Pratzen plateau, at the far side of the Goldbach, which was now occupied by the Russian and Austrian armies, but he did so advisedly in pursuance of his tactical plan. He told his staff that from Pratzen he could only hope to win an ordinary victory; his aim was to draw the enemy on in a determined effort to turn his right, his most vulnerable flank, attack on which would lay bare his communication with Vienna. "With any such extension of their left they would be open to a terrible counter-stroke and lost beyond redemption."

The night before the action Napoleon, having narrowly escaped capture when reconnoitring, wandered on foot through his camp, was recognised by the light of the bivouac fires, and received with loud acclamations by his enthusiastic soldiers. Their bonfires strengthened the enemy in the belief that they were burning their straw huts preparatory to retreat. The attack was therefore developed early on the following morning, the 2nd December, with that extension on the left which Napoleon so eagerly expected. It was his intention to await events on this as well as on his left flank, which was securely posted under Murat and Lannes; while with his centre, under Bernadotte and Soult, he made a counter attack upon the Pratzen plateau.

These last began the battle, and carried all before them, nearly destroying the divisions on march to strengthen the already extended Russian left. Lannes on the left fought an independent action, and held his ground with varying fortunes. There were fierce cavalry conflicts nobly contested, but at last the day was won by the French. Napoleon was thus victorious in his centre and on the left; but his right, on the most critical part of the field, was being hardly pressed, and Napoleon brought up his reserve of the Guard. Now came the critical hour. Bernadotte's success had cut the allied army in two, its right and left extremities widely divided, and the Russian Guard nobly essayed to retrieve the battle by a furious attack on the centre. It was nearly successful, but, met by the opportune advance of the French Guard, was presently checked, and then overthrown by a magnificent charge of the cavalry of the Guard, under Rapp. Leaving Bernadotte to follow up, Napoleon, gathering up Soult's corps, the remainder of his cavalry and infantry, with his reserve artillery, hurried off to deal with the troops—a body of 30,000 men—so long engaged with Davoust. He took them in flank, entangled in the marshes and narrow roads about the Goldbach, and routed them utterly. They fled, seeking safety upon the frozen lake, the ice of which gave way under the French artillery fire, and all who escaped shot were drowned.

The battle was ended at 4 p.m. Never was victory more complete—defeat more overwhelming. The Allies lost 10,000 killed, 30,000 prisoners, 46 standards, and 186 guns. Napoleon's triumph was stupendous. Austerlitz effaced the memory of the Boulogne fiasco, it counterbalanced Trafalgar, it showed him as a mighty man of war, for whose career of coming conquest no limits could be prescribed. No wonder that William Pitt, who lay stricken with mortal sickness, when he heard of Austerlitz, sighed "Alas! my country," turned his face to the wall, and died.

X. Y. Z.

# IN TIGHT PLACES.

## *ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.*

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

### FOURTEEN BARRELS OF TALLOW.

CAMPBELL PASHA gave me more credit than I deserved for the recovery of the Hatasoo pectoral. He came to me a week or two later and asked if I felt inclined to undertake a difficult bit of detective work in Upper Egypt.

"You are just the man for us. It must be someone comparatively unknown and certainly unofficial. You can speak enough Arabic to be able to dispense with an interpreter. You have your head screwed on straight, and a natural gift, I believe, for unravelling mysteries."

I cut short his compliments and asked him to be more explicit.

"The fact is we have strong suspicion," he said, "that contraband of war is being passed up into the Soudan. The traffic is centred somewhere about Assiout. Smuggling there has always been—tobacco, salt, and so forth, and we have run in lots of people. But this is far more serious."

"You have no clue?"

"No, only strong suspicion, and even that we can fix upon no one. Our spies of the secret service report some activity along the old caravan route from Assiout to the great oases of Dakhla and El Khargah. It is the old road by which slaves were brought from Darfur. Many camels have been seen going south heavily laden, more than can be accounted for with ordinary goods. The rest we believe carry contraband of war—powder, firearms, saltpetre, cartridges."

"Made any seizures?"

"None. It is a delicate matter, you know, to interfere with a man's camels on the road. Still we have stopped some cargoes, and found nothing for our pains. Either they were innocent, these people, or they had notice. You see we can't be quite certain of our own employés. They may be bribed, at any rate they have been thrown off the scent. Now with you——"

"How am I to work it?"

"Well, you would have to rough it a bit," he said, a little hesitatingly. "Put on some disguise, perhaps have to live in Assiout, among the natives——"

"That wouldn't hurt me, I've done it before in India. What disguise do you advise?"

"Then you will go?" cried Campbell joyfully. I nodded, and we passed on to discuss details.

Of the various languages I knew indifferently well, Hindustani was that in which I was most fluent. This settled the question of disguise. It was agreed, and at my own suggestion, that the character I could best assume was that of a Hindoo trader in silks and embroideries. I had thus a plausible excuse for visiting and, if I chose, remaining some time in Assiout. Not only could I lay in goods—the beautiful embroideries, gold or white or black laces, for which Assiout is famous—but I could deal retail with the tourists on the passing steamers.

The latter practice would give me the further excuse of hanging about the landing-stage, and watching what goods were landed and for whom. It was a theory of Campbell's that the contraband goods were forwarded to Assiout concealed as some

other harmless commodity, and by steamer. The commonplace country boats were never under the eye of the Customs' authorities.

So I chose my disguise as the Hindoo Bholonauth Rao Das, and was provided with private papers setting forth that I was a British subject under the protection of the Egyptian Government, and entitled to trade in any locality.

A little walnut-juice and a gold-embroidered skull-cap sufficed, with a rather shabby suit of grey "dittoes," to change my appearance completely. I soon tested my disguise at the shops of my compatriots, especially at that of Assiomull Poohomull, which I had visited in the Habeeb case. They looked a little askance at this new competitor, but when I said I was going up-river to Assiout, and bought some goods from them, they were satisfied. From them, too, I learnt that no other Hindoos were at Assiout. This was encouraging; my disguise would not be easily penetrated, and I should be spared from prying curiosity.

The night train from Cairo landed me at Assiout in the early morning. I soon found a donkey to carry up my belongings to the native inn or "wekaleh," where, under Campbell's instructions, I was to take up my quarters.

It was situated in the heart of the principal bazaar, but at its southern end rather, not far from the commoner caravanserai, where the beasts of burden, the camels and donkeys from the country districts and deserts, were lodged with their wild Bedouin drivers. Campbell had suggested that I should keep an eye upon the road traffic, especially that moving towards the two oases and the far South. I could thus observe all comings and goings, especially at unusual hours.

My own lodging was of the usual primitive kind provided for the humble traveller in the East. A long narrow gateway or passage led into the open central courtyard where the heavy goods—the bales and sacks and camel-boxes—were stacked untidily about the deep draw-well; on the four sides of the interior small doors, heavily barred, indicated the living-rooms, bare of all furniture, dark, windowless, and dirty; other similar rooms gave upon a balcony on an upper storey.

I chose the ground-floor as more convenient of access, and affording the best command of what went on within the court. My belongings were soon installed. I had brought my own bedding, a thin mattress, a rug and square of carpet, a bundle with my stock-in-trade, and a small canvas portmanteau which held a change of linen and one or two books.

In an inner secret pocket I kept my money, mostly gold, my credentials, and a good but small scale map of Egypt.

I soon settled down to my ostensible business. Of course I was an object of gossip, not to say suspicion. Magpies are not more inquisitive than the idlers in an Eastern bazaar. But I went my own way quietly and unobtrusively; I was civil-spoken and submissive, as became an outcast Hindoo; I was ready to make friends over coffee and a pipe at the eating-house just outside the inn where I took my frugal meals, and I gained friends among the traders with whom I had dealings.

A couple of weeks were largely employed in fighting with the flies, one of the last surviving plagues of Egypt. These pests were not to be deceived by walnut-juice, and soon penetrated to the real white flesh beneath my brown dye. I suffered much, too, from the noise, the nauseating food, greasy kabobs, and sour salads.

But still I held on to my quest, ever on the alert with eyes open and ears cocked, and still I could discover nothing of what I sought to know.

Then, as my fluency in Arabic increased, I made cautious inquiries, asking what lay at the back-and-beyond the town, whether there was any trade to be done with the interior, whether people crossed the desert nowadays and how.

I learnt little more than I knew already; that the great oasis of El Khargah lay away a fortnight's march, on camel-back, that beyond it were other fertile tracts, but that trade with these parts was nearly dead. The good old times were gone. There was nothing much doing with the interior; a small *Kafila* now and again started for

the oases, and some things might be carried there for trade, but there was not much profit in it.

But my inquiries were in due course passed on from mouth to mouth, and at length produced some good result.

One day, as I was seated cross-legged upon the high wooden divan of the coffee-shop, I saw a stately Arab approaching; he was splendidly dressed—a showy turban, a purple ghalibeyah over creamy white undergarment, and brand new crimson leather slippers on his white-stockinged feet. He was a wealthy Shayk, as I afterwards learnt, Mohammed Ibn Owf, one who, under ordinary circumstances, would have disdained to be seen in my company.

Now it suited his purpose to make friends, and, making me a formal, rather condescending salute, he asked: "Have I leave?" and took his seat by my side.

I called for coffee and a chibouque. For a good five minutes nothing was said.

"The Indian *effendi* wishes to visit El Khargah?" presently began Ibn Owf. "It is for trade. He has goods to be carried—there, or farther, perchance?"

I replied vaguely, unwilling to commit myself, and we fenced with each other for quite half an hour. He admitted at last that he also was planning an expedition into the desert, and was willing that I should share the expenses and the risk. He had camels at call, a string of the finest animals, equal to any loads. I might hire half a dozen—more, indeed, for my merchandise, but I must pay his price, a fair price, and, with true Arab rapacity, he named a sum that would have bought the camels out and out.

In the end, after many meetings, we came to terms. We were both, I believe, eager to complete the transaction. For my own part, I had more than a suspicion that Ibn Owf's proceedings were unavowable; he was just the man to be engaged in the traffic I wished to lay bare. People told me that his wealth was but newly acquired; that only a year or two back he was a ragged runner in the bazaar. His reasons for approaching me were not exactly patent. But I have no doubt he thought to use me as a cloak; that, as there was always risk in his business, he might, if mischief arose, leave me, his ally and partner, to bear the brunt of the law. A poor devil of a Hindoo could not defend himself.

No exact date was fixed for our departure. I needed all my patience to meet his constant procrastinations, until one day he admitted that he was waiting for a particular consignment from Cairo. They were coming up the river.

"After that we will go, if God wills, direct to El Khargah," he said; "only be ready to move at once, whenever I make the sign."

My heart beat high when he went on to explain that the merchandise he expected was of a delicate kind: it had to be shipped with extreme care, at exactly the right moment, and that he could not tell until he saw it when it would arrive. It was my business, he said, to meet the steamers; would I look out for his goods? He would take it as a personal favour. At the same time he made me understand that it did not befit a man of his consequence to be seen among the howling, struggling mob collected on the river-bank when the steamer made fast; but I of course, the poor Hindoo trader—I might take my place with the donkey-boys and snake-charmers, the vendors of pipe-stems, ebony sticks and red pottery, and other useless products of the place.

Those steamer days were the only bright spots in my life just then. I forgot my squalid mud-built home in the bazaar, and delighted to look at my fellow-countrymen, although a great gulf divided us; to watch the bright-eyed English girls in their snowy costumes, the arrogant young men in blazers or flannels, and to hear my own vigorous vernacular as they beat me down imperiously and called me a swindling black rascal to my face.

When at last the mail-boat *Nefertari* ran alongside and presently discharged upon the landing-stage fourteen heavy barrels addressed to the Shayk Mohammed Ibn Owf at Assiout I knew that there was a change close at hand.

I looked at the goods with the keenest interest and curiosity. The barrels, besides the address, bore the label "Shaham," grease or tallow, conspicuously and in many places. The word I knew, but indeed there could be no question of the contents, for the staves of one or two barrels were slightly bulged, and there fear that I was on an altogether false tack, and that my work was all to do over again.

By and by, as night was falling, a number of camels came down to the water-side, and after the usual protesting grunts were loaded up with the barrels. I thought at first to let the things go and take no further heed. But the detective who gives

I SAW A STATELY ARAB APPROACHING.

was an unmistakable greasy ooze through the opening.

Could this, indeed, be the merchandise for which Ibn Owf was so greatly concerned? There was nothing contraband about tallow. It was not a very valuable product; the duty on it was not high, and, moreover, the stuff was sent in such an open, unmysterious way there could be no question of evading payment. I began to up his case because a simple explanation seems to dispose of an otherwise suspicious set of circumstances is not likely to score many great successes.

I decided that at least I would keep an eye on the barrels. However harmless their contents, it was perfectly certain that Ibn Owf was uncommonly anxious to secure these barrels. He had talked of extreme care in shipment, of seizing the right

moment, presumably when officials were off their guard, and this did not fit in with such a commonplace article of commerce as "tallow."

I reasoned thus as I followed the camels in their swinging, leisurely march towards the town. They entered it by the street that led to the caravanserai close by my quarters. I paused to see them pass under the gateway. They were unladen, but the barrels remained close at hand, and I knew that another departure must take place soon.

That evening I had a message from Ibn Owf: we were to march an hour before daylight. I was ready in more ways than one.

Concealed in my white canvas portmanteau was an instrument I had got hastily ready, and which I meant to use on the first favourable opportunity.

I had bought a strong, sharp-pointed gimlet from a carpenter of my acquaintance, and had taken it to a blacksmith's. There I had had the cross handle removed and the gimlet welded on to a long slender iron rod, the other end of which was turned into a circle to receive a larger handle. My object will be plain. I meant to insert this rod into one of the crevices of a broken barrel. Its sharp point would, I hoped, pass easily through the yielding grease until it met the inner case, if such there was, as I now strongly suspected. Whatever this casing—metal, wood, or cloth—the gimlet worked by the handle and strong leverage should perforate it and penetrate through.

The rod after that could be easily withdrawn, and it should tell me something of the inner contents of the barrel.

We started in the dark and made for the overhanging Libyan hills. It was bitterly cold, and I shivered in my ghalibeeyah, utterly wretched and very doubtful of the result of my expedition. But as we passed the guard-house of the Customs without check or interference, I was encouraged to hope that I was likely to discover something. The sentry must have been squared.

When the dawn broke, we had breasted the steep ascent and gained the desert tableland. The Shayk rode at the head of the Kafila, I at the tail. Except for a gruff acknowledgment of my presence at starting, he never threw me a word. All pretence of courtesy was gone, and he treated me as the dog he thought I was. I had paid my camel hire in advance, and he had nothing more to get out of me, except my goods. No doubt he already coveted them, and meant, if he could, to rob me of them. Had I been no more than I appeared, an abject, cowardly Hindoo, I might have feared for my life.

As it was, I thought it well to show that I was armed. At our first halt I let my revolver fall from my breast-pocket as if by accident, and when I carefully replaced it I caught the Shayk's swivel eye following it with uneasy respect.

Of course, I had no intention of going all the way to Dakhla or El Khargah. I meant to part company with Ibn Owf directly I had tested the barrels, choosing the first pretext that might occur to me. At the worst I could feign illness or fatigue, and if I left the Shayk in possession of my goods I expected that he would be glad enough to see my back.

We travelled without intermission, except for a short half-hour's halt, all the day through, nearly thirteen hours. By 6 p.m., about sundown, we had reached Gebel Maudara, a high hill forty miles from Assiout, where we encamped for the night. No fire was lighted; fuel was scarce. Huddled up in our ghalibeeyahs, we munched our flap bread and dried dates, drinking sparingly of the water that must serve us for five days to come. After that preparations were made for the night. The Shayk's servants pitched his tents in a sheltered hollow of the desert sand, he soon retired into it without giving a thought to me. The rest of the party collected upon the leeward side of the recumbent camels, and I was left to shift for myself as best I could, alone.

This suited my purpose exactly. For a time I wandered to and fro woebegone and disconsolate, with my portmanteau in one hand, a rug in the other, while my

companions gibed and jeered at me. At last I sank down abruptly, anyhow, anywhere, as it seemed.

But I was within a few yards of the precious barrels.

No watch was set, and the whole encampment was soon fast asleep.

Then, rod in hand, I rolled over and over, a few inches at a time, till I reached the barrels, and touched the outermost one where it lay.

There was no light but that of the stars, but they shone like points of fire. It was safer not to rise to my full height; my figure would, perhaps, have betrayed me, and I could carry out my work as I lay extended upon the ground.

After a brief search, I came upon one of the broken barrels, inserted the rod through a crack, and pushed it right home. It met some slight resistance half way, but I overcame it. The rod was readily withdrawn, and one short glance showed me that my device had been perfectly successful.

The rod was greasy to the touch, and I could see in the luminous darkness that it was spotted and encrusted with small black grains.

Carefully replacing the rod in my portmanteau, which I used as a pillow, I slept soundly through the rest of the night, and was only aroused by the loud abuse of the Shayk. This was my opportunity. I refused to move. I was unable, I declared; I was too ill, I could not travel, I could hardly stand, I must go back to Assiout with my goods.

I CAME UPON ONE OF THE BROKEN BARRELS, INSERTED THE ROD THROUGH A CRACK, AND PUSHED IT RIGHT HOME.

A fierce wrangle ensued, the issue of which was very much what I hoped. The Shayk seemed determined to carry me with him, but when at last I yielded on the point of the merchandise, he consented to let me take one camel with its driver back to Assiout. Ibn Owf agreed to take my goods to El Khargah, and to sell them there on my account. He gave me a receipt for them, but I felt sure I should never hear of them again.

The same evening I re-entered the bazaar, and resumed my old quarters. My first act was to bar the door of my den in the inn yard, extract the iron rod from my portmanteau, and put a lighted match to the grease. It fizzled and went off in a succession of small explosions that left me no doubt as to the inner contents of the Shayk's barrels of tallow.

But in my eagerness I had been very imprudent. This I quickly realised as a loud knocking came at my door with a peremptory summons to open. I found the caretaker and doorkeeper outside, open-mouthed.

He had heard the explosions, and now he saw the smoke still hanging low, smelt the unmistakable odour of the powder.

"*Baroot! Baroot!*" he muttered, shaking his head ominously and seeking an explanation in my face. For a moment I thought I had got into serious trouble. But whether he condemned my conduct as contrary to the usages of the inn, or whether he was in the Shayk's secrets, and knew that I also had fathomed them, I could not quite determine.

I silenced him, however, by a handsome backsheesh, and sat down to consider what it would be best to do next. I felt that I ought to communicate with Campbell, and yet it would not be safe to telegraph. Should I go back to Cairo and report in person? That, again, would surely be a waste of time. I had prospered greatly, still my case was not complete. I had strong proof of Ibn Owf's treachery, but to convict him he must be taken red-handed. If I returned first to Cairo, he might escape; with the start he had, he might slip through our fingers or hide the barrels, dispose of them even, before he was overtaken. He must be pursued, intercepted, cut off; and it was a matter of *amour propre* with me to be in at the death. Certainly I would not retrace my footsteps. Campbell should have my news by letter, and I would go on by the first opportunity.

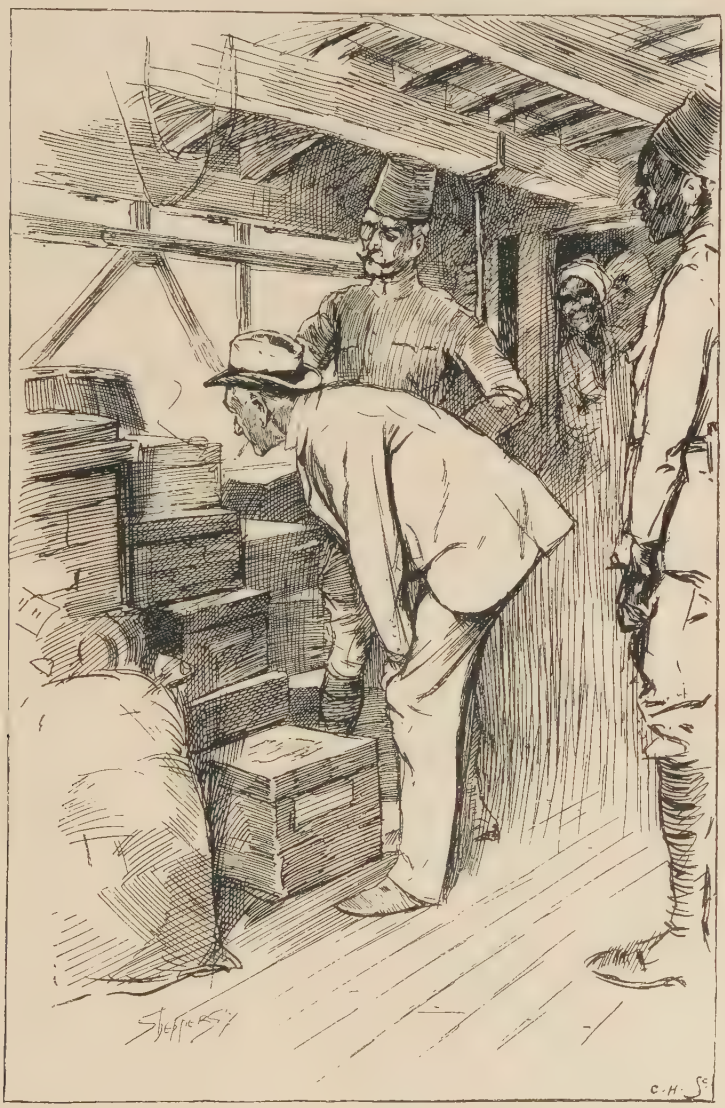
I resolved to push on by rail and river with all speed to Assouan. A careful study of the map of Egypt encouraged me to this. I firmly believed that Ibn Owf would strike for the river somewhere up stream. He had no real intention of making for the oases. The aim and object of his journey was farther on. He meant to enter the Soudan, where war material was worth its weight in gold, as he no doubt had fully proved already. This clearly fixed the direction of his march. He might traverse the oases for convenience, to refit and replenish his water-skins, but, as I have said, sooner or later he must regain the Nile. Where, at exactly what point, he would come out, I could, of course, only conjecture. But I thought it probable that he would first enter Nubia above the First Cataract, giving a wide berth to Assouan, a garrison town full of troops, from which patrols were constantly on the move around. Somewhere about Dirr, opposite Korosko, was the likeliest point, I thought, for after crossing the river he would strike another old caravan route leading straight on Khartoum.

But these were matters that might well be left to the authorities between Cairo and Assouan. My great object was to hurry forward so as to join in with the final pursuit.

I was at Nagamahdi, the rail-head, to catch the next mail-steamer on its upward voyage, bivouacked upon the landing-stage amid a nondescript crowd of natives also awaiting her—a noisy lot, talking incessantly, as Arabs do, and generally on the one subject of money *floos*, quarrelling over prices, money to be lent, money to be earned. I held aloof; indeed my disguise was not one to gain me much friendliness, and people drew away from me, or grudged me my share of the rude shelter, reed-built, that was our only protection against the bitter north wind.

Someone went farther, for, as I turned and tossed in comfortless unrest, I felt a stealthy hand pass over me, and when I snatched at it with a sharp, sudden movement, that checked its purpose but could not detain it, I heard the clatter of steel falling upon the boards of the stage and saw the glitter of a knife-blade.

I slept no more that night, and when dawn broke scanned my companions narrowly to make out my enemy, if I could, among them. But I could not see a single familiar face, and I realised it with distinct relief, fearing that I was being dogged by some friend or emissary of Ibn Owf's. The attempt made upon me I attributed rather to causeless hatred of the outcast Hindoo. Possibly, in error, I was mistaken for someone else.



THE INNER CASES OF ZINC, FILLED WITH FINE GUNPOWDER, WERE NOW BESTOWED IN THE BALES THAT BORE MY HINDOO NAME.

On board the *Amenartas* I was perforce

obliged to take a deck passage. Again I was in the thick of a curious, constantly changing crowd—market folk with their produce coming and going at the different stations. There were well-to-do natives; one Shayk had his zenana with him, and the ladies were carefully shut off from the rest of us by the curtains of an improvised chamber; we had convicts among us in clanking chains, and an escort of armed police. No one noticed me much; I was in the crowd, not of it, and, as I thought, was still held a stranger, an outcast, despised and impure. More than once I heard muttered words, "*Yaboodi! Harami!*" Jew and thief, and other epithets of contempt and abuse.

The police and their prisoners left us at Keneh, and the same evening we reached Luxor, where the steamer remained for the night — only one more night, and the four days' voyage would be ended. I had every reason to hope that I had forestalled the enemy, and that prompt action would now intercept Ibn Owf.

But I was not to arrive at Assouan so easily. There were those resolved to prevent it by hook or crook, although I had never made them out on board.

It was on this very last night I had slept with the rest of us on deck; my mattress was placed a little forward of the port paddle-box. Nothing had disturbed me until the steamer got under weigh a little before dawn; but I slept again careless of the straining wheels, and dreamt that I was in a shower bath.

As a matter of fact I was in the Nile; I had fallen, or far more probably, although I never proved it, I had been thrown or pushed into the water. It was the instinct of self-preservation, no doubt roused by the shock of this icy-cold douche, that made me strike out automatically and swim for dear life. The stream ran down three miles an hour at least, and must have aided my efforts. I was happily a strong swimmer, and half an hour brought me to land upon the eastern shore.

I was a drenched and half-drowned creature, but the glorious sun was now high in the heavens, and I knew with vigorous movement my clothes would soon dry on me. I knew, too, that by following the course of the river upward I must eventually reach Assouan. My map was still in my inner breast-pocket with my money and credentials, none of them much damaged by the wetting. By the first I fixed my position as a little above Silsilis, not many miles from my destination; with the second I was able to secure an active little donkey to carry me; the third I presented the same evening to Colborne Bey, the Commandant of Assouan, who received me with open arms.

He had been expecting me. Campbell Pasha had prepared the way for me, and steps had been already taken to scour the desert country for Ibn Owf. He was run down a little south of the Khurkur oasis, pointing for Dirr, in the direction I had calculated. A party of the Camel Corps which I accompanied made the capture, and my presence tended greatly to his confusion. He did not recognise me at first, with my face washed and without my gold-embroidered cap; but I wore the same suit of grey dittoes, and something in my voice, no doubt, aroused his suspicion.

It was when he pretended that he was acting only on behalf of a rascally Hindoo, Bholonauth Rao Das, who had secretly set a trap for him by making him the innocent carrier of contraband, that I, in person, confounded him utterly. He had had the cleverness to get rid of his tallow-barrels; the inner cases of zinc, filled with fine gunpowder, were now bestowed in the bales that bore my Hindoo name, and he had hoped thus to shift the blame if misfortune overtook him.

In the end Ibn Owf was brought back to Assouan and was tried there by court-martial. He is now expiating his offence as a convict in chains somewhere in the Red Sea littoral.

ZOLA attains his fifty-eighth birthday on the second of this month, and also the notoriety of a prisoner of France. Paris, which gave him birth in 1840, of justice which may lead to consequences far more serious than his accusers anticipate. But Zola has an immense amount of pluck. He has withstood the perpetual

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

THE MODERN MARTYR, MONSIEUR ZOLA.

which praised his short stories, "Contes à Ninon," in 1864, has raved over his "treachery" in 1898. The sympathy of everybody who likes to see fair play has gone out to Zola in his present extremity, for the "trial" in Paris has been a burlesque attack on his books, he has braved the Academy again and again in a vain attempt to get a chair therein, and to-day he puts all France at defiance in his courageous plea for justice to Dreyfus, the Jew.

What is to be the end of Hawaii? It is five years since royalty was banished, and yet nothing has been done which points to a final solution. When King Kalakaua died in 1891 he was succeeded by his elder sister, Liliuokalani, who had married an American called Dominis. Her sister, Like-Like, had married a Scotsman, Mr. A. S. Cleghorn, whose daughter, Kaiulani, was nominated heir to the throne.

But of course all that is at an end now. Meantime, ex-Queen "Lil," as the Yankee irreverently calls her Majesty, has been living in America, and has recently published her autobiography. Kaiulani, who is a very pretty girl, and has been educated in this country, has returned to Hawaii with her father; while "The Story of Hawaii" has been told by Mrs. Visger ("A Son of the Marshes"), and another book on the islands is announced.

It could scarcely have been expected that two brothers would achieve equal success in the same political sphere; but if Mr. Gerald Balfour has not made himself so famous as his brother was in the Irish Office, this may be due partly to lack of opportunity. Ireland is much quieter now than it was during Mr. Arthur Balfour's régime, and instead of keeping the iron hand always ungloved, the present Chief Secretary is trying to kill Home Rule with kindness in the shape of County Councils.

In his unofficial days Mr. Gerald Balfour's speeches were too argumentative for the House of Commons. His style was more dialectical than even that of Mr. Arthur in Fourth Party days. Recently, however, he has astonished the House with pithy directness and sometimes even with animation.

His voice resembles his brother's. He is tall and thin, and stands erect, but he is shyer and more constrained in manner than the Leader of the House. He is also more delicate. Perhaps if he played golf more frequently his face would assume a fresher hue. It can safely be said of Mr. Gerald Balfour that if his admirers are less numerous than his brother's, he has no enemies. He is married to the eldest daughter of the late Lord Lytton, the distinguished Viceroy and Ambassador, who is known to lovers of poetry as "Owen Meredith."

The Prince of Monaco is very much in the eye of the shareholders of the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo, for he is squeezing more money out of them, and they are kicking violently against the "extortion." The Prince, who attains his jubilee this year, succeeded his father in 1889. Twenty years before that date he had married the Duke of Hamilton's daughter, but he got the Pope to annul the marriage, and he himself dissolved the civil contract on July 28, 1880. The lady immediately married Count Tassilo Festetics, a Hungarian nobleman. Nor did the Prince long go unmated, for he married the Duchess Dowager de Richelieu, whom the enraged shareholders are inclined to cite as the source of their troubles. The Prince has a son, Louis, by his first marriage. He is, of course, enormously wealthy, and dabbles in science, for, cruising about in a gorgeous yacht, he studies the mystery of the tides.

The Earl of Rosslyn, figuring for stage purposes as Mr. James Erskine, has made a real hit as Arthur Gower, the grandson of the venerable but venomous Vice-Chancellor in Mr. Pinero's comedy, "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" at the Court Theatre. The character might have been written round him, for he has to appear as a nervous youth of good birth among a set of Bohemian actors of the 'sixties, and to deliver a speech with a necessary nervousness which hides and utilises the touch of the amateur in Mr. Erskine. In fact he plays himself.

It is a curious thing that the Earl's sister is also a Gower, for as Duchess of Sutherland she is a Leveson-Gower. Lord Rosslyn attained his twenty-ninth birthday last month. He has been married eight years,

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

MR. GERALD BALFOUR, WHO WANTS TO MAKE IRELAND HAPPY.

and his son and heir, Lord Loughborough, is just six. The founder of the Rosslyn family was not an Erskine, but a

*Photo by Numa Blanc, Monte Carlo.*

THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

Wedderburn—which takes us back to Mr. Pinero's comedy, "Sweet Lavender."

The cast of "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" is peculiarly reminiscent, for it includes Mr. Dion Boucicault, the son of the famous author of "The Colleen Bawn"; Mr. Aubrey FitzGerald, whose grandfather brought the murderer who is the prototype of that drama to justice; Mr. Sam Sothern, whose father created Lord Dundreary; Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, whose father gave us "Trilby," and Miss Bateman, whose father preceded Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre. The achievements of these famous fathers made the generation of the 'sixties happy, and the children are now adding to the gaiety of '98.

Mr. Stanley Weyman is a disciple of Scott and Dumas. He has essayed the historical romance to more purpose than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Weyman is a Shropshire man, having been born at Ludlow forty-three years ago. He went to Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford, and thence to the Bar, practising the gentle art of law until 1889, when he published his first romance, "The House of the Wolf." Its success was so encouraging that he resolved to devote himself to fiction, and since then we have had a series of excellent romances from his pen, notably "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," the latter having also made a great hit in its adapted form as a play at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Weyman's latest book, "Shrewsbury," takes him to familiar ground. He is a conscientious worker, and each successive

*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN AS ARTHUR GOWER, AT THE COURT THEATRE.

effort is marked by a greater care of construction and accumulated skill of narration. Mr. Weyman married a year or two ago.

The comédienne is a rare bird. One of the few younger actresses who really possess a sense of humour is Miss May Harvey, Mr. John Hare's leading lady; and her brother, Mr. Martin Harvey (now at the Garrick Theatre), has within the last year or two pushed himself to the very front by reason of his excellent acting.

The Harveys are the children of Mr. John Harvey, the well-known naval architect and shipbuilder. Miss Harvey was born at Wivenhoe, Essex, and was educated at St. Mary's College, Colchester, and New York. Her first stage experience was got in the Compton Comedy Company, and as leading lady with Mr. Louis Calvert she extended the range of her art.

*Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.*

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.

Miss Harvey has acted in every sort of play, from Shakspere down to melodrama. She made her first appearance in London as Mildred, in Browning's play, "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and acted so cleverly that a number of London managers would have liked to engage her. She accepted the offer of Mr. Hare, for whom her husband, Mr. C. T. H. Helmsley, is business manager, and has remained there ever since. Her best portraits have been her Polly Eccles and the young matron in "The Hobby Horse." Her work is instinct with a certain joy that lifts every part she creates into an atmosphere all her own.

Her brother Martin was for fifteen years at the Lyceum, and learned how to act—so far as that is other than an intuitive gift—from Sir Henry Irving. Within the last two years he has made a hit as the young man in "Sweet Nancy," as John Gabriel Borkman's son, and also in Echegaray's play "Mariana."

*Photo by Alfred Ellis.*

MR. MARTIN HARVEY, BROTHER OF MISS MAY HARVEY.

*Photo by Hana, Strand.*

MISS MAY HARVEY, OF THE GLOBE THEATRE.

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY: CLIVE RECONNOITRING THE ENEMY FROM THE ROOF OF THE NAWAB SURAJ-UD-DOWLAH'S HUNTING-LODGE.

*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.*

# HOW WE WON INDIA.

## *THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY.*

THE history of the rise of the British dominion in India contains many striking examples of vast results achieved by indomitable will in men when directed by clear intellect and supplemented by the soldierlike virtues of contempt of danger and patient endurance of privation and fatigue. Such qualities are absolutely essential in the character of a great military commander, and were never more conspicuous than in the short but dazzling career of Robert Clive, the victor of Plassey.

Clive arrived at Madras, in the capacity of a clerk, at the end of 1744. Hostilities soon recommenced between France and England. The British laid siege to Pondicherry, and it was while serving as a volunteer in the trenches before that place that the intrepid character of Clive was first brought to notice. Shortly afterwards the Governor of Fort St. David sent a small force to assist the ex-Rajah of Tanjore, Clive accompanying it as lieutenant. The high opinion formed of his bravery was then confirmed, for he led in person a "forlorn hope" at the siege of Devikota, when, out of twenty-nine Europeans who composed it, only Clive and three others survived. He soon received more responsible command. War having been declared against Chanda Sahib, Nawab of the Carnatic, who was supported by the French, Clive made the daring proposal to seize Arcot, the capital; and such was the fear inspired by his reputation that he actually achieved it without the loss of a man, his column consisting of merely 200 English and 300 Sepoys, with three light guns. But he was not allowed to retain Arcot unchallenged. Chanda Sahib sent a large force to recover the city, but after a siege of fifty days the enemy gave up the attempt. Clive went in pursuit, and finding the Nawab's army in position at Arni, he completely routed it—a victory which added greatly to the young commander's renown.

These campaigns told severely upon Clive's health, and he came home in February 1753, apparently with no intention of returning to India. But after an ineffectual attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament, he changed his mind. The Court of Directors obtained for him a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the royal army, and nominated him to the governorship of Fort St. David. Clive, with 300 infantry and three companies of artillery, landed at the latter place on June 20, 1756, a date memorable for the sad tragedy in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The Nawab Suraj-ud-Dowlah, Subahdar of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, had seized and plundered the English factory near Murshidabad, and thence proceeded to Calcutta, which he captured after four days. Part of the English garrison escaped, but 145 men and one lady fell into the enemy's hands. They were imprisoned in a stifling dungeon, 18 ft. by 14 ft., and next morning only twenty-three were alive. On receipt of this news at Madras, the Governor decided to send a force of 830 Europeans, 1200 Sepoys, and some artillery to the Hooghly, under Admiral Watson, with Clive next in command. Calcutta was retaken on Jan. 2. The Nawab, with 40,000 men, advanced to retrieve his position, but his camp was surprised by Clive during a dense fog, which led to the withdrawal of his army and the subsequent signature of a treaty of peace. By this treaty the Nawab

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY : THE NAWAB'S ARTILLERY ON THE MOVABLE PLATFORMS.
*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.*

guaranteed the British their former privileges, and promised to restore the property seized at Calcutta.

Notwithstanding these assurances, it was evident to the British commander that no reliance could be placed upon the professions of the Nawab, and that there could be no security for the British until his power was destroyed. To accomplish this, Clive entered into negotiations with leading officers of the Nawab's army with a view to the betrayal of their master. Several were in the conspiracy, the principal being no less a person than the Commander-in-Chief, Mir Jafar. The conspirators urged the necessity of expelling the British from Bengal, and listening favourably to their importunities, Suraj-ud-Dowlah, on June 21, marched his army to Plassey, where he had formed an intrenched camp. He had 50,000 infantry, variously armed, and with little cohesion; the cavalry numbered 18,000, and there were fifty-three guns. A small party of Frenchmen, under M. St. Frais, was also present. Clive's army assembled at Chandranagar, which he left on June 13 with 900 Europeans, 2100 Sepoys, and about 250 others. For artillery he had eight 6-pounder guns and two howitzers. Palti, on the western bank of the Kasimbazar River, was reached on the 16th, and a short march brought the force in proximity to Katwa. The Governor of the place made a feeble resistance, and retired, leaving his supplies in the hands of Major Eyre Coote. Clive now halted. The daring enterprise which he had undertaken depended for its success upon the treachery of Mir Jafar. At a distance of 150 miles from his base, to cross a river without fords, in the presence of an enemy in overwhelming numbers, was a task which even the hero of Arcot shrank from. His anxiety, however, was relieved by a letter he received on the 20th, which proved that Mir Jafar might be relied on. A council of war was thereupon summoned, when the question was submitted whether they should hazard the passage of the river or fortify themselves at Katwa and await events. Coote and six others voted for the advance, while Clive and twelve others were in favour of delay. On reflection, Clive thought it more desirable to fight. At daybreak on the 22nd the passage of the river began, and was completed in safety by four o'clock. A communication from Mir Jafar decided Clive to press on at once, and the troops made a fifteen-mile march to Plassey, where they arrived at one a.m. on June 23. They halted in a mango grove not far from the river, surrounded by a bank of earth and a ditch, and forming a good defensive position. In advance, surrounded by a wall, was the hunting-box of the Nawab, and from its roof Clive reconnoitred the enemy. The position of the Nawab's camp was well chosen, advantage being taken in tracing the works of a horse-shoe bend in the river. Two large tanks, surrounded by banks of earth, formed strong *points d'appui*, and a redoubt armed with cannon further strengthened the defence. A curious feature connected with the artillery was that the guns were mounted on great platforms, supported on wheels, and drawn by fifty yoke of oxen, assisted by elephants.

At dawn on the 23rd the Nawab's army moved forward, and between their dense masses and the river, Clive's position was almost enveloped. Depending upon Mir Jafar's treachery, the British Commander resolved to maintain a quiet defence of the grove, hoping to capture the camp by a night attack. The Nawab continued his efforts till noon, but his artillery did little damage, and he withdrew. A deluge of rain which now fell spoiled the enemy's powder, rendering his guns useless; and the death of the Nawab's most reliable General, Mir Madan, added to his ill-fortune. Just then Mir Jafar and others urged the Nawab to flee, the battle being lost. He made good his escape to Murshidabad, but was discovered, and murdered in prison. The British loss in this momentous battle was trivial—seven Europeans and sixteen Sepoys killed, and thirteen Europeans and thirty-six Sepoys wounded. It gave to England the fertile province of Bengal, and firmly established that foothold in India which has led up to the present great empire.

# IN MY LIBRARY.

By CLEMENT SHORTER.

Professor Max Müller's Reminiscences.

Historical Romances: Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Frank Mathew.

TO that shelf of my library which includes modern memoirs and biographies I have for a long time added nothing so interesting as Professor Max Müller's "Auld Lang Syne."* It is the most attractive volume of literary recollections that has been published in England since Mrs. Ritchie, the gifted daughter of Thackeray, gave us those sunny "Memories" which so much enhanced her reputation, even with those who knew that, in addition to being her father's daughter, she was herself a brilliant novelist. Professor Max Müller has had a remarkable vantage-ground from which to look back upon the past. His father was a popular German poet, and in his German home he came in touch with all the great literary traditions of his Teutonic Fatherland. His father and mother knew Goethe, Uhland, and Körner; and in his early years he had met Heine and Arndt (who wrote "Where is the German Fatherland?") and many of the great German musicians—Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Liszt. Very delightful are the glimpses of all these men, not, perhaps, the least so the picture of Liszt sitting at table next to Miss Ellen Terry, who, after a long silence, arising, it seems, from the fact that Liszt knew no English and Miss Terry very little German, at last turned to him and said "in her girlish, bell-like voice, 'Liebe Liszt, ich liebe Dich!'" ("Dear Liszt, I love you!")

But it is when he reaches his adopted country that the Professor is most entertaining to us. He was a connection by marriage with James Anthony Froude and Charles Kingsley, and for both these men he had a warm admiration. His admiration of Froude, indeed, takes the form of very active partisanship. He resents the amount of abuse which Mr. Froude's History excited, and glories in the fact that, in spite of this, it secured an enormous popularity. He rejoices also that when Mr. Froude became Professor of History at Oxford his lectures were so much better attended than were those of his predecessors, Dr. Stubbs and Dr. Freeman. But this might be no more than if one should rejoice that a volume by Martin Tupper had had a greater sale than a volume by Keats, or that a lecture by the once famous Professor Pepper secured a larger audience than a lecture by Professor Huxley.

Professor Max Müller does not sufficiently recognise how, in spite of all his picturesqueness, Froude made colossal blunders which exasperated students of greater learning but less capacity for literary expression

* "Auld Lang Syne." By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.)

than himself. Max Müller complains that a kind of association seemed to have been formed for the suppression of Froude's History, and that certain of his rivals and

*Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE RIGHT HON. PROFESSOR FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER, LL.D., D.C.L.

enemies appeared to be actually banded together as if against a common enemy. Then our author goes on to tell us how he once read in *Fraser's Magazine*, at that time edited by Froude, a review of Green's "History of the English People," pointing out pages of mistakes in names and facts. "Yet the same writers," he says, "who delighted in picking holes in Froude's History from week to week, month to month, year to year, kept up a constant chorus of applause for Green's 'History of the English People.'"

The Professor does not see how this remark tells against himself. If on the

one side there was a kind of clique against Mr. Froude, that writer gave as well as received, and when he published Brewer's attack on Green's History in *Fraser's Magazine*—an attack largely made up of trivialities—he was carrying war into the camp which had so long denounced himself. But no one will think the worse of Professor Max Müller for his generous defence of Froude.

The picture of Kingsley is even more attractive. He is described in the rectory at Eversley, working against time, writing articles in order to satisfy the tradesmen who were troubling him with their accounts, finding it hard work to procure the necessary supplies for entertaining the friends and visitors who trespassed upon his hospitality out of admiration for his genius. One is astonished to learn that the controversy with Newman in which Kingsley engaged had a most unfortunate effect upon the sale of his books, and that it was not till after his death that these books sold in thousands and hundreds of thousands.

There are many other literary plums in Professor Max Müller's Recollections. In his day he had met Browning and Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin, and, in fact, all the distinguished men of the era. The picture of Tennyson is unconsciously much less favourable than Professor Max Müller intends. It describes him in his favourite attitude of egotistical resentment because people came to stare at him. This was, of course, an affectation of a man who delighted to pose, just as much as the affectation of those people who are always speaking with resentment about "autograph fiends." I wish that there were some Nemesis which would avenge itself upon this kind of pose by relegating several of the excellent poets and novelists who affect it to a few weeks of their early obscurity. It is said that a popular living novelist charges a shilling for his autograph for the benefit of a charity. One hopes that the story is not true; it has too strong a suggestion of meanness and vulgarity. If a prosperous, and, necessarily therefore, wealthy novelist be asked for his autograph five hundred times a year, he would be well advised to write his signature five hundred times in anticipation, and, in addition, to send his own cheque for five hundred shillings to the charity in which he is interested.

The historical novel still has its vogue, with, apparently, unlimited vigour. Dr. Conan Doyle, it is true, who won such splendid successes with "The White Company" and other historical novels, has been well advised to take warning by the reception of "Uncle Bernac." Candid friends then told him that "Uncle Bernac" was simply a re-writing of one or two historical incidents, with a very thin element of story superadded. To those who had read de Meneval's "Memoirs" and other Napoleonic books, Dr. Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac" was mere recapitulation. There was none of the development of ingenious plot which makes Scott's historical novels so delightful. Dr. Doyle, therefore, was wise to turn for a moment from that kind of subject, and in "The Tragedy of the *Korosko*"* he has given us most vivid and delightful pictures of life along the Nile, with its accompanying dangers in time of war. His tourists are captured by Dervishes, and endure many perils. The presentation of a miscellaneous party of English and Americans in the face of great danger is Dr. Doyle's finest effort, so far, at characterisation. His story is delightful.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has touched an equally unsatisfactory point in his career as a writer of historical novels to that which Dr. Doyle touched in "Uncle Bernac." His "Shrewsbury"† will not be counted for one of his most successful books. It is a story of the political plottings which went on during the later years of William III., at a time when politicians were waiting breathless and

* "The Tragedy of the *Korosko*." By Dr. Conan Doyle. (Smith and Elder.)

† "Shrewsbury." By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans.)

attempting to cultivate the policy of the jumping cat. Would James the Second's son come to the throne, or would his daughter Anne succeed the Dutch King? It is round this question that the whole of Mr. Weyman's story revolves, but I cannot think that he has made his plot in any way convincing. No man who was half as cowardly and as foolish as the narrator of Mr. Weyman's story could ever really have written down his adventures afterwards, or could finally have been put into a position of trust. Mr. Weyman is, of course, never really uninteresting, but in "Under the Red Robe" and "A Gentleman of France" he has written better books than "Shrewsbury," and those who follow his story, "The Castle Inn," in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine* will there also read a far more exciting and effective story.

By far the best historical novel that has been written for many a day—best alike in its construction and in its literary style—is Mr. Frank Mathew's "The Spanish Wine."* This is a story of which the scene is laid in an Irish castle in the days of Elizabeth, at a time when the "O's" and the "Macs" were plotting and intriguing with relentless hatreds. Mr. Mathew works out his story with singular power and effect, and his book is beautifully written. To be a good story-teller and a good stylist is not a common qualification, and Mr. Mathew shows that he is both. No better pictures than the incident of the robber-chief in chains and his child-friend's denial of him, or that of the toast by the heroine of her future husband, have been given us for a long time. They are the best things of the kind in recent years out of Stevenson.

Two most useful books of reference for anyone engaged in journalism and literature have just reached me. The one is the 1898 edition of "Who's Who,"† that remarkable compilation for which Mr. Douglas Sladen is responsible; the other "The Literary Year Book." There was a time when the struggle to be famous was arduous indeed; now there are many who would say that it was too easy, were it not that while I find hundreds of my journalistic friends, and minor poets by the dozen, in "Who's Who," I still fail to find the author of "The Golden Bough," and sundry scholars whose work is not known to the many. But this is hypercriticism. Mr. Sladen has added yet another thousand portraits to his gallery since the issue of 1897, and the little memoirs—many of them, as we are informed, autobiographical—are certainly vastly entertaining.

"The Literary Year Book"‡ has also made marked improvements since Mr. George Allen published it a year ago. It is now under the editorship of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, one of our most distinguished folk-lore scholars and a writer of varied literary activities. "The Literary Year Book" for 1898 contains a summary of the literature for the year from the pen of the editor, a summary which does not lack for individuality, although I am inclined to wish that Mr. Jacobs had not referred to "the *parlous* state of the novel," and had not discussed what he calls "the literary output," two phrases which distress me exceedingly. In addition to this summary we have excellent portraits of several men who have distinguished themselves during the year that has gone—Mr. Wells and Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and so on. The real value of the book, however, is contained in its list of publications for the year 1897, in its directories of authors, publishers, and booksellers, and in its list of abbreviations and of bibliographical and typographical terms. Altogether, "The Literary Year Book" and "Who's Who" would seem to be indispensable to everyone who has aspirations in the direction of literature and journalism.

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* "The Spanish Wine." By Frank Mathew. (John Lane.)

† "Who's Who, 1898." Edited by Douglas Sladen. (A. and C. Black.)

‡ "The Literary Year Book, 1898." Edited by Joseph Jacobs. (George Allen.)

## THE STRANGER.

THERE was a stranger in the forest, one who fled from justice. His face was evil and his eyes were restless. Little forest sounds made him afraid. Indeed, every sound was to him the sound of pursuit, of men coming after him.

He had lain all night in the forest—sleepless. At dawn he climbed down to a running stream. He drank eagerly of the cold water, then paused and listened. There was no sound to alarm him. He dipped his bread in the water, and again paused to listen. Then he drew from within his tunic a sheath-knife. The blade was stained, and he plunged it again and again into the stiff clay until it was clean. His mind was easier now that the knife no longer had a story to tell, yet he hid it within his tunic as carefully as before, and as he rose and grasped his oak cudgel, preparatory to resuming his journey, he again listened intently, and still there was no sound.

But just at that moment the thing happened the fear of which had kept him awake all night: the heavy hand of a man fell suddenly on his shoulder. With a cry of terror he let drop his cudgel.

"Come," said the deep voice of the man behind him, "why be so frightened? Though there be a price on your head, 'tis not I that will claim it."

"Who are you?" asked the stranger, turning round, and regaining somewhat of his self-confidence. "I had not heard your approach. For the moment you startled me! What would you, that you accost me so roughly?"

"My name is Will Scarlett, and my calling—is of no matter. And as for the roughness of my salutation, must one be over-nice with a man that runs from justice? Say, whom have you killed?"

"None. How dare you to——"

"Peace, fool! Shall I show you where you lay last night, or tell you what words you groaned forth as you tossed to and fro and could not sleep?"

"You were there?"

"In the darkness I heard you. Just now I saw you. It is idle to lie to me. I know that you have killed a woman. Who was she? Why did you kill her?"

"A chance—an accident. I had meant to strike, but not to kill."

Will Scarlett nodded contemptuously.

"I had thought to offer you asylum. The pursuit is close, and even now draws nigher, but you had been safe enough in the service of my master. He is the lord of Sherwood, Robin Hood."

"Robin Hood?" The stranger blinked his eyes quickly. This was a new idea. "The king of outlaws? But why not, why not? I am at my wits' end, and never have I dreamed that I should come to such a pass as this that one of my position should take service with an outlaw. But if the conditions be honourable and the asylum sure——"

"Save your breath," said Will. "My master has no need of such as you. That you have lied to me argues little for your honesty; yet, when he believed his life hung on it, who would not lie? You have no woodcraft, else had you heard me when I drew near to you last night and now also; yet that may be learned, and many a stout fellow is more used to the town than to the greenwood. But I judge you to be a man of little courage, and possibly treacherous, and, moreover, my master holds that though a time may come to a man when he shall do well to kill a woman, the time cannot come when he should chastise her. My master will have none of you."

"See," said the stranger, thrusting his hand into his tunic, "I have money, and am no niggard with it. If your master will shelter me for a few days, until the fury of my pursuers be somewhat spent——"

"Nay," said Will Scarlett, "I have no further business with you. Go your ways—I will neither help nor hinder." And with that he turned on his heel.

Even as he did so, the stranger's hand flashed out from his tunic again, grasping the knife, and stabbed Will Scarlett in the back twice. For he judged it imprudent to leave this man alive, between himself and his pursuers.

So Will Scarlett fell on his face, mortally wounded, and the stranger flung down the knife and ran, maddened with terror and with the shedding of blood.

And presently two of Robin's men found Will Scarlett lying there at the point of death, and as they bent over him he told them in whispers, speaking eagerly, because he knew that his time was short, by what treachery he had been done to death. Even as he died Robin Hood himself drew near, and to him his men told the story again.

Then Robin's face darkened, for he had lost a good and faithful follower, and the manner of the death had been shameful. He took off his cap.

"Now," cried he, "by Him that died on the Tree, I will not sleep until I have taken the life of the man that did this!"

* * * *

Robin would have none with him on this adventure. He bade them stay and bury the body of Will Scarlett deep and leave the work of vengeance in his hands.

He guessed that his quarry had about an hour's start of him. The stranger, immediately after the murder, had avoided the open ground on the one side of the little stream and forced his way through the thick and tangled growth that crowned the high bank on the other side. He had done this in order to hide himself, fearing lest the eye of any man should light upon him. As it turned out, this was a blunder. It was easier to follow the trail through the dense bracken than it would have been in the open.

But it so happened that in his course the stranger fell in with one of the keepers of the forest, and the keeper getting no satisfactory answer to his many questions, said that he would take the stranger to the near town of Mansfield, where justice should be done upon him. Even as he spoke, he dodged the sudden blow that the stranger aimed at him with his oak cudgel, and closed and threw him. The struggle was long before the keeper had finally worn out his man and strapped his hands together with a stout leathern belt.

Then he drove him before him back by the way which he had come.

So that, as luck would have it, Robin met the man for whom he was seeking, bound and helpless, and the keeper of the forest behind him.

"To the rescue!" cried Robin, and rushed at the keeper. Both were armed alike with oak cudgels—the keeper had taken the stranger's weapon—and their staff-play ended as such things generally did when Robin was one of the combatants. The keeper made a plucky fight, but he was no match for Robin. Down he went, senseless and motionless, on the turf. Then Robin turned to the stranger, and undid the leathern belt and set him free.

"I know not who you are," said the stranger, gazing at Robin with the shifty eyes that rested nowhere, "nor for what purpose you have rendered me this service, but I owe my life to you."

"Your life?"

"Aye, this fellow would have haled me off to Mansfield, and there sworn all manner of evil against me falsely—as that I was engaged upon the King's deer. He lies still enough now. Dead?"

"Nay," said Robin, "stunned for a minute or so."

Then the face of the stranger changed again, and his eyes blinked very quickly, and his mouth opened, while the lower lip drooped down. Terror and brutality are near neighbours. "Give me the cudgel," he said. "One more blow, and he will trouble no man any further. A pestilent fellow. Come, give it me."

Robin shook his head. "Had his skill been the equal of his courage, haply I had been lying there in his place. A sore head and the loss of his prisoner—sorrow enough for him. Is it so light a thing to take a man's life?"

The stranger trembled and looked away. "It is a heavy thing," he answered, "very heavy and grievous, and hard to be forgotten. It was for our safety that I spoke. Yet if we depart at once, before he comes to his senses again——"

"Come! To Mansfield?"

"It was perforce that I marched thither. My journey's goal lies far north of that."

"And mine also," said Robin quietly. "We will hold each other company."

"Then if you know the road, I pray you guide me to some small village where we may get ourselves victuals. For a day and a night I have gone fasting, and a man when his stomach is empty loses his judgment, and does and says—what he would not."

"There is a hostelry near here. We may reach it in an hour."

"Good. And—I make no secret of it—I am overburdened with debt, not of my own incurring, and certain usurers are seeking for me about here. Let us avoid the public roads."

"As you will," said Robin.

"One more favour and I have done—that you do not ask my name. I am a stranger in Sherwood."

"Granted. As for my own name, you shall know it, but not yet."

And so Robin and the stranger went on their way through the forest. The stranger's heart revived. He was no longer alone, and his companion was one who had already saved his life. He felt more confidence and security than had been his for a long time. He chattered as he walked, and found Robin strangely taciturn.

They reached the inn an hour or so after noon. The stranger ate voraciously and drank deep, and a change came over him. The drink had narcotised his fears, and he no longer was in any hurry to press on northward. "I shall lie here this night," he said.

"I also," Robin replied.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger. "These are troublous times, and you would like a comrade on your journey. Well, well! you are but a dull dog, with nought to say for yourself; and a good jest is but thrown away upon you. Yet as you claim my protection, and as you have rendered me some slight service, I will permit you to wait for me. I will give you my orders when——"

He stopped short; his drunken, shifty eyes encountered the steady gaze of Robin Hood. He shrank back on the settle.

The stranger went on drinking, and

"SEE," SAID THE STRANGER, THRUSTING HIS HAND INTO HIS TUNIC, "I HAVE MONEY, AND AM NO NIGGARD WITH IT."

passed from the verbose and boastful to the silent and helpless stage. At dusk he was fast asleep, and in that condition was carried off and laid on a bed. Robin did not go to bed. He sat up and waited. It was a clear, chilly night, with a brisk north wind blowing. For days past the rain had fallen heavily, and one heard the flooded river roaring against the piles of the bridge.

In the early morning, before it was light, the stranger awoke, shivering. "Are you asleep?" he called to Robin. "Are you asleep?" He was sober enough now.

"No," said Robin, "I have not slept."

"Why did you let me drink? Think of the time that we have lost! We must start at once."

Their sleepy host yawned and grumbled as they paid the reckoning. At dawn they were on the road again. The stranger paused on the bridge over the river, and bending over the parapet, gazed down into the troubled waters. At dawn the weak man is at his weakest, and the stranger could no longer keep his own secret. He called Robin to his side.

"Listen!" he said; "you saved me from the keeper in the forest, and I did ill to tell you a lying story. I repent me of it. It is not from usurers that I flee. What should I have to do with usurers, seeing that I am the eldest son of a wealthy knight, with lands and houses and money to handle?" An almost imbecile smile of pride passed over his face, and gave way once more to the cowed look.

"I have lived no ill life," he whined. "But a few days ago it might have been said of me that I had harmed no man. Then one night I spoke with a woman, and, being angry, she said to me what was past all bearing."

"Well?"

"There was a knife in my hands. Can you not guess it? Since then I am changed. It may be because I am spent with travel and the need of sleep, but there is madness in my head. A man spoke with me, and as he turned I stabbed him in the back, and he fell. Where is my knife?"

He fumbled in his tunic.

"I remember, I left the knife. Else I would have killed the keeper in the forest If there were a knife in my hand I would kill you now."

Once more he leaned over the parapet, and gazed down into the dark noisy water. Robin Hood watched him, and as he sprang on to the parapet dragged him back.

"Let me go!" the man screamed. "I can live no longer—let me go!"

"Listen," said Robin, still keeping his grasp of the man's collar. "Listen!"

From far down the road came the sound of horses galloping.

"They are after me," whispered the stranger. "The man that I stabbed told me that the pursuers were hard upon me, and he spoke truth. Let me not fall into their hands. Save me."

"Come, then," said Robin. "We must get off the road. This way—into the brushwood here."

They lay hidden, neither speaking nor moving, until the horses had gone past. So near were they that they could hear the voices of the riders speaking excitedly to each other.

When the sound had died away in the distance the two men rose from their hiding-place.

"Which way now?" asked the stranger.

"Choose your own road," said Robin, "and it will also be mine. I am Robin Hood, and the man that you treacherously murdered was my man. Therefore I have sworn an oath that I will not close my eyes in sleep until I have killed you. Already my eyes are heavy, for I have watched all night."

"Is it for this that you have saved me?" said the stranger, trembling.

"Yes, for this."

The stranger turned and ran. Down the forest path he went, panting, gasping, running for his life. He stumbled and fell, and was up again in a moment; and close behind him came Robin. Struggle though he would, the stranger could not shake him off. At last, exhausted and desperate, the man flung himself down. "Kill me," he said. "Kill me now."

Robin sat down on the other side of the path, and watched him, and touched him

"TO THE RESCUE!" CRIED ROBIN, AND RUSHED AT THE KEEPER.

HE DREW NEAR TO THE STRANGER, AND TOUCHED HIM WITH HIS FOOT.
"GET UP," HE SAID.

not, and spoke not. The stranger lay prone with his face downwards, convulsed with sobbing. In a clearing hard by there were great piles of brushwood and faggots bound together by ropes. After a while, Robin rose and took from the pile a length of rope.

He drew near to the stranger, and touched him with his foot.

"Get up," he said.

* * * *

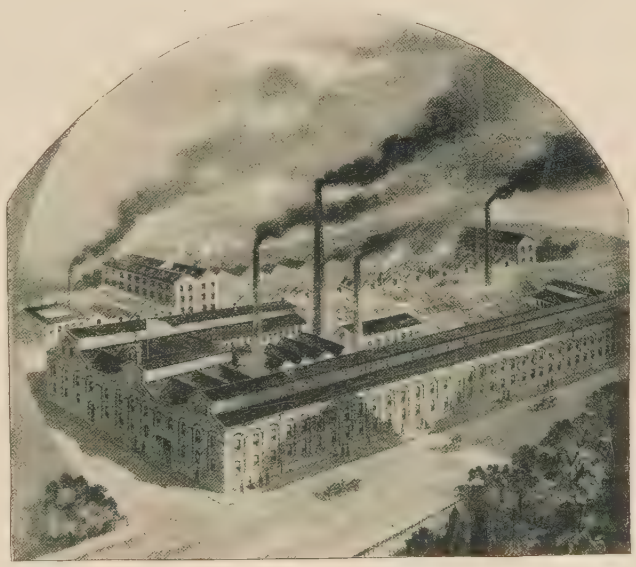
An hour later Robin stretched himself beneath a great oak, and slept soundly until sunset.

# THE CYCLE OF THE SEASON.

TO nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand of its readers, the *English Mechanic* of December 4, 1868, was precisely like any number of its predecessors. But to one young man who read it, a tiny letter of little more than a hundred terse words, dated Paris, November 22, and accompanied by a rough sketch of a velocipede, meant the turning-point in his own career and the laying of the foundations of a mighty industry, which has since fascinated every civilised country, and absorbed many millions sterling. That young man was called Thomas Humber. He had been born in Sheffield six-and-twenty years before this date, had begun life at sixteen as a smith in a Nottingham wheelwright's shop, was earning from £8 to £9 a week within a year or two, and had made a machine for turning out wrought-iron hinges by the gross before he had attained his majority.

I say young Humber read that letter (signed with the initials "B. O. W.") to some purpose, for within a few weeks he had made for himself a velocipede exactly like the one described. By the following February (1869) he had made another—not an imitation, but a machine which had improved on its predecessor by the introduction of fork heads and conical backbone sockets. During the same year he had replaced the wooden spokes by iron-wire ones, and by the end of the year he had turned out something like the cycle we know; added the manufacture of the same to his blacksmith business; and by 1874 had made such progress that he issued his first catalogue, the titlepage of which is in striking contrast to the Humber price-list of the present season.

To trace the triumphal march of the Humber during the quarter of a century that has elapsed belongs by right to that exhaustive cyclopædia of cycling which will be written by the younger generation. From the little smithy in Union Road to the vast organisation known as Humber and Co., Limited, with three huge manufactories at Beeston, near Nottingham, at Wolverhampton, and at Coventry, with subsidiary companies at Massachusetts, at Moscow, Lisbon, Copenhagen, and Malmö, Sweden; with their seven thousand employés turning out a complete machine every forty seconds of the working day—that is a great chapter in the history of contemporary industry. But it is right to start with the little



HUMBER'S WORKS, BEESTON, 1898.

smithy, because the principle which rules it—conscientious, patient labour—dominates the vast organisation of to-day named after the humble blacksmith of thirty years ago; and the brainy quality which made the young man who sweated at his anvil late and early turn out and improve the old velocipede for his own pleasure has been inherited in full measure by the Humber Company, which has risen to wealth beyond the original blacksmith's wildest dreams of avarice.

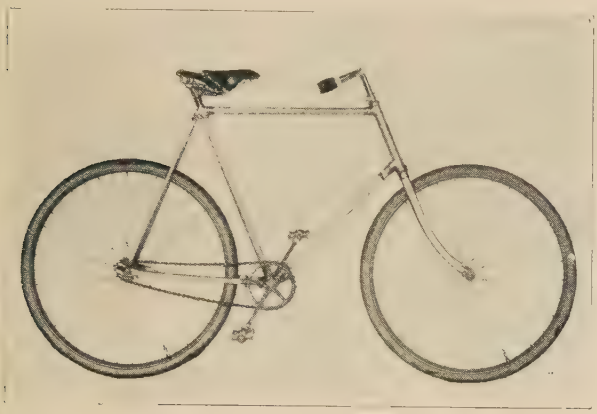
Conscience and brains, the moral and the intellectual, in short, have gone hand in hand with the Humber from first to last. And these qualities, thus linked, have paid. The conscience which concerns itself with turning out honest, sterling work always tells, but it does not go far enough. The brains which invent and improve can make other victories; but the two must go hand in hand to result in such pre-eminence as the Humber holds amid the hundreds of rivals that have sprouted like mushrooms in the land.

HUMBER'S WORKS, 1873.

To see the highest aspiration of the Humber Company, you must go to their works at Beeston, whither they removed from Nottingham twenty years ago. The Wolverhampton dépôt turns out a cheaper quality of machine, and the huge factory at Coventry is the cheapest of the three; but Beeston invents, Beeston produces the best machine, Beeston holds the record, not only among Humbers themselves, but, as many riders will affirm, among the cycles of the world. The reason is not far to seek. Beeston has been the nursery where experience has been gained after years of patient plodding, during which a whole army of workers have been educated to know all there is to know about the art of cycle-making; and having mastered the intricacies of the business, Beeston turns out the best that can be made, and only that.

Let me indicate some of the methods by which it attains this excellence. The primary value of a cycle depends on the durability of its wearing surfaces. Notable among these are the cones and axles. You take a piece of virgin steel. You can readily turn it by means of a lathe into a cone or axle. But the manipulation of the metal in the lathe is superficial only. It does not change the character of the metal by a single atom. As a matter of fact, by carving into the metal, making a protuberance here and a depression there, it really weakens the original steel bar. What do the Humber people do? They reverse the process, and strengthen instead of weaken the original bar. And how? There is only one way to do that, for despite the advances of machinery we have got no farther than the secret of Tubal Cain himself. You must forge and hammer the metal still. You have to beat that original bar, and forge it by means of huge steel dies, worked by sweating smiths, into the necessary shape. Thus, instead of cutting away part of the original bar, you compress it *all* into the required shape, the component particles of it being beaten together so that they are indissolubly connected with one another, and create a tenacity which no other process could bring about. But that, of course, means increased labour and increased cost, so that the Beeston Humber cycles cannot possibly be so cheap as many in the markets. Indeed, they would not if they could. But even

then the process is not complete, for you increase the durability of the axle by means of case-hardening—that is, annealing the outer surface of the metal and leaving the core soft. This is a most interesting feature of the work. The parts to be thus treated are surrounded by bones and leather in huge iron boxes, and kept for days in a special furnace, until the outer skin has been hardened so far, the particles again becoming more compressed and fine in the grain. If you hardened it right through the metal would become brittle, but by having a soft core you set up a new resistance to strain which is invaluable. By this hardening process all the wearing parts are similarly treated. Again, take the fork-crowns. Though it is essential that they should be very durable, yet the method of many makers is to form them out of two plates of sheet steel. Not so the Humber Company; their fork crowns are practically carved out of solid steel, into which the forks are inserted and strengthened, or "reinforced," by inner tubes of steel running down each fork for some distance.



THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.—ALUMINIUM BICYCLE.

That will give you some idea of the extraordinary care with which a Beeston Humber is built, and the laborious attention to detail in little things which is the real secret of the success of a good machine. The Humber people, carrying on the honest tradition of their founder's forge, have always been devoted to detail like this—not fussy faddishness, but a supreme concern to make the vital parts of a machine by the best processes. But they are not content to go on simply in the beaten track laid down last year or the year before. The brains which have been at their making, the ingenuity which gave them their first real start, have not deserted the Humber Company; and this year they come forward with the greatest novelty that the cycle season is likely to offer. This is the aluminium machine.

Aluminium has been long known to cycle-makers; it fascinated them by reason of its fairy-like lightness; but not until the present season has it been used for any real practical purpose. The great drawback of aluminium has hitherto been the difficulty it presented in any two rods of the metal being joined, as is necessary in a cycle-frame. Modern alchemists have experimented vainly over a suitable solder; welding or brazing was impossible. What

A TRICYCLE MADE AT COVENTRY, RIDDEN BY THE SHAHZADA.

was to be done? The Beeston Humber works-manager at last hit on a purely mechanical method of joints, so simple that you wonder why it could not have been adopted by him five years ago when he began experimenting with aluminium. Briefly stated, the process is this: the end of each aluminium rod is "reinforced" with a little steel tube inserted inside it. The "reinforcement," the aluminium, and the joint are then pinned securely together by an ingenious contrivance, and you have a frame so rigid that it is being adopted at Beeston even for steel frames, though these may still be brazed for you if you so desire. This successful manipulation of aluminium is a triumph of ingenuity, and proves what I have said, that the Humber Company have still the backing of brains behind them in the great race.

CYCLE FOR LADIES, BUILT AT BEESTON AND WOLVERHAMPTON.

Among the ingenious improvements attached to the season's cycles I may notice the adjustable crank, designed to enable a rider to obtain the exact throw best suited to his requirements. This object has been attained without widening the tread in the least, by constructing the pedal-axle with an eccentric flange which screws into the crank. Another capital idea is the duplex chain-stay. By receiving the strain at one point and distributing it at two, this new stay secures absolute rigidity between the bracket and the hub, and makes any twist quite impossible.

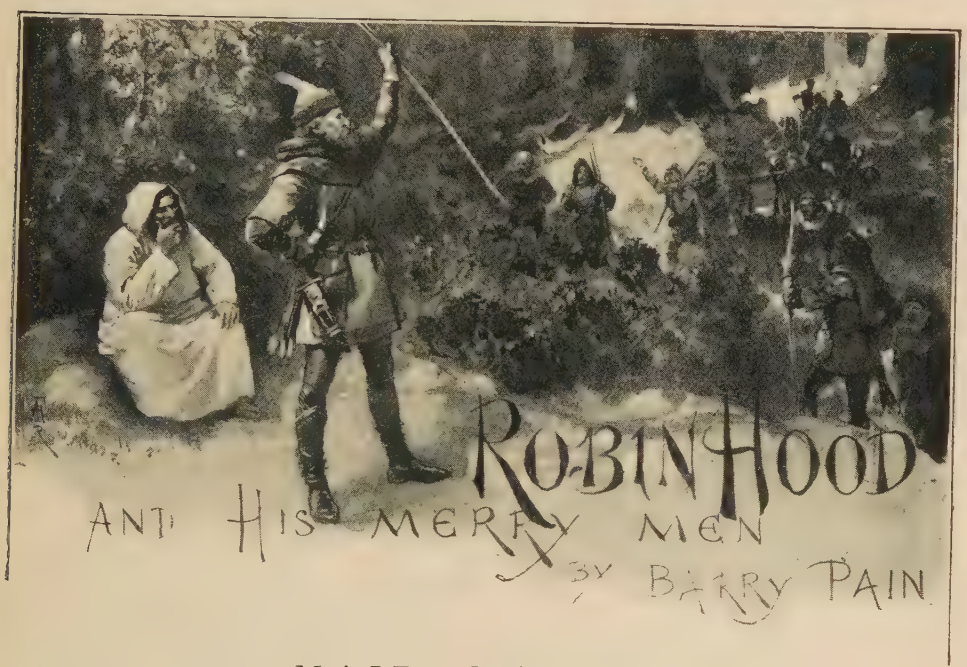
With such a supply of brains at Beeston, it is not difficult for the Humber Company to make their works at Wolverhampton and Coventry capable of producing machines at smaller cost. At Wolverhampton the Humber cycles are precisely like those built at Beeston save that in point of finish they are less exacting. As at Beeston, every separate part of the machine is thoroughly gauged or tested before being allowed to pass, so that any flaw is detected long before the entire structure is set up. Coventry excels more specially in tricycles and tandems, though its roadster cycles (Model A), and its ladies' models are a source of great revenue.

I note that the Duchess of York, the three young Connaughts, and at least five Duchesses ride the Beeston make of ladies' bicycles. The Countess of Dudley has a Beeston tricycle, but is content with a Coventry bicycle; so that all classes patronise the different dépôts. And this will always be the case when riders feel as confident as they do at present that in a Humber they are securing the reliable cycle—paying a good price and getting the highest quality for Beeston types, and finding the Coventry models produced at the lowest price consistent with sound workmanship. A Humber from first to last inspires as much confidence as a Bank of England five-pound note. That is why it always leads the way.

SHE TOOK THE DAISY-CHAIN THAT SHE WAS WEARING AND PUT IT ABOUT HIS NECK.

*See "Maid Marion."*

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.




## MAID MARION.

THERE was a child called Marion, that was of noble birth. Her hair was long and of the colour of fine gold, and her skin was like a petal of wild-rose. Even in her childhood she found that for her the ways were open that were shut to other children. She transgressed, and the old crone, her nurse, rebuked her not. She disobeyed her father's commands, and he—who smiled so seldom—still smiled upon her. She had more freedom than other children, and a power that they had not.

One day a minstrel came through the village, who, by reason of his great skill in all kinds of music, was known throughout that country-side.

My host of the White Stag came forward and would have detained him, saying, "Rest, I pray you, for an hour. A fat capon turns before the fire, and there are ripe apples from my orchard, and for mead or cider or old ale I will stand against any man. Come, eat and drink at your pleasure, and pay the reckoning with a song."

The minstrel thanked him, but he would not stay there—he had far to go.

And a little farther on he met a party of fine ladies, with their servants in attendance upon them. And one of these ladies called up her knave, and sent him with a message to the minstrel.

"Follow me," said the knave shortly. "My lady requires a song of you, and a piece of gold shall be your guerdon."

Now, if he refused, the minstrel knew that these knaves of servants would be set to punish him with their cudgels. So he followed humbly, and made an obeisance to the great lady, and lied glibly.

"May it please you," he said, "my lute is in disorder and needing to be restrung, so that even now I go to seek the wherewithal; and until that be done I must perforce be dumb—as now, to my great sorrow."

"How mean you?" she asked.

"I speak with too much boldness, but as I look upon my lady's face it had been easier to sing than to keep silent; and that, too, with no thought of gold. For the sight of such beauty of itself alone commands the song, and is its sufficient recompense."

Now this lady was neither so beautiful that such flattery was stated for her, nor yet so ill-favoured that it was plainly absurd. And therefore, though she laughed and affected to chide him for his impudence, she was well pleased and let him go in peace, throwing him the coin even as if he had done her bidding.

Then the minstrel left the white high-road, and took a narrow footpath. The hedges were rich with blossoms white and red, over which the bees hurried and hummed and tumbled. In a meadow by the side of the footpath the child Marion and some half-dozen of her companions played together and wove daisy-chains. They saw the minstrel coming, and one said to the other that he would make music for them, if they had but a piece of money to give him. But of money they had none.

"Nathless," said Marion, "he shall sing for us." Then she called him, "Come hither, come hither, minstrel!"

He came smiling, and at her bidding dropped on one knee before her. Then she took the daisy-chain that she was wearing and put it about his neck. "I have given you all that I have," she said. "Let us hear your music."

And he set the strings of his lute in tune, and for an hour he sang them merry songs, full of light and laughter.

When the minstrel had gone on his way, one of Marion's companions said to another—

"He would not have done that for me."

"Nor for me," was the answer.

"Nor for me," said a third.

Marion sucked the end of a daisy-stalk, musing.

* * * *

So as a child the spell of her beauty fell on all, young and old, men and women, winning for her many an indulgence and kindness.

As she grew older, she touched women less, and men more. At seventeen, many women hated her, and many men loved her. And had she—as ten years before—asked the minstrel for a song, it would have had no merriment in it, but would have been the ballad of the knight who for the love of a beautiful woman went happily to his death.

At first, when she became conscious of her beauty and its power, she regarded it with a kind of wonder. Because her body had this curve or that, and her arms were white and rounded, and her eyelashes were long, and her eyes big and deep, and her mouth a scarlet temptation—just because of such trifles she could make men stronger than her obey her. It was a marvel, and as she stood braiding her long hair and thinking it over, she could make no sense of it.

Soon the wonder was no longer new, and she accepted the power of her beauty without trying to explain it. She delighted in the use of it—and in its misuse. Hardness of heart waits close on vanity. Happy were the poor, and the base-born, and the ill-favoured, and the cowardly, since she passed them by and regarded them not. And ill was it for the man who had youth, and high place, and courage, and comeliness if the light of her eyes fell upon him. For she brought such into great peril and even to ruin, and with no more reward than a vain hope soon to be followed by despair.

No man seemed to have any power to win her love and touch her heart. There was, indeed, a time when it was said that now at last she loved a man, and even that she was betrothed to him. But him she brought to worse ruin than any that had been before him, and he was outlawed. And just at that time when all—even her own father—said that she had no heart in

her body, love awoke in her—love for the man whom she had ruined.

In a little while all Sherwood was ringing with the name that the outlaw now bore—the name of Robin Hood. Already the country was scarce safe, though he had but two or three at his back. Rumour said he would soon have a hundred men with him—if he were not caught and hanged first. Every old wife had her story of his skill and courage ; and the stories were strangely contradictory. For one spoke of his brutality and another of his gentleness ; one of his rapacity and another of his generosity. "Surely," thought Marion, "he will find means to send me some message." But months passed and no message came. Then she said: "He loves me no more ; and indeed it is little marvel, seeing all that he has suffered at my hands." Love, thinking itself hopeless, grew to passion. One night, when she had lain awake for a long time, she came to a sudden resolve. "I myself will go and find him!" Then she fell asleep, and in the morning made her plans. She saw that there would be one great difficulty—to find Robin. When that was got over, the rest would follow naturally. He would reproach her for the wrong she had done him, he would tell her, as he had so often done before, how he loved her. And most humbly she would ask for his forgiveness, and she would confess, as she had never done before, her love for him. And then, though she was a great lady and he was now an outcast, one on whose head a price had been put, she would yield and become his bride, giving up wealth and high place, giving up all for love.

But it was to be so that the thing which she thought difficult proved to her easy of accomplishment, and those things that she thought would follow naturally, and even inevitably, never happened at all.

It was easy enough for her to get as far as Nottingham. She had kinsmen in that town, and a visit to them made her excuse enough. Secretly and by night she left their house, dressed as a page, and went alone and on foot into Sherwood Forest. She knew but little of the dangers of her course—of the insolence of men or the fury of the beasts of the forest. The one thought in her mind was that the search would be long and arduous. Night after night, in this disguise, she purported to haunt the forest until she found Robin Hood.

And, behold, her quest was ended almost ere it was begun. There stood on the confines of Sherwood Forest an old ruined chapel. In the moonlight its shadow fell black across her path. And out of the black shadow stepped one who bowed low before her, and spoke—

"Heaven then has granted my prayer, and once more I look upon your face."

"Robin!" she cried.

"Have I frightened you?"

"No, no. How did you know that it was I? My long hair is all hidden beneath my cloak. And in this light——"

"In any disguise and in any light I know you, Marion. I know your step, and every little movement of your hands. Though my eyes were closed, I should know your approach. Though I lay dead, I should awake again if you passed by. Why have you come?"

"Because I am sore at heart for all the wrong I have done you."

And now, so she thought to herself, he should upbraid her, and she would plead for his forgiveness. It was all following naturally.

And, instead, he broke into laughter.

"What wrong have you done me? I was free to do as I would, and so I did. All that I lost was nothing, save the loss of you. And that you have in some measure remedied, since once more you permit me to look upon your beauty."

"Lands — wealth — high place," she began, but he would not hear her.

"Did I ever set great store by such toys? Archery and staff-play, and the hunting of the King's deer, and the despoiling of some fat prelate who journeys through Sherwood—these things please me better. For position—am I not the greatest Justice in the land? Will the Sheriff of Nottingham hold a candle to me? For I take from the rich, and I give unto the poor. And since the King has venison and my men and I have

hunger, here, too, I make matters even. A great Justice am I, verily. For land—am I not the lord of all Sherwood? Who shall pass through the forest in safety, unless I will it? Ill-fitted am I for the life of courts and cities—a rough fellow, one better suited to the open air and the greenwood. You have done me no wrong, save that which now you remedy."

Then she looked searchingly at him. "I would carry that remedy yet farther," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Haply that shall be one day—the day that the King grants me his free pardon."

"Why should I wait till then?" she said, again in a whisper.

He looked away from her. "Until then," he said, "though I shall love no other, neither may I love you, Marion. This life that I lead now is good for men, but it is ill for women—and you are delicately nurtured. So of love we must speak no other word, and for that purpose it is but seldom that I must have this great joy of beholding your beauty. Yet must I sometimes see it, or I could not live. Come to me again—once every year, at the fall of the year, at the time when one's thoughts are sad."

For a little while longer they stayed and spoke with each other. And Marion knew that though she had been able to persuade this man to his own hurt, yet she was powerless to make him do aught that could in any way injure herself. From her he would take no sacrifice.

At first she was angry with him, protesting that he loved her not, but neither her anger, nor her threats, nor her tears, could move him from his resolution. Crying, "I hate you, Robin!" she fell more deeply in love with him than ever.

An hour later he set her on her way back to Nottingham.

* * * *

And the three years passed, having in them nothing for her but three moonlight nights, each in the ninth full moon of the year—moonlight nights in which she met with Robin. And neither she nor Robin had any hope, and yet both were happy.

What shadow of hope could there be? Even in the brief space between his outlawry and the first coming of Marion to Sherwood he had (for his heart was embittered) done so much that was beyond forgiveness. He had been, in his rage, at war with all men. And, offence more heinous, he had slain the King's deer. He would never be pardoned. And yet, each conscious of the other's love, both were happy. Only for a while after he had left her, Robin's dark mood was upon him, and he hungered and rebelled.

In her own home a great change came over Marion. She went back almost to that gentleness and simplicity that she had had in her childhood, when the minstrel gave her music for her daisy-chain. She took no longer any pleasure in the homage of men, nor any pride in winning to herself another woman's lover; and as the years passed, and still she was not given in marriage, the women who envied her great beauty or hated her for wrong that she had done them in the old time in taking from them their lovers, found another name by which to call her—"Maid Marion."

* * * *

In the ninth month of the fourth year Maid Marion came not to the trysting-place. Every night by the ruined chapel Robin waited. At the end he knew that one of two things must have happened, and planned what he would do.

There was an old beggar that at times haunted Sherwood. Often had he carried to Robin news of approaching prey, or brought him a word of warning from Nottingham or Mansfield. At the end of that ninth month of the year, as he happened to make his way along a woodland path, Robin espied him, and came up with him and gave him good-morrow.

"I bear no news to-day, Master," said the beggar.

"I seek," said Robin, "such news as the like of you will never bring me, and, since the news comes not to me, I must even go forth in search of it. And since this habit of Kendal green is all too well known on the roads hereabouts, I am fain to travel in such rags as you wear yourself, my friend, with bags slung about me to carry my meal and such broken

"ROBIN!" SHE CRIED.

THEN THERE WAS A LONG SILENCE.

victuals as the charitable may bestow, and what-not."

With many protestations the beggar assured him that all that he had was very much at Robin's service.

"Come, then," said Robin. "For a week or so you shall bide with my men; they are merry fellows, and with song and jest will put new heart in you. Further, they shall maintain you with old wine and rich pasties. And at the end of that time I will restore you these tattered duds and a piece of gold to take you on your journey."

With all good will the beggar accepted the generous bargain, and in a brief space the exchange was effected. Robin was especially careful with his disguise this time, staining his face with the juice of plants and putting on his cheek the mark of a long scar. To the Friar and Little John he told the day of his return, and then all alone he set forth.

"Whither goes he?" asked the beggar.

"It seems that he journeys southward," said the Friar.

"Aye, aye! But whither? And for what purpose?"

"We know not."

The beggar raised a full cup of wine, drained it, and set it down empty. "I marvel greatly," he said with conviction.

"And," said the Friar, "did you know our master as we know him, you would never marvel at all."

It was late one afternoon when Robin returned. He was worn and spent with travel, and looked somewhat thinner than of yore. A long swim in the river seemed somewhat to refresh him; he took once more his habit of Kendal green, and sent the old beggar away happy with his promised reward. Then he sat down to eat and drink. He joined in their jests, and told somewhat of his adventures by the way, how he had taken alms from the Sheriff of Nottingham himself, little guessing on whom he bestowed them. But of the purport of his journey—of its success or failure—he said nothing.

But that night when all the rest were asleep, it chanced that Robin and the Friar still sat and drank together before the embers of the camp fire.

"Know you," said Robin, "that I shall have the King's pardon."

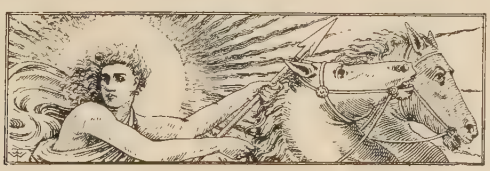
"Aye, master," laughed the Friar, "writ out in gold on fair vellum, signed and sealed, and the King himself shall present it on bended knee."

"I jest not," replied Robin. "I shall have the King's pardon."

"And how know you this?"

"Because in my goings to and fro I have ever found this thing true—if a man desire somewhat for some certain reason and fail to obtain it, he shall have it when the reason has gone and he no longer desires it."

Then there was a long silence, and the Friar knew that the purport of Robin's journey had been to get news of Maid Marion; and that he had learnt that she was dead.



# THE WEEPING SHEPHERDESS:

## BY HENRY KING. BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be a shore of discontent.

Then clear these waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

# THE FIELD OF MR. GLADSTONE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

The Story of the Great Statesman's Earliest Electioneering Experiences at Newark, with some Account of the First Man who ever recorded a Parliamentary Vote for him, and of the only Scot and Lot Voter to whom he did *not* send a Plum-Pudding.

TO the casual visitor there is perhaps no town, for its size, that presents a more calm and peaceful aspect than the historic old borough of Newark-upon-Trent. Its comfortable, healthy-looking inhabitants meander gently along its clean and quiet streets with an unperturbed and dignified air. Should perchance a stranger happen to enter within their gates, the majority of these wayfarers can mark him out as easily as if a Chinese mandarin, dressed in all his gorgeous apparel, had suddenly been dropped into their midst.

The casual visitor might in consequence be led to the hasty, but extremely inaccurate conclusion that these peaceful townsfolk were never roused from their apparent lethargy. If such is the case now, it was certainly not so in the days gone by, for there are few towns in England whose limited number of inhabitants have, at various times, taken part in so many scenes that have afterwards become landmarks in our national history.

From that October day in 1216, when King John, carried here from Swineshead Abbey, ended his days within the Castle walls, to the midnight of Sept. 22, 1832, when Mr. W. E. Gladstone arrived to make his first bow on the political platform, this old town took an active part in a long series of memorable events of which it may be justly proud.

"The borough of Newark-upon-Trent having acquired considerable notoriety in the annals of electioneering," writes the author of the preface to an old Newark poll-book published in 1840. But the writer had probably no idea how true his remark would be in years to come. He can scarcely have thought that the borough had already claimed the honour of being the first publicly to recognise the genius of one of the greatest statesmen of modern times by giving him his first Parliamentary seat.

After a journey from Torquay—which in those days took forty hours to accomplish—the young politician, at the age of twenty-three, reached that old-fashioned hostelry, the Clinton Arms. This inn served as his headquarters during his electioneering campaigns. The following is Mr. Gladstone's own description of the hotel, in a letter to a correspondent congratulating him upon the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into Parliament: "A full and noisy hotel, and all the racketing and tumult of a contest of those days, which was, I can assure you, very lively."

While speaking from the window of this hotel one evening during his election Mr. Gladstone had a narrow escape. A man from the outer line of the crowd flung at him a stone about as large as an egg, which entered the window within a foot of his head. The man was immediately seized, and made what reparation he could by voting for him the next day.

In a room of this same hotel, then called the King's Arms, Lord Byron, some twenty-five years previously, corrected the proof-sheets of his first-published poems. And almost adjoining, on the right, still stands the old governor's house where, in 1645, Prince Rupert lodged when he came to give an explanation of the loss of Bristol to King Charles, who was then sojourning in the town.

*Photo by McLeod, Newark.*

CLINTON ARMS HOTEL, NEWARK.

There are still, perhaps, some dozen old gentlemen left who took part in the now memorable contest of 1832; and though their recollection of details has been somewhat dimmed by time, yet, whatever their political convictions may be, they all retain a vivid remembrance of the personal charm and fascination of the young politician.

Among the most interesting is Mr. Cooper, who claims the unique distinction of being the first man who ever recorded a Parliamentary vote for Mr. Gladstone. This is his account: "It came about this way. There were four polling-stations, and I, being an enthusiastic 'Red' (*i.e.* Conservative), was waiting at the Town Hall to record my vote as soon as the polling began. I was the first at that station to vote, giving it to Mr. Gladstone. Owing to some mistake, the Town Hall was opened four minutes before the other stations, so you see that I was the first man to vote for Mr. Gladstone."

Mr. Cooper's admiration for the enthusiasm and excitement that electioneering in those days provoked was delightful to witness. "It was an expensive business then—there is nothing like it now," he continued. "I myself was once offered as much as £300 for my vote by a Mr. Dan Guy, of Foston." And it needs no words

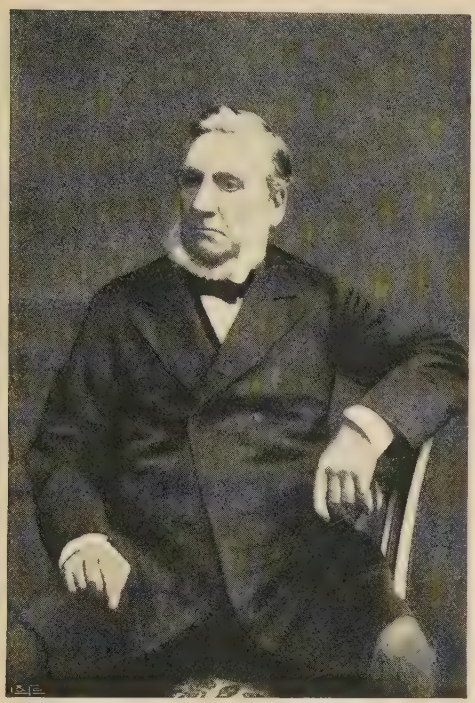


*Photo by Numa Blanc Fils, Cannes.*

MR. COOPER,

*The first man who ever voted for Mr. Gladstone.*

of mine to speak for his loyalty to his cause when I say that he flatly refused the offer. "Everything was put to one side, and the whole day was given up to canvassing. The 'Reds' (*i.e.* Mr. Gladstone's canvassing party) were headed by old Tom Spencer, who carried a large red flag, while at night we were preceded by lighted tar-barrels. The members of the Red Club made themselves conspicuous by wearing red satin waistcoats."

The following graphic description by Mr. Gladstone bears out the truth of Mr. Cooper's remarks—

"We started on a canvass at eight o'clock in the morning and worked at it for about nine hours, with a great crowd, band and flags, and innumerable glasses of beer and wine all jumbled up together: then a dinner of thirty or forty with speeches and songs until, say, ten o'clock: then we always played a rubber of whist, and about twelve or one o'clock I got to bed, but did not sleep, for never in my life did I undergo any excitement to be compared with it."

The amount of electioneering literature published in these days was extraordinary, both in quantity and quality. Every little incident in the private or public life, not only of the candidates, but any of their supporters, seems to have been greedily seized upon and made the subject of satirical ballads by the local rhymesters, and the town apparently possessed an unlimited supply. Lampoons were as plentiful as blackberries in autumn; scurrilous leaflets were scattered broadcast; while periodical journals were started their sole object being the personal abuse of the opposing party. One of these bore the somewhat amusing title of "The Puppies' Chronicle."

But literature was not by any means the only method employed to persuade doubtful voters to join the right cause. Sticks, stones, alcohol, and even drugs played an important part in the political strife. Practical illustrations were also found very effective in their results.

*Photo by R. Patchitt, Newark.*

THE TOWN HALL, NEWARK.

One of the chief complaints urged by the "Blues" against Mr. Gladstone was that his father was engaged in slave traffic. So Serjeant Wilde's canvassing party used to take round in their procession half-a-dozen boys chained and manacled, and driven in reins by an overseer with a many-thonged whip.

Another strong objection brought against Mr. Gladstone was his youth. But any misgivings of the electors on that score

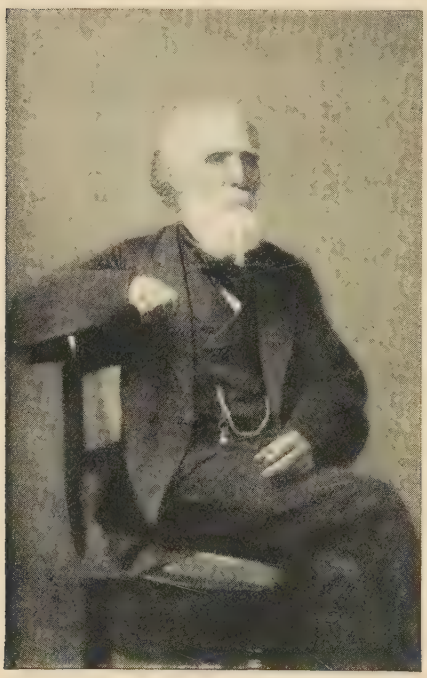


*Photo by Talbot, Newark.*

MR. ARMSTRONG.

*The only surviving Scot and Lot voter.*

were quickly dispelled, for they very soon recognised his eloquence and ability. His youthful appearance, however, at this time must have been very marked, for Lord Albemarle writes—

"One evening on taking my place [in the House of Commons] I found on his legs a beardless youth, with whose appearance and manner I was greatly struck. He had an earnest intelligent countenance and large expressive black eyes. Young as he was, he had evidently the ear of the House, and yet the cause he advocated was not one likely to interest a popular assembly—that of the planter *versus* the slave."

There is an interesting portrait of Mr. Gladstone at this period of his career painted to the order of the Red Club by a local artist, Mr. Cubley. For a long time it adorned the walls of the club committee-room in the old Saracen's Head Hotel. It is now in the possession of Mr. George Branston, of Newark.

It was with deep regret that the electors of Newark parted with their candidate, who for thirteen years had represented them; and the universal impression of those who still remember the election of 1832 is that, even with his altered views, had Mr. Gladstone sought re-election, he would undoubtedly have been returned. He was most cordially invited to present himself, but for private reasons he declined. In a letter to a Mr. Jackson upon this subject, written on Jan. 14, 1846, he says—

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt by this morning's post of your letter, together with the requisition which you had given me reason to expect.

"You will, I hope, express to those of the requisitionists with whom you may happen to meet my lively sense of their kindness. I am happy to think that such relations of feeling as they are pleased to express should subsist between us at the last. With regard to the request itself you know the purport of my answer, and I am sure you will allow me to spare myself the pain of repeating it in form.

"As respects Mr. Stuart, I have not yet received from him an explanation of those circumstances connected with his appearance at Newark, which appeared to me to demand it. The principal question between us is, whether he put me out of the field, or whether he entered it when I had quitted it. The inquiry had an interest for me while it appeared possible that upon this point might turn my capacity to be a candidate for re-election.

"But with whatever regret I must acknowledge that that contingency has now passed by; and I likewise fear that the causes which have now severed me from the town may continue to operate at

a General Election, while others likewise may come into force. I fear, then, that whether Mr. Stuart may or may not satisfy me upon the questions I have put to him, the issue can have no interest for my late constituents, nor any bearing upon their course; and if it should come to assume the aspect of a merely personal question between us, I shall be little desirous of pursuing it.

"To yourself I must return my very sincere thanks for the part which you have taken on this occasion, and I remain, dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

All through his long and marvellous career Mr. Gladstone has never forgotten his first constituents. One old gentleman told me of the kindly greeting the venerable statesman had given him when he introduced himself to Mr. Gladstone in Piccadilly, with no other credential than the statement that he was an old Newarker who took part in his first election.

A considerable percentage of the electors of the borough were what is known as Scot and Lot voters, and to each of these some years ago Mr. Gladstone sent a plum-pudding, to remind them that they still held a place in his memory. To Mr. Edward Armstrong, the only Scot and Lot voter still living, he did not, however, send a pudding, as he said he "knew he would not eat it." To be a Scot and Lot voter it was necessary to have been a householder six months before the passing of the great Reform Bill. Mr. Armstrong still takes an active interest in the affairs of his town, and was recently interviewed by the *Newark Advertiser*. To Mr. Cornelius Brown, the editor of that newspaper, I am indebted for many of the incidents above related. METCALFE WOOD.

*Photo by R. Patchitt, Newark.*

NEWARK CASTLE.

MOBBING A WOOD-OWL.

*Drawn by Archibald Thorburn.*

THE aigrette in the cap of the Colonel's wife nodded mysteriously. "I have information," she said solemnly, "reliable information, which (one or two lumps of sugar, did you say?) will be officially confirmed in a day or two, that the Regiment is to be called into active service."

There was a flutter of excitement among her feminine listeners, and Mrs. Conway, the Major's wife, put her cup down with a little cry of delight. "How perfectly beautiful!" she said; but why it was "perfectly beautiful" she did not explain.

Young Mrs. Levet gazed admiringly at Mrs. Magrantly.

"What a wonderful woman you are!" she said. "You seem to know everything."

"I flatter myself that there is very little escapes me," Mrs. Magrantly said, with a condescending and approving smile.

Then it was that the astonishing thing happened. For the silence was broken by a little sob.

The ladies of the Regiment raised their eyebrows in well-simulated horror, and one and all looked at a fair-haired little woman who sat with wide-open blue eyes looking piteously at the Colonel's wife, her tea-cup shaking in her small white hand.

Mrs. Waylen was a new addition to the Regiment. In fact, she had been with them for little more than a month.

When young Captain Waylen returned from his leave in England, bringing this small delicate woman with strange shy ways and wonderful fluffy golden hair, Mrs. Magrantly professed herself to be greatly disappointed in him.

"He is far too young to be married," she confided to her special crony, "and, besides, he should have shown us more respect than to have brought such a timid, helpless piece of goods for us to look after." Which was the general sentiment of the ladies of the Regiment.

Mrs. Magrantly frowned and looked sternly at the culprit, while the other ladies shook their heads solemnly. But Annette Waylen's blue eyes were obscured by tears, and her voice sounded tearful also as she asked—

"Will Charlie have to go?"

"Are you alluding to Captain Waylen?" asked the Colonel's wife, no other lady of the Regiment feeling equal to the task of making Mrs. Waylen sensible of the enormity she had committed.

"Because, if you are, my dear, I confess I am both surprised and shocked: among the ladies of *our Regiment* it is a matter for rejoicing when there is a chance of our husbands distinguishing themselves."

"But Charlie will be killed," said the piteous voice, for Mrs. Waylen seemed in no way impressed by the commanding lady's manner.

"Mrs. Seagrave," said the Colonel's wife in her grandest tone, "may I ask you to take Mrs. Waylen home; she does not seem quite herself, and I should advise rest and absolute quiet?"

In silence the little woman was led from the room. She did not seem to comprehend the attitude of the ladies towards her, and began eagerly asking Mrs. Seagrave questions, to all of which that lady merely shook her head.

When Captain Waylen returned from playing polo he found his wife tearful and incoherent. Something about a dream, Mrs. Magrantly having said so, and his being killed, was poured forth to his bewilderment amid sobs.

The Captain cursed the Colonel's wife, and the heat, he even cursed hysterics below his breath, but he succeeded in comforting his wife for the time being, though he failed to understand the reason of her strange outbreak.

Two days later, as Mrs. Magrantly had prophesied, her information was officially confirmed. The Regiment was ordered to proceed up country to chastise a turbulent hill tribe which had tried the patience of the Government beyond its limit of forbearance; and they were to start in less than three days.

In the bustle which ensued, the ladies forgot the strange behaviour of little Mrs. Waylen, and it was likely to fade into oblivion but for the unheard-of event which occurred the night before the Regiment started.

Mrs. Waylen had forced herself into the presence of the officer commanding the expedition, and begged on her knees for her husband to be left behind; any excuse, the sick-list, anything, only leave him behind, she had pleaded.

There was something about a dream she had had. And then her husband had appeared, righteously indignant, and dragged her away.

That was what the ladies whispered to one another in the early dawn, which was alive with the sound of the departing men. But no one thought of going to comfort the erring sinner, for it was said that even Captain Waylen had left her in anger.

Only the Major thought of her sorrowfully, for he had been present when, with her long golden hair round her shoulders, she had knelt pleading to the officer in command for her husband to be left behind. Was it frenzy which had inspired her parting words before her husband came and took her away? the Major wondered.

"Then his death be on your heads, for he will not be slain in fair fight, but cruelly murdered, stabbed at dawn before the attack is made, by Akbar Khan himself!"

Now Akbar Khan was the rebel chief whom they were to chastise, and although the girl's words were wild in the extreme, the Major swore to himself to keep an eye on Captain Waylen for the sake of his blue-eyed, golden-haired wife.

For some days the ladies tacitly avoided Mrs. Waylen, but at length Mrs. Levet brought strange news to the Colonel's wife.

Mrs. Waylen had cut off her beautiful golden hair and brushed it back from her face; she was dressed in black, and was learning the language of the natives—not as an English lady should learn it to speak to her servants, but as one native would speak to another, with all the strange flowers of speech, together with customs it were better a white woman should have no knowledge of.

Then Mrs. Magrantly took upon herself to interfere.

"She is mad, of course, but for the honour of the Regiment I must remonstrate with her"; which that worthy lady accordingly did. She found Annette Waylen dressed in a plain black gown, her hair cut close to her head, talking to a disreputable-looking native.

The man disappeared as the Colonel's wife entered, and Annette rose wearily.

"My dear," said Mrs. Magrantly involuntarily, "how you have spoilt yourself! Whatever made you cut off your beautiful hair?"

The girl smiled a sad, wan smile.

"I have no need for it now," she said.

"But your husband——" began the Colonel's wife.

"He will never see it again—he died at daybreak this morning," replied the other in a dull, monotonous tone.

Mrs. Magrantly sat down with a white face.

"How do you know?" she gasped.

"I knew it before they started," the girl answered.

Mrs. Magrantly gave a nervous laugh.

"How you frightened me, child! I thought you had news. You surely do not believe that foolish dream of yours!"

"Why not?" she asked; and the elder lady noticed with a shiver that the blue eyes were fixed in a dull stare.

"They will be defeated, *your Regiment*," continued the girl, with a low laugh. "Defeated; and they will retire in haste or be all stabbed — so!" And she made a strange sickening noise between her teeth.

"They will be surprised and fly, and there will be no more talk of honour and glory when they return: the men will be savage and sullen and your officers will swear beneath their breath, and Akbar Khan will laugh in his fortress at you all. Go away, you disturb me!" she added; and before the astonished Mrs. Magrantly could speak, the girl had flitted past her and disappeared in the garden beyond.

Three days later something yet more wonderful occurred. Mrs. Seagrave found the Colonel's wife in tears. "Read that; poor child, poor child!" sniffed Mrs. Magrantly, throwing her a letter. It was from the Major to his old friend, begging her to break the news gently to Mrs. Waylen that her husband had been stabbed as he slept in the hour before dawn, and the dagger which was found in his breast bore the name of Akbar Khan.

With a strange feeling of awe Mrs. Magrantly went to perform her task.

Mrs. Waylen met her in the verandah. "You need not tell me; I know already; I knew long ago," Annette said, holding up her hand to stop speech.

"I shall wait till the Regiment returns; then I shall go."

"To England?" queried the Colonel's wife, feeling she was not saying what she had intended, gazing in fascination at Mrs. Waylen's still, calm face.

The girl looked at her with a cruel smile.

"Ah! yes, to England — let us say England. Leave me," she added hastily, "I can't talk to anyone; you can do no good."

And so Mrs. Magrantly went.

In due time the Regiment returned; it was not a pleasant sight, for its ranks were sadly thinned and its temper was unspeakable.

Treachery, superior cunning, inferior numbers, unfamiliarity with the hills among which the enemy swarmed, had helped to the end, and the Regiment had been ordered back, and Akbar Khan still defied the Government from his stronghold.

Then Mrs. Waylen sailed for England and the Regiment sat down to recover its temper.

For five months the Regiment fumed and cursed in bitter unforgetfulness, while the memory of Mrs. Waylen slowly faded away. The ladies of the Regiment rarely mentioned her name, and, except the Major, few of the officers remembered her at all.

Then the Government woke up to the fact that the hill tribe under Akbar Khan were getting unpleasantly daring again, and the Regiment was ordered once more to dislodge them.

This the Regiment was nothing loth to do. But Akbar Khan had lived many years and fought many battles, and he knew just where the weakness of the white man lay.

Nothing would induce him to come out and be killed, and his fortress was strongly fortified by nature and hard to reach, so

he contented himself with smiling at the force encamped beneath him, harrying them by night, and slaying them by treachery when possible.

Now an English regiment does not like to sit down and be shot at, and the Major, sitting alone in his tent, pondering over the temper of his men and the situation generally, began gloomily to think that this expedition might end as the last one had done. A sudden rustling disturbed his meditations, and looking up, he saw a slight figure standing by the doorway.

"May I speak to the Major Sahib?" said a low sweet voice slowly, as if the English tongue were hard and unfamiliar.

"*In secret*," the voice added, seeing the Major as if about to raise an alarm.

Major Conway seized a candle which stood on the table and strode up to the figure and surveyed it curiously.

A boy, apparently very young, dressed in the loose, full Afghan costume of the hill tribe they were at that moment besieging, stood before him.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked.

"Thy servant, Sahib. Will the Sahib see we are not disturbed, there is much thy servant has to speak of?" The Major hesitated.

How had this boy, a spy, perhaps, penetrated into the camp unharmed and unchallenged? Was there treachery afoot? Would he learn it best by calling the guard and arresting the boy, or should he speak with him alone first?

He decided on the latter course.

As he did so the remembrance of Captain Waylen's death flashed upon him: had an emissary such as this dealt the blow? He gazed fixedly at the boy's face. The boy returned his look unmoved. From out of the swarthy face and beneath the black brows looked a pair of large blue eyes.

Where had he seen those eyes before?

Good God! he must be dreaming, mad; but the vision of Mrs. Waylen with flowing hair kneeling before the Commandant pleading for her husband's absence (nay, life, as it had chanced) rose before him. Those eyes were strangely like hers.

"Your name and business quickly?" the Major said harshly, still looking at the boy, noting that his sash was richly embroidered, and the fineness of his raiment betokened either rank or a favourite with Akbar Khan.

"My business, Major Sahib, must be spoken slowly; my name helps you little, but I am a friend, and by the honour of an English soldier, I tell you I have come to help you."

The Major shivered and put the light down.

An Afghan swearing by the honour of an English soldier, and looking at him with the eyes of Mrs. Waylen: he was assuredly ill, some sudden fever had seized him, and his reason was playing him false.

"Proceed," he said aloud.

"Sahib, your regiment will fail again—retreat as it did five months ago," said the boy slowly.

"Then we shall leave our bodies here—there will be no retreat this time," growled the Major.

"And what will be the use of that?" asked the boy.

The Major did not reply—he was counting the beats of his pulse as he stared at the slight, brown figure.

"What are your orders about Akbar Khan, if you capture him?" said the boy.

"He is to be sent under a strong escort——" began the Major.

The boy interrupted fiercely.

"You are not to kill him?" he demanded.

"Certainly not. To be captured alive, if possible, and the Government despatches——"

A brown hand was laid on the Major's arm.

"Supposing I promised to betray him to you, tell you how to secure his sons—nay, more, to enter his fortress, would you, in turn, promise me to see that Akbar Khan is stabbed with this?"

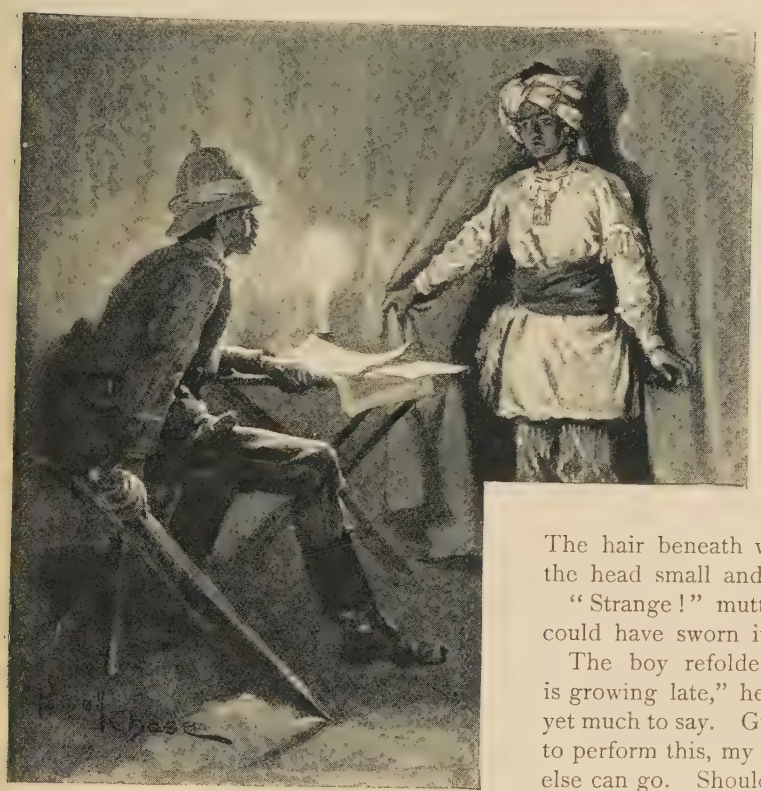
The boy drew a dagger from his belt. It was curiously studded with jewels, and the name of Akbar Khan was blazoned on it in rubies.

The Major sprang to his feet as if he had been himself stabbed.

The dagger was the exact counterpart of the one which had been found in the breast of Captain Waylen, and which his wife had begged to be allowed to keep, and carried with her to England.

"The Sahib need have no fear. I am the Sahib's servant," said the boy in the low, sweet tone he had first used when he entered the Major's tent.

"Take the nasty thing away," the Major cried, as he went to the table and poured



"MAY I SPEAK TO THE MAJOR SAHIB?"

himself out a glass of brandy with shaking hands, for Captain Waylen's dead face seemed to look at him with unpleasant vividness.

The boy laughed, and caressing the dagger, placed it back in his sash.

"Will you promise, Sahib?" he asked.

Major Conway, feeling better for the brandy, faced the boy again.

"This is all very well, but I do not know who you are; this may be some new treachery. I must have proofs that you are willing and able to deliver Akbar Khan into our hands. If you can do as you pretend, the Government will reward you; but I cannot promise to kill a man in the manner you suggest. He may be killed in fair fight; if not, as our prisoner, he must be guarded until further orders."

"Enough, Sahib, then I must do the work myself. But there is one request which I know you will grant me"—the boy was looking on the ground now, and moving one bare foot restlessly.

A sudden impulse seized the Major, and, springing up, he caught the boy by the wrists and drew him to the light.

"Take off your turban," he commanded.

The boy did so in silence. The hair beneath was lank and black, the head small and well shaped.

"Strange!" muttered the Major, "I could have sworn it!"

The boy refolded his turban. "It is growing late," he said, "and I have yet much to say. Give me your promise to perform this, my last request, and all else can go. Should my body be found among the slain when you have gained the fortress, will you see that it is buried, clothed as it is, without remark or question, beside the grave of Captain Waylen?"

"Then who are you?"

"Mrs. Waylen," came the quiet reply. "You have my secret now," she added. "Swear that you will do as I ask you."

The Major took the small brown hand in his.

"Tell me," he said, and his voice shook with emotion, "what are you doing here alone, a woman, masquerading in this

dress, among a savage and treacherous people?"

"I am here to avenge my husband's murder," Mrs. Waylen answered steadily.

"But, good Heavens! Do you know what frightful risks you are running?"

She took her hand from his gently. "Hush!" she said. "I know far more than you can know or tell me. I did not

HE WAS FOUND STABBED TO THE HEART WITH A DAGGER.

come to talk of myself. Listen! to-night there will be a great praying. The Mullah has prophesied your retreat. When the sun sets to-morrow strike your tents and make all preparations for a speedy retreat; under cover of the darkness let your men spread out to right and left, but let the main body steadily retire.

"The men on the right and left must steadily creep towards the two forts, the noise of their retreating comrades covering their own footsteps. The people, believing the words of their priest, will keep no watch at the outer forts; they will join their fellows to harry your retreating lines.

"When a blue light burns from Akbar Khan's tower, turn suddenly and charge. Your right and left wings will have cut off the enemy's retreat."

"And Akbar Khan?" asked the Major.

"He goes not forth to-morrow night by reason of a vow which he must perform. When the blue light dies away, he will be dead," said the woman gravely.

"And you?"

"I shall be dead also. Remember my request."

Then, suddenly as she had come, the figure glided from the tent.

For a minute the Major stood speechless, then, swearing a mighty oath, he sprang after her. At the door of his tent he stumbled over a sleeping dog;

recovering himself, he looked out into the darkness.

All was still; the steady tread of the sentinels was the only sound he heard. It was in vain that he inquired if anyone had passed; one and all declared that no step or form had disturbed the silence of the night.

The figure of the Afghan had disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

Late that night the Major stumbled into the doctor's tent.

"Am I in a fever or mad—or drunk?"

"No!"

"Then I have seen a ghost," he said unsteadily, and strode off into the darkness.

The next morning a council was held, and the Major spoke long and earnestly.

Then the Regiment received, like a thunderbolt, the order for its sudden retreat.

At dusk, amid an extraordinary amount of noise and bustle, the tents were struck, and preparations for departure made.

Major Conway, himself in command of a small body of men, moved slowly to the right, while another officer took charge of a similar body on the left. Then the retreat began, and a very noisy retreat it appeared to be; yet, above the clatter of the men, could be heard a wild chant as of victory from the enemy on the heights above.

The official report speaks of the strategical tactics employed by Major Conway and Captain Levet, who, while the main body lured the enemy on, completely cut off their retreat in the rear. There is nothing about the signal, a blue light flaring from the watch-tower of Akbar Khan, lit by a broken-hearted woman.

And although the death of the chief is mentioned, it does not say that he was found stabbed to the heart with a dagger bearing his own name in rubies.

For so the Major found him, and by his side the slight form of a young boy in a rich dress lay stabbed also in the back—by infuriated attendants, so the Major conjectured—dead, with a peaceful, happy smile upon his face.

Of the fighting, what matters?

The Regiment returned home in triumph, its mission accomplished, Akbar Khan's power not broken, but destroyed and ended utterly.

But it has a curious story to tell of the strange Christian burial of a young Afghan boy with military honours by the side of the lonely grave of Captain Waylen.

# A FAMOUS BEE-MASTER.

By G. F. OGILVIE.

APICULTURE is a very fascinating and not unprofitable occupation, but comparatively few engage in it because of the stinging propensities of the busy bee. When Mr. John Howard, the subject of this sketch, commenced bee-keeping, about twenty years ago, the standard bar-frame hive was only just coming into general use in this country, superseding the old straw skep; and the young man, seeing how the change was to revolutionise the industry, and thinking there was a good prospect of success if only he could overcome the initial difficulty referred to, with characteristic determination resolved that no amount of stinging should turn him from his purpose. How well he has succeeded will appear from the Illustration on page 122 of "The Model Apiary," at Holme, near Peterborough, where he conducts operations on a very extensive scale.

Mr. Howard laid the foundation of his apiary with two skep hives; he has now about one hundred and twenty of all kinds, the bar-frame hives, of course, largely predominating. And it is a model apiary in the best sense of the term, for its owner has kept abreast of the times in every particular, so that at Holme bee-keeping has been reduced to the exact level of a science.

His foundation stocks were obtained from a bee-keeper of the old stamp at Hartford, near Huntingdon, who assured him that his bees would never do any good unless he had given gold for them, and, when assisting in their removal, solemnly exhorted them to "be on their best behaviour and do good work for their new master." But these old bee-keepers, with all their fads and superstitious notions, brought a good deal of sound practical knowledge to bear upon their business, and Mr. Howard recalls how once, at a meeting of the Huntingdonshire Bee-keepers' Association, one of them rose to enter a vigorous protest against the then popular idea that syrup made of sugar and water was a suitable winter food for bees. "In winter," he argued, "honey is the most natural food for bees, just as bread-and-butter is the best food for children," and

*Photo by Dr. Percy Sharp, Brant Broughton.*

HANDLING BEES: AN EXPERT.

he wound up by remarking that his bees, at least, should have none of that "sugar and water slush." That he was in the

*Photo by Dr. Percy Sharp.*

HIVING A SWARM (FIRST STAGE).

main right in his contention all practical bee-keepers are now prepared to admit.

The first autumn after he started operations, being quite new to the business, Mr. Howard went out one evening to find all his bees, as he believed, frozen and dead. He was naturally much disappointed, but thought that he would, at any rate, melt the wax, so, putting bees and wax together in a fish-kettle, he placed it on the hot plate of his kitchen range. After a time, he lifted the lid from the kettle to see how things were going on, and immediately there was heard a mighty buzzing sound, and the revivified bees swarmed out in their thousands amid a scene of the wildest confusion, Mr. Howard and the other occupants of the room eventually making good their escape, with considerable damage to their persons. The cooking of the bees, and its unexpected result, was the talk of the parish for a long time afterwards.

Unless provided with a veil, anyone who is not a practical bee-keeper will find the personal inspection of a large apiary more or less of an ordeal, for one's equanimity is apt to be upset, especially if the sun is shining, by the rather unwelcome attentions of the diminutive colonists. It is really only by working amongst the bees during several seasons that one can become entirely indifferent to their presence. "They don't like a crowded street," was Mr. Howard's comment, after a slight attack as the result of several of our party halting for a moment together on the narrow path that runs between the hives. These face due south, south-east, and south-west, the apiary being thoroughly sheltered and situated in a small and neatly kept flower-garden.

In reply to a request for a rough estimate of the numbers in one of the hives that we passed, Mr. Howard said, "About 30,000.

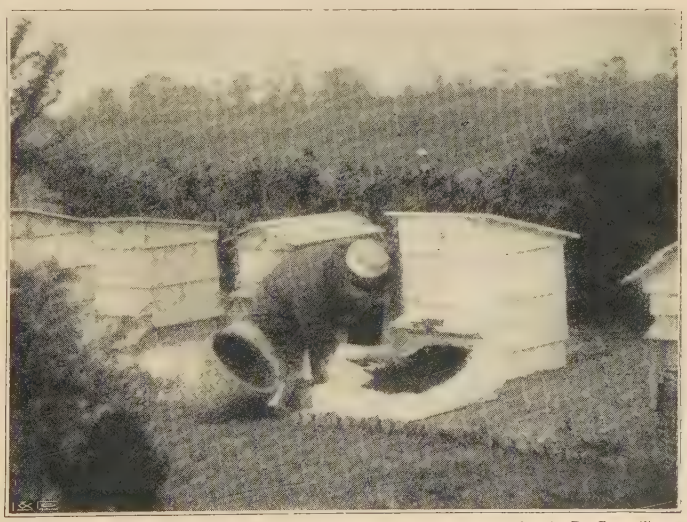


*Photo by Dr. Percy Sharp.*

HIVING A SWARM (SECOND STAGE).

In fact," with a smile, "I am king over more subjects than some crowned heads. There is plenty of crime, too, in my little kingdom, and lynch-law to boot. Do you see the scores of dead bees on the ground outside each of those hives? These are the bodies of robbers who have been caught in the act of entering others' hives in search of plunder, and have rightly paid the penalty. Bees, having

of these hives in the middle of the field on our right, all that would be necessary in order to accustom the bees to the new site would be to confine them for a short time during the honey-gathering season, or on days when they would be freely flying, before allowing them to take flight from the new location. If that precaution were taken, all, except perhaps a few old bees, would return to the hive in its altered position.

*Photo by J. Nunn, Stilton.*

THE MODEL APIARY AT HOLME.

an extremely subtle sense of odour, are not long in discovering that a 'foreigner' is in their midst."

"How far," I asked, "will the bees travel in search of food?"

"Two, and at times three, miles, but as a rule they visit the forage grounds nearest the apiary. Probably none of the bees that you see on the petals of flowers in the garden here belong to my apiary, but have come from a distance, just as mine in turn will go afield. Their sense of location, too, is wonderful. If I were to place one

"But now let me show you our manipulating-house." And we entered the small structure seen to the left in the above Illustration, from which spectators interested in the theory of bee-keeping can watch the practical work as conducted by an expert outside. Here also honey extracting, the packing of queen bees for transmission by post, the arrangement of the nuclei, and much of the general work of the apiary is carried on. The windows of the manipulating-house swing on their centres, so that bees who may find their

*Photo by Dr. Percy Sharp.*

COTTAGER'S SKEP APIARY.

way in can be very promptly turned out by reversing the sashes.

"This," said Mr. Howard, taking up a circlet of wire gauze, "is a queen cage. In introducing a queen into a hive we place her in a cage, which is afterwards suspended or placed above two of the centre combs until the bees have become accustomed to her; she is then, by an alteration of the position of the cage, allowed to pass down into the hive."

The natural sagacity of the honey-bee is astounding. If a bee-keeper does not secure the proper ventilation of his hives, the bees, I learned, will attend to the matter themselves, and this is how it is done. Those told off for the work secure an attachment with their feet to the bottom of the hive near the entrance, and imitate the action of flying, the very rapid movement of the wings having precisely the same effect, on a smaller scale, as a ventilating fan. With perhaps a score or more of bees simultaneously engaged, and working in relays, a very satisfactory result is obtained.

The bees are able to produce queen life by constructing cells around freshly laid eggs, and in due course supplying the young larvæ with a choice food sometimes called "royal jelly," this treatment promoting their growth and full development. There are thus, at times, in every hive queen-cells, worker-cells, and drone-cells; and, with Dame Nature's assistance, the bee-master is able to create artificial swarms, give an increase of stocks, and raise queens or drones by selection.

At swarming time, the young royalties are not, as a rule, permitted to issue from their cells until the old queen has left the hive, and then but one at a time. On such occasions the cells are guarded, and the bees give protection by an extra coating of wax, a small hole often being permitted, through which the prisoner can protrude her tongue when in want of food. The old queen makes repeated attempts to tear open the cells and destroy the queenlets, but is generally deterred by the bees on guard.

When she has gone off with the first swarm, one, and sometimes several, of the young queens will come forth, and these and more bees leave with the next swarm or cast a few days later. Should the bees

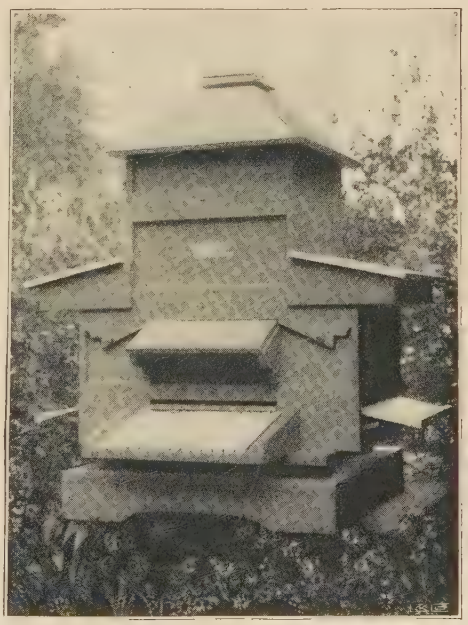


*Photo by Dr. Percy Sharp.*

THE NEWEST STYLE OF HIVE.

decide that there is to be no swarming, or should two or more of the "princesses" contrive to leave their cells simultaneously,

there is a battle royal between them, conducted on the principle of the survival of the fittest. The victor is allowed to tear down any unhatched queen-cell remaining, the bees assisting to make the work the more complete.

Most people are aware that the worker bees give the drones, or males, short shrift with the approach of winter. The latter's mission having been then accomplished, they are ruthlessly massacred and their bodies cast out of the hive. Before this *débâcle*, a colony may perhaps include from seven hundred to two thousand drones. Should the virgin queen be lost on her honeymoon, or if from some other reason the hive has been deprived of its queen, the drones are allowed to survive the winter, but such colonies always die off in the following spring.

Mr. Howard's workshop contains several ingenious forms of hives in various stages of preparedness. One of these, of which an Illustration is given, is of entirely novel construction. This hive has three entrances, and it being preferable to use only one of these at a time in one given position, each may be shut off at will. The opening is very easily effected by a rotary movement, the entrance which it is desired to bring into use being turned to the position of the one it replaces. The hive is specially designed to prevent the bees from swarming, so far as that is possible, and must prove very valuable in an outlying apiary, as well as being most useful in promoting honey-gathering by keeping every bee at work throughout the season in the old home.

I did not neglect to taste my host's delicious mead, redolent of the fields and the clover, and of which during the process of fermentation the bees, if not prevented, will drink well but none too wisely. "The parish," remarked Mr. Howard, with a twinkle in his eye, "has harboured a great many drunkards at times."

Very few stocks of bees are sent abroad from the apiary. It seems that the sea voyage and the travelling generally has such an unsettling influence upon them that it is not considered worth while to run the risk of transportation, especially when a queen can be sent quite easily, and with just the same effect. Sometimes queens are sent as far as Australia or New Zealand, with a few attendant bees, which minister to their wants during the journey and help to maintain a normal condition. Mr. Howard naturally does a large business in the supply of stocks to home bee-keepers, and at the time of my visit, last October, received an order for two top swarms to be delivered in April. And that even was not the first. The reason for such early application is that the orders are executed strictly in rotation, and the top or first swarms are decidedly the best.

The secret of comparative immunity from stings, according to Mr. Howard—and he should know—is skilful manipulation. By clumsiness arising from inexperience, a novice will often irritate the bees and rouse them to such a pitch of resentment that retaliation is sure to follow. The hiving of a swarm is generally accomplished without much difficulty, because the bees are then gorged with honey and have not the inclination to attack. Prior to a manipulation they can be put into this condition by the injection of smoke into the hive, which alarms them and causes them to fill their honey-sacs; but there are always home-coming bees to reckon with, and these often need special attention if stinging is to be avoided. When at work an expert is little affected by stings; still, Mr. Howard always recommends, for the face at least, the use of the veil with which most bee-keepers secure protection.

Mr. Howard, who has won numerous prizes for his exhibits, both honey and appliances, throughout the country, is an expert of the British Bee-keepers' Association and lecturer for parts of Cambridgeshire, the Isle of Ely, Huntingdonshire, and elsewhere. Indeed, so far as bee-keeping is concerned, he is a veritable walking encyclopædia, and his sole ambition seems to be to use the knowledge he has acquired for the furtherance of the interests of his fellow craftsmen and the industry for which he has already done so much.

# FIGUREHEADS OF THE NAVY.

IF there is one ship in the British Navy that deserves more than any other to have an appropriate figurehead at her bows after the manner of our forefathers, that ship is the cruiser *St. George*, which has recently returned from the Cape of Good Hope after a three years' commission marked by more fighting than has fallen to any other war-ship in recent years. Since the time of Henry III., war-ships named after the patron saint of England have taken part in most of the great sea-battles in which the British Fleet has been engaged. If it were the custom to have the battle honours of a ship emblazoned on a shield or marked on a flag after the manner of regiments, few ships would have a prouder array of famous fights.

*Photo by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.*

FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "WARRIOR."

When the *St. George* was delivered by her builders to the officials of Portsmouth Dockyard six years ago, at her bow there was a beautiful bronze-gilt figurehead of St. George and the Dragon. When she returned to England the other day, this gorgeously decorated headpiece had been painted black. Such is the iconoclasm of the Navy in these days, when war-ships have been blended into something between a fort and a kitchen range, and the Admiralty make no provision for bronze gilt or paint wherewith to adorn a mere ornament which has only an ancient sentiment to justify its presence at the bow of even the namesake of England's patron saint.

A great change has occurred since Nelson in an earnest mood objected to the large amounts which were spent in designing and decorating the elaborate figureheads that then adorned war-ships. In those days vast sums were spent in the ornamentation of the exterior of war-ships; and now there is a severe plainness about the appearance of our modern boxes of

*Photo by Heath and Co., Plymouth.*

A "ST. GEORGE" FIGUREHEAD.

fighting machinery, and all the old sentiment that once hedged in a naval figurehead has died. Marryat records an instance in which a crew was brought to submission and imbued with a proper respect for discipline and a due appreciation of their duty by the captain's threat to paint the figurehead black. This fate has overtaken the beautifully moulded headpiece of the

*Photo by Heath and Co., Plymouth.*

FORMER FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "BLACK PRINCE."

*St. George*, but none of her officers or men felt aggrieved.

This incident fitly illustrates the disrepute into which figureheads have fallen. There are a few war-ships that still bear more or less elaborate figureheads at their bows, but their number is becoming less every year, and a few years hence even the modest headpieces that adorn our vessels to-day will be regarded as cumbersome relics of the past. In place of the carvers that were once attached to every dockyard to produce figureheads, we have now armies of men who turn out great gaunt rams, masses of solid steel weighing thirty or forty tons. It would hardly be appropriate to surmount such murderous and ugly weapons of war with sentimental models.

Some idea of what the figureheads of the past were really like may be gained from the collections of naval relics which are preserved at Portsmouth and Devonport Dockyards. One of the many fires that have occurred at the western arsenal during the past sixty years destroyed the finest array of figureheads that the authorities ever collected. But these dockyards still have some interesting figureheads among their "shows."

Among the ships that swing at anchor in "Rotten Row" at Portsmouth are two vessels with figureheads that are, perhaps, as striking as any that can be seen at either port. A finely carved figure of

a fighting-man still adorns the ironclad *Warrior*, the oldest armoured vessel in the British Navy—a link between the old Navy of wood and sails and the new Navy of steel and steam. Built in 1859 as a reply to Napoleon the Third's *La Gloire*, the first ironclad in the world, she remains in Portsmouth Harbour—useless, it is true, but a strong testimony to the abiding character of British shipbuilding. *La Gloire* has long since disappeared. The *Warrior's* sister ship, the *Black Prince*, which is now acting as training-ship for boys at Queenstown, originally carried a fine representation of Edward the Third's eldest son; but, curiously enough, no effort was made to suggest to the eye the origin of the Prince's sobriquet, which is supposed to have arisen from the black armour that he wore at the battle of Crecy. The figurehead of the Prince is preserved at Devonport, and is gorgeously painted in many colours. Being about eight feet high, it is an excellent specimen of the figureheads in vogue about the middle of the century. Another headpiece of interest which is carefully preserved at Portsmouth is that of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, Napoleon's prison-ship when he was taken to St. Helena. This old wooden ship has long since passed out of the Navy, but the representation of the head of this warrior-son of Neptune is still preserved as an interesting memorial—we have many—of a First Lord of the Admiralty of the end of the last century who prided himself on his scholarship, and was never happy when engaged in choosing names for new war-ships if he had not his Lempriere at his elbow.

*Photo by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.*

FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "BELLEROPHON,"

*Napoleon's prison-ship on his way to St. Helena.*

Of all the figureheads preserved at the dockyards there is none of more pathetic interest than the fragment of a model of a snake-charmer which adorned the bow of H.M.S. *Serpent*, the wreck of which seven years ago resulted in the loss of 173 lives. Of the whole crew only three were saved, and they brought to Devonport the fragment of their vessel's figurehead, which is now hidden away amid fire-engines, hose, and bicycles in a shed in Devonport Dockyard. Thus do we honour the memory of this ill-fated ship and her gallant crew!

A. S. Hurd.

# MEN WHO WOULD BE KINGS.

No Throne in Europe is without its Unsuccessful Claimant. An account is here given of the various Exiles who, but for some turn of fortune's wheel, might even now be the reigning Monarchs respectively of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, or one of the lesser European States.

IT is now twenty years since "Les Rois en Exil" was issued to the world from the master pen of Alphonse Daudet, that pen which is now laid aside for ever.

Many have whiled away a pleasant hour in the company of its throneless heroes, or have entered with sympathetic interest into the sorrowful musings of its legendary Kings and Queens. But few have stopped to think that the mere change of a name and a place would suffice to turn the fiction into fact, and that more than one royal exile has shed tears of bitterness over these pages of his own history.

Through every capital, from London to St. Petersburg, this little band of disowned Princes is scattered; some living in semi-royal state, others almost unknown in the obscurity of poverty. Few in numbers, but ever restless, uncontent, they carry on their struggle, working always, now openly by manifesto, now secretly by propaganda. Year after year, with anxious eyes, they watch the political pendulum and wait until their time shall come. Some have died waiting, and their sons have taken their place in the watch-tower, whence they scan the horizon with eyes longing to see the upheaval of kingdoms, the fall of dynasties. Now and again in critical times they call on their adherents, known or unknown, and kingdoms are shaken to their very foundations.

No throne in Europe is without its claimant; not even England, for whom the Jacobites have found a "rightful Queen" who might otherwise have escaped notice.

The Duchess Maria Theresa of Lorraine d'Este, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, descends, in fact, direct from Charles I. to the ninth generation by the female line, and thus obtains her so-called right of inheritance to the crown of the Stuarts. The Duchess does not, however, attach much importance to the claims made in her behalf, for she was herself the first to ask of her father-in-law, the old Prince Regent of Bavaria, that her son, Prince Rupert, might be sent to England as the representative of his house on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration.

The remarkable manifestation of personal affection for the Throne evoked by the Jubilee has extinguished for a long time to come the hopes of the White Rose party, and the recent revival of Jacobite enthusiasm has ended as suddenly as it began. Prince Rupert's reversion to the English throne has hardly a marketable value at the present day; and as he is the only possible Pretender, England has little cause for anxiety.

But if John Bull has no serious claimants for his kingdom, Jacques Bonhomme is not so fortunate. He has enough and to spare.

Since the tremendous political upheaval of the last century, France has vaulted, as it were, from régime to régime. Monarchies, Empires, Republics — she has tried them all, and is attached to

none. For the last thirty years the Third Republic has seemed to strike its roots more deeply than any of its predecessors; but who can be sure of the political future

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

*Photo by L. Varney and Son, Buckingham.*

where France is concerned? The Revolution of 1789 seems, indeed, to have swept away for ever its governmental stability.

It is commonly supposed that everybody in France is Republican under the Republic. The truth is that there are always Bonapartists and Royalists, while there are also followers of other claimants of whom the world has never heard, for La Belle France is indeed the Promised Land of Pretenders.

The Duke of Orleans—called by the faithful "Le Roy"—is, so to speak, the official claimant, the extinction of the elder branch of the Bourbons having left him chief of that royal house.

This young Prince was born at Twickenham during the exile which Napoleon III. imposed upon his family, and he has passed the greater part of his life in England. After a youth full of movement, he married, in 1896, at the age of twenty-six, an Archduchess of Austria, and now lives either at Wood Norton, the Worcestershire estate left him by his uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, or at York House, Twickenham. But he has seen much of life in many lands, and his adventures have rendered him almost a legendary person in France.

Nor may he enter France, for the new Law of Exile forbids—

"Le territoire de la République aux chefs des familles ayant règné sur la France et à leurs héritiers directs dans l'ordre de primogéniture."

But in spite of this he went boldly to Paris, to demand the right of doing his military service, and the Royalists thought for a moment that "Le Roy" would mount the throne. But it ended in comedy. Condemned to two years' imprisonment, he was shut up at Clairvaux for three months, until pardoned by the Government and allowed to go his way, having gained by his action nothing but a new nickname. The Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay, better known as Henri Rochefort of *L'Intransigeant*, christened him "Gamelle," after the canteen plate of the French soldier, and the name has remained.

Philip, Duke of Orleans, will he ever become Philippe VII., Roy de France? No one knows; and if anyone should now say "No," he does not know the changing country of France, a country where the history of a generation has depended even upon so small a thing as the colour of a flag, for it was on this ground alone that the Comte de Chambord refused the Crown in 1873.

This old Prince, the last of the elder branch of the French Bourbons, had left his Castle of Frohsdorf, at the invitation of the National Assembly, to take up his residence at Versailles, where the Assembly was sitting. The Assembly wished the flag to be the tricolour, the Count said it must be the white flag of his fathers. The Assembly insisted, and the Prince preferred to take again the way of exile rather than to abandon the flag of St. Louis.

Upon such a trifle depended a dynasty.

The Duke of Orleans would not have to make this refusal, for his great-grandfather, Louis Philippe I., expressly adopted the tricolour when, in 1830, he founded the younger dynasty, to-day the only one, of the Bourbons.

The Duke is no dilettante pretender, but a serious claimant with whom France may one day have to reckon. His words on the occasion of his father's death leave no room to doubt of his earnestness. It was in Stowe House, immediately after the death of the Comte de Paris, that he unburdened his heart—

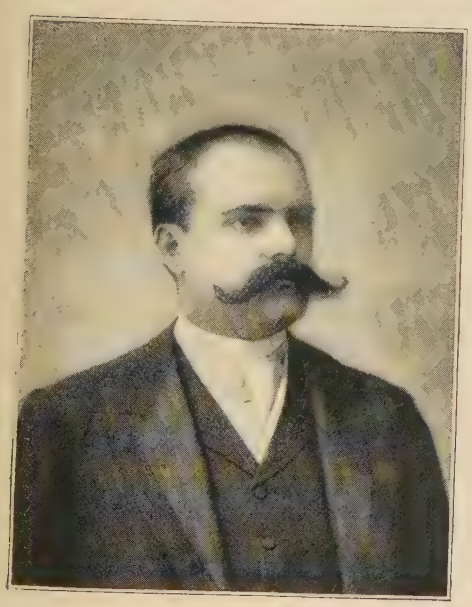
"Mon pauvre père meurt dans l'exil et de l'exil. C'est l'exil qui l'a tué. Tout, tout, tout plutôt que l'exil, l'inaction et l'impossibilité de servir son pays."

And when the Duc d'Aumale sought paternally to calm his grief he uttered these historic words—

"Mon oncle, vous m'entendez bien; *je me ferai casser la tête pour rentrer en France;* et si je suis assez heureux pour règner, *je me ferai casser la tête plutôt que de me laisser chasser!*"

Three years have passed away since he uttered these words. The future alone can show whether he will have a chance of losing his head or—gaining a crown!

The law which exiled the Orleans served



PRINCE VICTOR BONAPARTE.

*Photo by Géruzet Frères, Brussels.*

in the same way Prince Victor Bonaparte, whom the death of the unfortunate Prince Imperial in the Zulu War of 1879, and that of his father in 1891, left in the position of chief of the Imperial House of France. The Prince is not, however, chief of the house of Bonaparte, for there exists at Rome an elder branch, issue of Lucien, the independent brother whom the proud Napoleon I. could never bring to obedience, and whom he punished by excluding from all rights of succeeding to the crown of France.

Prince Victor Bonaparte, who signs boldly "Napoléon," is a young man of thirty-five, who passes his exile agreeably in his charming home in the Avenue Louise at Brussels. He has the most remarkable resemblance to his great uncle, "le petit caporal," when he was young, and is very proud of it. Devoted to sport, and received at the Courts of Brussels and of his uncle, King Humbert, he lives quietly upon the allowance which he receives from the ex-Empress Eugénie, having the good fortune to possess in M. Blanc, the pearl of private secretaries, and in the Baron Legoux the most competent of political agents.

The Prince is a bachelor, and has, they say, no taste for married life. In case of his decease the Bonapartist claimant would be his only brother, Prince Louis, at present Colonel of the "Lanciers de l'Impératrice" at St. Petersburg, and the great friend of the Czar Nicholas, proving once again what great changes time brings. A Napoleon an officer of the Russian army ninety years after the retreat from Moscow!

Prince Louis, who is a bachelor of thirty-three, would not be sorry to marry a Grand Duchess of Russia!

To tell the truth, the chances of success of the Bonapartist claimant seem very improbable at the present day. There are too many in France to whom Sedan is still a painful memory. But still day and night "Le Petit Chapeau," the aristocratic society of the Bonapartists, under the direction of the young Prince of Wagram, is working away for the return of "l'Empereur," while the "League of the White Carnation" (l'Œillet Blanc) carries on in many a salon a persistent propaganda for "Le Roy."

These are the chief French claimants,

each having considerable possibilities of success if circumstances should upset the Third Republic. But besides these well-known names there are others of some interest having a certain number of devoted and intelligent partisans

First in the list comes Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, chief of all the Bourbons, who, claiming the crown of Spain by the Salic Law, could also, in virtue of the same rights, claim that of France. The death of the Comte de Chambord left him chief of his house, and there are even now in France old Royalists who hate the Orleans—"the usurpers," as they call them—and pray devoutly that Don Carlos may one day sit on the throne of St. Louis.

But hitherto the Don has been considered in France as entirely a Spaniard; and one cannot reasonably expect him to succeed, even if he should seriously contemplate advancing his claim.

The only son of Don Carlos, Don Jaime, is now an officer in the Russian army; and we have the curious coincidence of a Bonaparte and a Bourbon in the same army and in the same country.

CHARLES LOUIS DE BOURBON, DUKE OF NORMANDY ("NAUNDORFF").

The other possible French claimants are somewhat less serious, and to most Frenchmen are merely royalties *pour rire*.

The best known is the good Dutchman of Teteringen, who signs "Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duc de Normandie," and who calls himself the son of Louis XVII., the poor child of Louis XVI., who died at the Temple in 1795. The partisans of this claimant, whom others call simply "Naundorff," make up in earnestness what they lack in numbers.

The truth of the matter has never been fully brought to light. Many are the arguments for and against, but one thing only is certain, that there is much that is passing strange in the tangled history of the Naundorffs. Most significant of all is the undeniable fact that the Naundorffs, without exception, bear the most striking likeness to the Bourbons, and it is worth noting *en passant* that they succeeded in converting the late Academician, Jules Favre, the greatest Republican lawyer of his day, to the firmest belief in the truth of their claim. From time to time the Duke of Normandy issues broadcast manifestoes to the French, who consign them to the Gallic waste-paper basket.

He is sixty years old, and being a bachelor, had assigned to his nephew his royal rights, but being dissatisfied with the conduct of the latter, subsequently withdrew them again. Another of his nephews deserted from the army of the Netherlands, in which he was an officer, and came to live in Paris as a poor little keeper of a wine-shop. A Bourbon *marchand de vins*—to what is France descended!

Another Bourbon of Spain, although issue of a morganatic marriage, General Don Francisco de Bourbon, issued a manifesto to the French nation in February 1894, informing them that he took the title of Duke of Anjou and that he claimed the throne of France, which was, however, hardly going begging.

Continuing his innocent pleasantry, Francisco de Bourbon recently brought an extravagant action in the Paris courts to

prevent the Duke of Orleans from bearing the arms of France, "d'azur, à trois fleurs de lis d'or." The tribunal politely sent him about his business, but the spectacle of a morganatic Bourbon calling on the Republic to protect him amused Paris for many days.

Last in the list of curiosities comes a certain Count of Molen, who two years ago went to Brussels to try to interest King Leopold in his cause. Under the title of Prince Roger of Bourbon, he announced himself as the "legitimate" chief of all the house of Bourbon!

But it is necessary to stop here, unless one is to cite the descendants of all the false Louis the Seventeenths, who are numerous enough in all conscience, and the so-called sons of Napoleon I. and III., a veritable army forsooth, all wishing to bring happiness to Jacques Bonhomme by ruling him.

* * * *

Spain, the classic land of *pronunciamientos*, has only one serious Pretender, but one whose family has given her more serious difficulties than has been the case in all the other countries put together.

For the war which the late Don Carlos waged in his struggle for the throne in 1833 has been the most sanguinary civil war of modern times. Its cause was the abrogation of the Salic Law of the Franks, which Philip V. had introduced into Spain, and which the old King Ferdinand revoked in order to leave the throne to his daughter Isabella, instead of to his younger brother Don Carlos, grandfather of the present Prince of that name.

Immediately on his brother's death the infant Don Carlos was proclaimed King of Spain, under the title of Charles VI. But the widow of Ferdinand rallied her followers to her side, and finished in triumph by keeping the throne for her three-year-old daughter.

Peace was at length obtained, but discontent lay hidden only to rise again when the Duke of Madrid profited by the fall of Isabella II. and the troubled events of 1868 to call upon his numerous partisans in the Northern provinces to recommence the ghastly Carlist War against the Republic which had been proclaimed at Madrid. For many months a war that is still remembered by its excesses devastated Spain, but at last Don Carlos was beaten, and, driven even out of France, finally sought refuge in Venice, where he still lives in the Loredan Palace.

It is difficult to estimate the Don's chances of recovering his lost throne. Certain it is that the admirable regency of the mother of the young King Alfonso, Queen Christina, has strengthened the hold of the present dynasty upon the uncertain basis of Spanish loyalty. Accustomed as they had been to the more than light morals of Isabella II. and her mother, the Spaniards were at first surprised at the high virtues of the second wife of the late King, but in the twelve years of her regency she has undoubtedly gained the respect of all Spaniards, without distinction of party.

But if the young King should die there would assuredly be another revolution, and probably, in any case, we shall see another Carlist War. Signs are not wanting of clouds on the political horizon. A spirit of unrest is rampant throughout Spain, and week after week rumours are heard of shiploads of arms being landed at unfrequented bays on the northern coast. All Spain is surging with discontent at the reverses in Cuba, and the awful drain on the country's resources which the conduct of the war has entailed, and it may be that Don Carlos thinks the time ripe for a final throw. Probably lack of funds constitutes the only hindrance.

But the struggle, whenever it comes, will be indeed desperate, for the Carlist method of a harassing guerilla warfare is difficult to combat and always sanguinary, and the people in the north, where lies the chief stronghold of Carlism, are enthusiasts to the last degree.

There would be yet another Spanish claimant if the Duke Emmanuel of Aosta, nephew of the King of Italy, had not received the excellent princely education which he has. For his father, the late Duke Amadeus, had been King of Spain from 1870 to 1873. King Amadeus I. was a man of exemplary honesty, and he

hastened to abdicate when he perceived the impossibility of governing the people who had offered him the crown. The son takes after his father, and has shown the best good sense in refusing to listen or even to receive the adventurers who came to ask him to plunge Spain into another bloody civil war. His brothers, the Count of Turin and the Duke of Abruzzi, think like him, and one can safely say that there will not soon be a Prince of Savoy claiming the Spanish throne.

But, on the other hand, Spain has also its comical Pretenders—the adventurers, or perhaps lunatics, who call themselves sons of the ex-Queen Isabella or of the late King Alfonso. One such is the Spaniard Manuel Silva, who until recently lived in a modest furnished room in Millman Street, Bloomsbury Square, and who told a most extravagant tale to a London journalist some months ago, representing himself as the first child of the Queen Isabella. He styles himself "Don Della Paz," this noble hidalgo, who, amongst other qualifications for the Spanish throne, has a strong Scotch accent!

* * * *

A similar abolition of the Salic Law provoked in Portugal a like struggle for the throne several years before the first Spanish Carlist War.

The old King, Dom Pedro IV., wished to leave the throne of Portugal to his eldest daughter, Doña Maria da Gloria, when he left that of Brazil to his only son Dom Pedro, the poor Emperor who died a few years since at a Paris hotel. Dom Miguel had been named regent during the minority of Doña Maria, but on his brother's death, he proclaimed himself King, and Portugal was given up to a six years' war between the partisans of the uncle and those of the niece.

At length the uncle was beaten and chased out of Portugal, him and his, for ever.

The only son of Dom Miguel, who bears his father's name, is at present settled in Austria. He is the sole Portuguese Pretender, a pretender caring little and unlikely to dare the tremendous stroke of reconquering the crown from the branch of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha which reigns at Lisbon.

His first cousin, the late Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, lost his crown on the memorable Sept. 15, 1889, without striking a blow to oppose the sudden revolution which chased him from his palace one night when he little expected it, for he had occupied himself rather with science than with the government of his vast empire.

The exiled Emperor came to finish his days in Paris, the town which he loved always, leaving his daughter, Princess Isabella, wife of the Comte d'Eu, Prince of Orleans, heiress to the Brazilian throne.

The new Republicans have disillusioned plenty of Brazilians, and the party of the Imperialists who fought so long against the dictator, Da Fonseca, has not abandoned all hope of the return of their Empress. On the contrary, it is organising itself, and this chapter of contemporary history is not yet closed.

Meanwhile, the Comtesse d'Eu lives at Boulogne-sur-Seine, retired from the world, only coming to Paris to visit the members of her family, or to superintend the numerous works of benevolence which she has in hand. The eldest of her three sons, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, having brilliantly finished his three years of study at the Austrian Military Academy of Wiener Neustadt, has for the past year been a Lieutenant of Uhlans in garrison in Galicia. Will he one day be Dom Pedro the Third?

Whatever chance there may be of regaining the lost throne, certain it is that the Comtesse d'Eu will undertake no crusade on her own behalf. Disgusted as well as disheartened by the continually shifting politics of Brazil, it is safe to say that she would only accept the throne if invited by an overwhelming majority.

* * * *

In founding Italian unity, nearly forty years ago, Victor Emmanuel created for his country a number of Pretenders who have now no longer any chance of recovering their lost thrones.

Garibaldi swept away from the throne of the Two Sicilies the young King François, and added him to the list of those unfortunate sovereigns who drift from hotel to hotel, isolated and ignored, to settle finally in Paris or some other great metropolis. After a lamentable existence the dethroned François died in poverty two years ago, leaving no children to take up his hopeless cause.

His brother, the Count of Caserta, has accordingly notified to the foreign Courts his succession to the chimerical title of claimant to the throne of Naples.

Another Italian, the ex-Duke Robert of Parma, who was dispossessed of his estates at the age of eleven, after the assassination of his father, Charles III., lives quietly in his Castle of Wartegg in the midst of his fourteen children, well persuaded that his estates are for ever lost.

Four days after the fall of the latter, the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, who had only ruled for a few months, was also dethroned, and thereupon departed, bag and baggage, to Austria, where his position of member of the House of Lorraine furnished him with a comfortable retreat, ready made. There, like his contemporary of Parma, he passes a quietly domesticated existence, more occupied with his nine children than with useless intrigues to reconquer Tuscany.

The other branch of the House of Lorraine, which reigned at Modena, and which lost its duchy on the same day as Robert of Parma, was extinguished in 1875 with the ex-Duke François, who died childless.

DON CARLOS, DUKE OF MADRID.
*After a Photograph by Contarini of Venice.*

The fifth sovereign dispossessed by the celebrated trio, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, was sovereign for ten years after the four who preceded him, and his deposition was, without doubt, the most delicate and difficult task which fell to the lot of the Italian reformers. That was the annexation of the estates of the Church to the Kingdom of Italy.

One can recall the fuss which the old Pope Pio Nono made when they took away from him his pontifical estates. He hurled anathema after anathema, excommunicated Victor Emmanuel, and called to his aid all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, but to no purpose. The King of Italy installed himself at the Quirinal, on the other side of the town, and left the poor old Pope to continue his vain protests. The present Pope, continuing the policy of his predecessor, has not ceased to protest against the spoliation of which the Papacy has been the victim.

Nearly thirty years have passed; the position of affairs remains unchanged, and the Roman question, which nearly brought about a fearful European war between Catholics and Protestants, may be considered as resolved by the facts. The House of Savoy is at the Quirinal, and intends to stay there. Several Catholic sovereigns, out of respect for the Holy See, pay visits to his Holiness, but that is the utmost recognition he has been able to obtain. The prisoner of the Vatican, as the Catholics are pleased to call him, is treated as a sovereign at Rome. His person is inviolable, ambassadors are accredited to him, and if he does not go out, it is

because he *will* not. A prisoner *pour rire* in a marvellous palace constituting a veritable treasure-city, the envy of the civilised world.

* * * *

The unification of Germany by Bismarck, Moltke, and William I., was only accomplished at the expense of a number of disinherited Princes.

The annexation of Holstein, Hanover, Nassau, and Hesse, in 1866, created a batch of irreconcilable claimants. The old King of Hanover, grandson of George III. of Great Britain, dying at Paris in 1878, left his son, the Duke of Cumberland, the legitimate heir of the crown of Hanover and the Dukedom of Brunswick-Luneburg, and chief of the whole race of d'Este-Guelphs, which has given England five Kings and one Queen.

The Duke married the sister of the Princess of Wales and of the Dowager Empress of Russia.

It is related of these three Princesses, now so well known, that when their father was only the poor Prince of Schleswig-Holstein - Sonderburg - Glucksburg, they were walking one day, quietly dressed, near Copenhagen. They met an old gipsy who, not knowing them, asked alms. Having given her some money, the sisters were continuing their walk, when the old woman asked to see their hands, and they laughingly consented. For a long time the gipsy studied the palms of the little hands extended to her. Then she looked up and said impressively, "All three of you will be Queens."

The Princesses went on their way laughing good-naturedly. If the old Bohemian's words are not yet entirely verified, they were very near the truth.

The happiest of the unfortunate Princes dispossessed by the Iron Chancellor is unquestionably the Grand Duke of Luxemburg. If he lost his Duchy of Nassau in 1866, he inherited in 1890 the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. None the less, he persists in claiming his right to keep the title of Duke of Nassau. His eighty years make him by age the dean of the reigning sovereigns of the entire world. In the seven years of his rule he has already done much to improve and embellish his charming capital of Luxemburg, so much neglected by his predecessors. The Luxemburgers are delighted to have at last a sovereign all to themselves. They are a little people, very jealous of their independence, and they like their Grand Duke none the less for his little sympathy for the Hohenzollern.

As for the Landgrave of Hesse, he has lost all hope of recovering his estates, and consoles himself with the little attentions bestowed on him by the Court of Berlin.

The third victim, King Christian of Denmark, the half of whose estates were confiscated, has taken up an expectant attitude. During his reign the Court of Copenhagen has become absolutely anti-German. The marriages which his children have contracted prove sufficiently that though Denmark is a little kingdom, its influence in the Concert of Europe is almost preponderant. In fact, Queen Louise of Denmark has been aptly called the grandmother of Europe.

* * * *

The little Balkan States, the last formed in Europe, have also their exiled rulers, perhaps more restless than those of the great kingdoms, and certainly more dangerous, for a revolution in the Balkans would kindle a general conflagration of Europe.

The young King of Servia, to whom his father, the too well-known King Milan, eagerly ceded the crown when the situation was most critical, must count as a Prince ready to take any step to keep the throne which his great-grandfather founded.

On the other hand, Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch is the chief of the House of Cserni, founded at the commencement of this century by the celebrated Kara George (George the Black), a simple peasant who liberated the Servians from the yoke of Turkey and gave them the independence of which they are so proud.

Servian history, indeed, resembles a fairy tale. After having reigned for thirteen years over the country which he had freed, Kara George was assassinated by "a keeper

of pigs," one Milosch Obrenovitch, who proclaimed himself Prince of Servia, and kept the throne for twenty-two years. It is this Milosch who founded the Obrenovitch dynasty, which still reigns in Servia, while the Karageorgevitch live in exile.

The exiled Prince Alexis is thirty years old, and lives a bachelor life, it need hardly be said, in Paris. His only brother, Prince Bojidar, the great friend of Pierre Loti, undertook last year the exciting adventure of a secret journey in Servia, to keep alive the zeal of the partisans of his House. The present King Alexander will have plenty to do to consolidate the throne which the meddling of his shady father has so compromised. Prince Alexis, however, still keeps up his hope of returning. He said, some three years ago—

"Not only do I intend not to abandon my legitimate rights, but I am ready to make them prevail."

PRINCE ALEXIS KARAGEORGEVITCH, CLAIMANT TO THE SERVIAN THRONE.
*After a Photograph by Bary-Benque, Paris.*

The Pretenders, indeed, are always ready, but there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

The neighbouring country of Roumania has no exiled royalties. The descendants of the old hospodars—the Stourdza, the Ghika, and others—have plenty of partisans, but King Charles fears rivalry so little that the members of these ancient reigning families occupy the first posts in the kingdom.

In Bulgaria Prince Ferdinand, who dreams of wearing a royal crown, is in the happy position of having no important rival to his throne. Alexander of Battenberg, who died four years ago, has certainly left a son, Arsène, Count of Hartenau; but as he is hardly eight years old, and takes after his mother, Jeanne Loisinger, he hardly counts as a political power. Yet it is possible that when he arrives at man's age he may pose as a competitor with the young Prince Boris.

But all this is far away and in the East, and the whole pack of cards of Eastern politics will probably be reshuffled in twenty years' time.

It only remains to speak of Turkey and the unfortunate Sultan Murad V., who, under the pretext of madness, was dethroned by his brother Abdul after five months' reign, and shut up in a sort of palace prison. There he has remained for the last twenty-one years, and is likely still to remain, for the victories lately won by the "Great Assassin" have strengthened his shaky throne, and there are very few Mussulmans who now think of Murad.

Besides, Abdul Hamid has a rapid method of replying to those who manifest too much sympathetic curiosity about his brother. He makes them disappear. It is practical, radical, and Oriental at the same time.

A little sail on the Bosphorus—a splash—and it is done!

ANDRÉ DE ST. ANDRÉ.
GEORGE GALE THOMAS.

# THE ABDUCTION OF PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY.

## *AN ADVENTURE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON,*

## *RELATED IN THE MEMOIRS OF FAIRFAX MIDDLETON,*

## AND HERE SET FORTH BY CLINTON ROSS.

I SAW the other day, driven rapidly along the village street at Windsor, the present King of England, William IV., a handsome, red-faced gentleman of the Hanoverian House. I have seen in my day, which has included much active service for my country, three Kings of this House—George III., whom we fought, and George IV., "the first gentleman of Europe"; and now, in my old age, his present Majesty. Seeing him in his coach with the bewigged, puffing postillions, and the Windsor folk bending at right and left, I was reminded of how, in 1782, after Lord Cornwallis's defeat, he was a boy of sixteen, a midshipman with Admiral Digby, sent over among us because the King, his father, fondly hoped that the presence of a Prince of the Blood Royal might regain him some of the Americans' lost loyalty. Everybody knows what really happened, and how Colonel Matthias Ogden, of the Jersey line, proposed at Morristown, March 28, 1782, the plan to cross the river in whale-boats on some darkish, rainy night, to capture his Royal Highness and the Admiral, who were lodged together in a house in Hanover Square. The plan pleased our Commander-in-Chief, just then flushed with the great success at York Town and the certainty of complete victory. His Excellency warned Colonel Ogden of the necessity of the utmost discretion and of due respect for the neutral ground from Newark to Rahway and four miles back. I have before me now the letter of instructions to Ogden: "The spirit of enterprise, so conspicuous in your plan for surprising in their quarters and bringing off Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause."

Never was attempt more daring than Ogden's, with his captain, subaltern, three sergeants, and thirty-six men. The hazard of it appealed to our General, who himself had dared and won so much against the greatest odds. In my memory I contrast him with these Hanoverian Princes, who are not English at all — the Virginian gentleman, this First Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, the greatest Anglo-Saxon. For we, after all, British and American, are at this date still Anglo-Saxons, and it seems to me, the three greatest Englishmen that ever lived were Harry the Fifth, who won Agincourt, and Cromwell, who, too, made English arms feared throughout Christendom, and Washington, of Mount Vernon, who did a greater thing than the others, in that he made English arms feared by Englishmen themselves.

But this attempt on the little English Prince failed. The historians say the matter was noised. The real circumstances are left for me to relate now for the first time.

About April 28, as I remember, the General wrote Colonel Ogden that he had been informed that Sir Henry had doubled the guards about the house in Hanover Square, "a circumstance I thought it proper for you to be apprised of."

The third night after, about ten o'clock, the General was seated before his fire, for it was coldish still, in the house at Newburgh. It was the end of a long and

"IF I MIGHT SEE YOU ALONE, YOUR EXCELLENCY."

tiresome day's work, filled with perplexities; for he never had more than during these days of the beginning of peace. The last visitor had gone, he thought, and he was still at his desk, examining some private papers relating to a boundary-line of one of his Virginian properties, when an orderly entered apologetically.

"A visitor, your Excellency."

"At this hour?" said he wearily "I told you——"

"But you left instructions that anyone from Colonel Ogden should be admitted."

"Colonel Ogden?" he questioned, turning about.

"This is very peculiar, your Excellency, a young woman——"

"What kind of a young woman?"

"A country girl."

"From Colonel Ogden? Are you sure?"

"She has the password, and says she is from him."

He hesitated for a moment before ordering that this messenger be admitted.

A girl, perhaps of nineteen, roughly dressed, undeniably pretty, entered curtseying, as if abashed. Her blue eyes avoided his face.

"If I might see you alone, your Excellency."

"Go outside, and close the door, Judson."

The man obeyed.

"Well?"

She took a letter from her bosom.

"From Colonel Ogden, your Excellency."

"And who are you?"

"Tom Sullivan's daughter, of the Black Horse, on the Southern Road."

He tore it open—

"Your Excellency—I must see you to-night at the Black Horse. I do not dare to come to Newburgh, because spies might watch me there. As you say, they have word of the matter. Yet I have hopes of carrying it out. I wish to make my trial just before dawn, day after to-morrow, when all is stillest, should the weather be favourable. First, I must see your Excellency personally. It's necessary. I do not wish anyone to know I am not in Jersey. Hence the request for you to ride over to the Black Horse. I think I can carry it out yet, but I must talk with your Excellency about that which can't be written about. The girl is the only messenger I can find here."

"Strange," said the General. "I can't make it out."

He turned to the girl, who still stood, her eyes cast down as if shamefaced. "It's Colonel Ogden's hand."

"I saw him write it, your Honour."

"But your father's tavern is no more than ten miles from Newburgh. If Colonel Ogden is so near why doesn't he come here himself?"

Colonel Ogden had implied the reason, but still the General wished to see the effect of the question.

She looked at him without moving a muscle.

"I don't know, Sir. He gave my father twenty-five dollars to carry the message."

"But your father?"

"Has the rheumatism, your Honour, and had only me to send."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"I know the country. Colonel Ogden gave me the password."

The General watched her attentively to see her flinch, but her face was noncommittal. And then he began to consider the letter word for word. Certainly it was Colonel Ogden's hand, written as if hastily. Knowing Ogden well, he knew that he, no more than Washington himself, was willing to give up an undertaking even when the chances were much against him. The times had fallen inactive, and why should not he now take the adventure that offered? And was he not bound to Colonel Ogden, whose undertaking he had encouraged?

"Judson," he called.

"Your Excellency," said the orderly at the door.

"Have ready my horse, and Captain Brinton and three troopers. I am going a bit into the country."

"Your Excellency?"

"There are no instructions. I shall return here in—let me see, it's ten-thirty now—say two-thirty. No information is

to be given. Captain Brinton simply is to be in readiness as ordered."

As Judson's steps grew less distinct in the hall, he faced the messenger again suspiciously. Was this an ambush? Perhaps. And then he looked at the writing again—certainly Ogden's hand.

"You rode?"

"On an old mare of my father's."

"It's below?"

"Yes."

"You may go. I'll join you."

Captain Brinton looked at the girl, now on her horse, and at the General, as he stood revealed in the light from the opened door.

"No questions, Captain," explained the General. "Into the saddle."

Judson, the orderly, watched until the darkness swallowed them up.

"I heard the wench say the Black Horse," he muttered. He hesitated, and then turned to deliver an order to Major Seagrove, the General's aide.

As they swung along the country roads, in places almost impassable at that period, the General mused of many other dark nights, of Long Island and defeat, of Trenton and Princeton and victory, of the enmity he had to meet among those of our side, of the quarrels and jealousies in Congress. And he had succeeded. The nation that had declared itself that July day in '76 now had proven itself.

Brinton, noticing his General's abstraction, did not venture to interrupt. The girl rode in silence. The three troopers behind alone talked in low tones. The spring softness hovered in the moist air. The General's weariness of the close room in the Newburgh house passed, and he was glad Colonel Ogden had sent for him.

Owing to the roads it was past midnight before, about a turn, they saw two lights showing the Black Horse.

The girl rode ahead here and, dismounting, awaited them at the door.

"If your Excellency's soldiers will wait downstairs in the tap-room," she began.

"Colonel Ogden is upstairs, and does not wish to be seen?" asked the General.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Wait," he called back to Brinton, who, leaving the troopers with the horses, had followed inside. "The men may want some beer this chilly night," he added, thinking of his men, as he indeed did always.

The place was deserted. In the tap-room, where he left Captain Brinton, was only a smouldering log on the hearth. With another word of admonition to Brinton, the General turned up the stair after his guide, who hesitated before a door where a line of light fell through the cracks over the uneven floor. Then she opened the door, stepping back as if expecting the General to follow.

As he entered the poorly furnished room he attempted to turn back. But what he saw made it necessary for him to pause. Three rough fellows stood there in the light of a single candle, their muskets held ready, while a younger man with a sword buckled over his civilian's coat stood there smiling in mocking triumph.

"Instead of his Royal Highness being prisoner of war I have the honour to inform your Excellency that you are one."

For a moment our General hesitated, and yet the four men there noticed that the firm lips did not quiver even at this surprise.

"You are, I take it, Colonel Delancy's men?"

"You are not wrong, Sir," said the leader, admiring, against his wish, his prisoner's self-possession, and yet with suspicion. At the instant was the sound of a struggle from the tap-room below.

"Poor Brinton!" said the General.

"Humph!—it's useless. There are twenty of us."

"I understand," said Washington, still calmly. "Will you allow me to take a chair? I have ridden a long ten miles. How does it happen that you imitated Colonel Ogden's hand so accurately?"

"I have some skill of that kind. I am Philip Dandridge, before the war a schoolmaster in King's County."

"Ah, yes; and now a Tory belligerent."

"A King's man, Sir," said the man sullenly.

"A witty one," said the General slowly, as if he were talking of a matter which only had an intellectual interest.

"Well, maybe," said the man, fidgeting.

"I think that Colonel Ogden's plan to catch the Prince was not half so clever as this of yours. The imitation of Colonel Ogden's hand was almost perfect. I would wish——"

"Well?" said the leader.

"I would wish, man, that you were a Whig."

"What of that?" began the other. "I'm content to be Tory if I make your Excellency prisoner; I think we can bring the Colonies back to the King now."

He laughed a low triumphant laugh. The three fellows with the muskets listened with derisive approval on their faces, although silently, as if awed by the great American's presence, even if it were as prisoner. The girl stood at the door, as if fascinated.

"Cap'n," began one, "we must get him away."

"Phil," interrupted the girl, stepping into the room toward the leader. "What is that?"

And the sound increased, and blanched their faces. One rushed to the window, peering out. Their leader looked about like a hunted animal.

"Damn it," he muttered, his disappointment reaching his lips. "Damn you, General Washington!"

The General had risen, his hand on his sword, his voice calm.

"My friends," said he, "You took me for a fool. I read your cunning message, and determined to investigate. At the same time I told my orderly, out of hearing of the girl, to have Major Seagrove follow with a hundred, or more, troopers."

There were cries outside; the hoof-falls of running horses; steps on the stairs. The fellows in the room looked out the window one by one and cursed. Only the leader, who was better born, now kept his self-poise. The girl was clutching his shoulder, sobbing. At the instant Major Seagrove, with the liberated Captain Brinton and some men behind, were outlined in the doorway.

"Your Excellency is not hurt?" Seagrove cried.

"Not a hair."

"We have about fifteen prisoners below. Three ran for it."

"Wait!" said the General; "four—five here, counting the girl."

Suddenly she was kneeling, clinging to him, crying—

"Oh, General Washington, he is my husband—forgive him—forgive him!"

The General leaned towards her, for, as all attest, he easily was influenced by a woman's tears or smiles.

"Get up, my girl, get up. He who sends you on such an errand doesn't deserve you."

"I volunteered to go," she sobbed. Seagrove and his troopers stared from their position at the door. The General was forced to push the girl away rather roughly. Dandridge, the Tory leader, stood almost proudly, his arms folded. His three men gazed expectant of what would follow.

"I take it that Colonel Ogden will not catch the Prince and the Admiral," said our chief, smiling.

"I take it not," said Dandridge sullenly.

"And you almost turned the tables on me."

"If it hadn't been for your Excellency's cursed wit."

"Dandridge," the General interrupted sternly, "your offence has been against me, and I don't know but I may judge of it without a military court."

"You mean," began the other, his voice husky, while the girl clung to his arm.

The General's voice did not change an inflection.

"Major Seagrove," he went on; "you may release your prisoners."

"Your Excellency?" Seagrove remonstrated.

"You have heard," the chief said calmly.

"What d'ye mean, General?" gasped one of the men.

"It means, my men, that you can go—all of you."

"And why?"

"Because you are beaten," he said, speaking faster than his wont; "because the war almost is over; because those of

WHAT HE SAW MADE IT NECESSARY FOR HIM TO PAUSE.

you who have been too strong malcontents will suffer too much by Congressional action; and because, by whatever means I can, I believe it expedient to gain all the Tories I may to the United States."

"God bless your Excellency," the woman began.

"God blesses a man who is served by a wife as this man Dandridge by you," said the General drily.

"Your Excellency," Dandridge began, "I don't understand."

"Possibly you don't," the General answered contemptuously.

"But this you may believe," the other went on, almost humbly. "Your Excellency is greater than King George."

"Humph," said Washington; "have we not declared and proven a paradox, all men born free and equal? Well, good-night, my friends. It's a long ride back to Newburgh."

Seagrove had remained at the door, having sent Captain Brinton below with the order to release the prisoners.

Washington bent his head gravely to the persons in the room.

It was the girl who piped up, "Hurrah for General Washington."

As he passed down the stairs, those below and his own troopers took up the cry, "Hurrah for General Washington!" and it echoed over the slopes that April night, stirring with wonder good folk in their beds.

Seagrove rode close by his chief.

"Do you not see the people are ripe for it?" he ventured. "Your action to-night was exactly right."

The other was silent.

"Have you not had Colonel Nicola's letter, Sir—from the army—who want a strong central government?—want your Excellency to be the head—King?"

Washington's voice held a tremor.

"Seagrove, are you a fool too? Do you, too, want to upset all we have done?"

"Your Excellency, it's the best way—the only——"

"I am glad," said the chief, interrupting calmly, "that I have some little judgment left to keep my own ambition from betraying me and my friends, who are only indiscreet, from being more than fools—traitors."

"You have refused, you mean?" Seagrove asked, his voice trembling now.

"I have answered Colonel Nicola and his friends—of whom, I take it, you are one, Major Seagrove—by a letter calling them to their senses. For I, Major—if you and your friends have—have not forgotten that my only distinction is that I am first as servant of the people."

His manner demanded silence, and for a half-hour they rode without a word, when the Major, out of his gloomy reverie, was surprised by a low laugh.

"I was laughing," explained the chief, after a moment, "to think how neat was that fellow's trick. I half believed in it myself—felt bound to investigate it—with some strong fellows like yours to follow me up."

"You failed, your Excellency, to ask who sent him out?" commented Seagrove, rather eager to pick a flaw.

"I failed because I knew."

"You knew?"

"Why, yes; Franklin, King's governor of Jersey."

"Ah, yes, likely," acknowledged the other.

"And Dr. Franklin has been too good a subject of the nation to hurt him by bringing out needlessly more plots of his son against us."

An hour later the General was at his desk looking again over that boundary-line and some accounts of his Mount Vernon estate. For the details of his property interested him more than anything else, they say—except now and then a petticoat—more than aught save his one absorbing subject, these United States of America.

I have told elsewhere of the Asgill affair. More persons know of that. This I never have seen published. It was recalled to me, as I say, by seeing in his coach at Windsor his Majesty King William IV., who in 1782 was that very Prince William Henry whom Colonel Matthias Ogden planned to abduct.

# THE GRIP OF THE SUN.

By ADELA VILLIERS.

PEOPLE call me mad, and when they say this they both speak the truth and lie. If sanity be measured by degrees of knowledge, I am more sane than many of them; for there are days when I am behind the curtain which separates our world of imbecility from their more rational one, and I understand the workings of a game they cannot grasp. There was a time when I shuddered at the word "madness" and avoided the look of the insane—I was less wise then than now, classed as I am with imbeciles, and numbered among those who need protection. My keeper will come in presently; he will take up this paper, and read in my declaration of sanity merely another proof of my mental disease, then he will destroy it outside the room as he has done its predecessors. If I ask him for it to-morrow he will say "Here it is," and probably he will give me a plain white sheet in its stead; evidently one piece of paper is as another to him. I used to get angry about this—who wouldn't resent the destruction of an afternoon's work?—but I never got back my old papers, so now I submissively accept the new and my keeper thinks me more docile. Sometimes I only get the back of an envelope, or the margin of a newspaper, on which to work my will—the authorities can't spare fresh foolscap every day—but, after all, anything serves my purpose, and is as useful for the lighting of future fires.

This is a bad day for me; one on which I feel different from the times when I am allowed to leave the house and even walk by myself in the garden. It is a day when I feel my friends almost justified in their attentive care and equally scrupulous avoidance of me. Decidedly there are hours when I am not as other people are. Inside my head the old sounds begin again which have been my distraction. My brain is empty, quite empty, save for the surging of the blood in it. If I look

IT IS A DAY WHEN I FEEL MY FRIENDS ALMOST JUSTIFIED IN THEIR SCRUPULOUS AVOIDANCE OF ME.

in the glass I can't grasp my own face; I might stay an hour trying to imprint it on my mind, only to forget it as soon as I leave. If such tricks are played about oneself it is natural other things are not to be mastered at all. The eyes which look

out of my head are not the eyes which see anything; their sight is blurred and obstructed by a great red sun which burns in each. This is what makes me stumble when I walk alone on days like to-day, and my keeper never seems to understand why it is—he would if he felt it. Beyond this there is nothing but a sickening sense of swirling visions; nothing felt but the surging of the blood where the brain ought to work, nothing heard but the hum of a deathly silence, slow and monotonous, like the echo of a droning bee in an empty cave. If only the vacancy could be filled and a check put on this terrible hum I think I could always—as in my better days—be more like other people; and to be so I would certainly renounce my keeper's extra kindness, perhaps even forfeit the joys of scribbling. I think I used to lose control of myself in the bewilderment of this horrible emptiness; it rose over me and sucked me down into its terrible depths, and I lost all consciousness of what went on inside and around me. I don't do so now, but each time the old feeling comes upon me it takes me back to the days when, so far as I can remember, I first became different from other people.

The cause was a very simple one; a similar case has been known before; a like agony been lived through by many a man. The story is almost threadbare with repetition, and yet, to each of us it has appeared in a different form, been accepted in no two similar spirits, and has varied in its results. . . . *She* was all the world to me, the woman I loved. Her beauty was my wealth; the touch of her hand my portion of strength; the look in her eyes my food and drink; and I know, for she told it me, I was something in her life. We shared a common fate; she was poor and I penniless. We wanted each other, and I meant to work for her and claim her—I meant it as truly as I write these words, but the hand of luck was against me. First one thing then another I took up, grappled with, and failed. Men deluded me with false promises and I more often deceived myself by unfounded hope. Disappointment dogged my steps, despair lurked in the eyes of the woman I loved. We clung together, working as we could side by side; but the day came when this too had to end. There was work illumined with hope across the sea. I went to her and told her; she gave me courage to go with a mixed look of trust and despair — I meant to destroy the latter and give the other a larger place.

Across the water, under an African sun, I toiled and toiled with one object, one thought, one hope. I grew unconscious after a while of how hard I worked, and now I but faintly remember I was not idle. I lost count of time too—and this I have never regained. All that part of the past only flashes across me—a misty dream-picture. I only remember a few things hazily, and of these, the intense blueness of the sky; the smell of some of the flowers; the stretches of low-bushed plains in one place; in another a long line of chained convicts working on a stone-quarry, and everywhere and over all the heat of the sun. I could not forget this if I wished; it got into my brain, and its heat burns there still, especially on a day like this—my bad day. You see, I have reason to remember it! Once—I do not know since when; had it been going on for months?—I dreaded the sun more than ever. Its light dazzled me; I could not get out of the blaze of heat; its rays penetrated every attempted shelter. I worked more and more slowly; everything I touched seemed to be as light as air; I hardly felt the implements in my hands. It seemed as if the weight of everything had gone into my blood; each moment it grew heavier and heavier and gradually turned to iron within me. The heaviest mail-chains ever wrought could not have compared with this weight, which slowly rose up over me and thumped its iron force into my brain. Some of its red-hot weight fell behind my eyes and took the shape and colour of a burning sun in each. I remember all this so well, because sometimes it comes upon me with renewed force, and I have never *quite* lost the weight out of my blood nor the sun from before my eyes; never quite, not even in my good days.

A long time passed, it must have been months and months. The shape of the sun lay on everything; the iron-blood surged heavily through my veins. I was conscious of this and of only one other feeling—the wish to see the woman I loved. Men came and spoke to me, some tried to cure me; I let them do what they wished, but I never grew any better. None of them understood what was wrong, most of them were afraid of me. There was only one person who could cure me. I knew if *she* came close to me and looked into my eyes it would dispel the horrible light in them, the sound of her voice would stop the deathly humming in my head, the touch of her hand would bring me back to the life lived by other men—and *she* would never be afraid as others were.

ACROSS THE WATER, UNDER AN AFRICAN SUN, I TOILED AND TOILED WITH ONE OBJECT.

I think I must have made this longing known, or was it only that I became useless for future work? Anyhow, I was taken to a ship and sent home—the doom of the insane upon me—over the seas I had once crossed buoyed with a hope in the future, and stayed with confidence in the work of my arm. I got better on board. The sky an unbroken stretch of grey, the sullen colour of the sea, and the big, fresh winds which blew did me good. Two or three others I had worked with were going home also to enjoy their fortunes, or to rest from their work and get out of reach of the horrible sun. I spoke a little to them; their faces seemed to grow more clear, but I saw them always as behind a red mist, and most of them still seemed afraid.

Before we arrived I suppose I got ill again—at any rate, I remember nothing more until I found myself here, where I have been ever since, in company with my keeper. I did not mind this, I hardly realised it all; one wish, one hope devoured me—to see the woman I loved. I knew if she only would come and stand quite close and look into my eyes, it would be all right with me. But she never came; the awful, unbearable solitude went on; I grew more and more hopeless. I could not speak my wish; the friends who came to see me did not know it, the man always with me would not have understood; he had an irritating way of answering "yes, yes," to everything I said. I wonder if all keepers do the same? It wouldn't matter a bit if they kept their word, but they never do, and after a time even madmen cease to make the same requests. I suppose they think we forget; but we don't, and their untruths are totalled against them to be remembered in the day when we shall have our revenge. . . . Revenge! . . . I wish I

hadn't written that word. It is the one which makes my fist clench and the blood beat in my temples again. . . . I had almost ceased to hope to see *her*, when one day she came into the room and stood in front of me. She looked and looked, but she did not come very close nor touch me.

BEFORE I COULD GET THE OTHER ONE HIGH ENOUGH, A CRY STOPPED ME.

This hurt me, and I laughed. I remember I did so quite well, because the echo of it is still in the air. I thought she was not quite fair to me; I hadn't suffered so much to see her stand at a distance; I wanted her eyes to look into mine—I meant that look to heal me. I moved closer to her. . . . Suddenly, the keeper stood between us—he laid his hand on her to move her away. Of course he shouldn't have done this, he ought not to have touched her; I hated to see his hand on her, she was *mine*. At the sight of it something snapped in my head; the red sun in my eyes grew redder. I saw nothing but the man. I believe I laughed again—I know I sprang upon him, because on days like this my right hand still burns with the heat of his throat. My fingers wouldn't meet round it; I hadn't done work which broadens the hand for a long time, and I suppose mine had grown smaller. Before I could get the other one high enough a cry stopped me, the cry of a tame animal agonised with fear. I flung down the man I held and saw the woman who had screamed, a look of horror

on her face as she shrank away from me, white and trembling. I wanted to get to her, but stopped to see if she would go—and she went. I never tried to hold her back. What was the use to keep her? She did not understand me better than the others had done, and—she was even more afraid than they were. I never asked for her; I have hardly wanted her again.

Since then I have always been more closely watched, and my keeper was changed; I could not bear the sight of the other one after that day when he dared to touch *her*. I would never have hurt him if he had let us go close, quite close, to each other; and I should have been made sane again if only the old wished-for light in her eyes had been allowed to pierce the sun which blinds my own. As it is, I am still thought mad—mad for the want of someone to understand my sanity, mad because the only woman who could had not the courage to do so; mad because the sun under which I toiled for her burnt into my brain. So I shall live and so die, but when I think there was a moment when it might have been different if only the woman I loved had been allowed to understand, then the old wish for revenge creeps with the iron-blood into my fingers and my eyes grow blind in the light of the sun which burns behind them.

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# THE BOOK-PLATE COLLECTOR: AN INTERVIEW.

By JAMES MILNE.

IF you love books, and have a goodly number of them, you may also be the owner of a book-plate. The complete book-lover has a moment of ecstasy while he is getting the little square of paper fixed inside the cover of a newly arrived volume. It is taking possession in a due and formal way, and then the plate looks more artistic than even the best signature scratched across the fly-leaf. Whether a book so distinguished is returned more certainly, supposing it to be given on loan, than one lacking that distinction, is a matter that does not call for discussion.

Nor does our interest at this moment lie in the book-plate in the mere library sense. Within recent years there has arisen a great fashion for the collection of book-plates—a hobby, if you like, and withal a very amiable and charming one. In witness of its width take the Ex Libris Society, of which most people have heard. Moreover, it is not in England only that the book-plate has become an eager object of collection. Our kinsfolk in America never like to be behind us—as often as not they show us the way—and Continental countries might also be cited.

Here then is a subject which has gone far, and so is something of common interest—something to be read about—even by the uninstructed. Nowhere could the story of it all be better sought than in a quaint bookshop which can be found in Southampton Row. This bookshop is much frequented by folks devoted to things Ex Libris, and needless to add, the bookseller is Mr. James Dorman. His information about book-plates and their collection is immense, and his devotion to the subject is proved by the qualities of his private collection. Accordingly I spent a forenoon with him—the Philistine being tenderly coached, even coaxed, into knowledge — and I shall endeavour to record what he told me.

"I suppose the book-plate collector has come to stay—I mean he shows clear signs of permanence?"

"Every sign. The number of collectors increases steadily, and the value of the best plates continues to go up. I am

fairly well able to estimate the development of the hobby, because I have been interested in it for some time. Ten years ago you might have found a collector here and another there, but collecting on a large scale would hardly date back beyond five years."

"Now, to begin at the beginning, what is the earliest book-plate known?"

"Why, the Igler, which belongs to about the year 1450. We owe the origin of the book-plate generally to Germany, and the Igler was a German plate. It was the property of one Jean Knabensberg, called Igler, who was a German chaplain. As you can see, the design represents a hedgehog—an uncouth-looking hedgehog too—with a flower in its mouth. A copy of this plate would, I fancy, be worth between thirty and forty pounds. A Pirckheimer also ranges high."

"Early German also, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! It relates to one Pirckheimer, a scholar of Nuremberg, and has his portrait. The date is 1524, and the plate is noteworthy in this, that it is the first specimen known having a date and the signature of the engraver. He was none other than Albert Dürer. Touching English book-plates we go back a little—back to 1516 or thereabout. I'm afraid, however, that it is not possible to find an English book-plate of that time—a book-plate pure and simple. What I have in my mind is a beautiful copy of the arms of Cardinal Wolsey, which is in the British Museum. It is a pretty piece of work, all hand-done, and some writers claim it as a book-plate."

"I gather that you do not take that view?"

"No; for if you are to regard a set of arms as a book-plate why not do so in regard to any other productions of the same kind? The one point of difference is that the Wolsey arms were stuck into a book which the Cardinal presented to Henry VIII. At a later date we have a plate about which the like question arises in a somewhat like form. I mean the plate of Nicholas Bacon, who is somewhere called the father of his country and of Sir Francis Bacon. The

THE IGLER PLATE, THE EARLIEST KNOWN BOOK-PLATE, 1450.

date here is 1574, and the plate records a gift of books to the University of Cambridge. Now, a real book-plate means,

THE TRESHAME BOOK-PLATE, 1585.

'This is my book.' The Bacon one says, 'Here are your books.' You follow me?"

"Quite clearly. Then which is the first English book-plate that may so be named in the true sense?"

"I think that of Sir Thomas Tresame, or 'Treshame,' whose eldest son, Sir Francis, was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot. Here—the date being 1585—we have a plate used by a man for his own library, which is the purpose of a plate. Taking the Treshame as the first actual English book-plate of which we have account, it is interesting to note the design. You have heavy mantling, a sort of picture-frame which reminds you more of wood-carving than of anything else. No doubt the design was made on the pattern of carved wood-work—it may have been after some piece of carving in the possession of Treshame himself."

"At what period did book-plates become common in England?"

"After 1613 we have several book-plates, and a good many are dated, but it was not until 1700 that the device became at all common. Perhaps a period of extensive fashion in book-plates might be given as between 1698 and 1710. All the Oxford and Cambridge colleges had them at that time. One might single out a book-plate which is identified with the name of Charles James Fox, the statesman. There was a Charles Fox, of the 'Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Field'—so he described himself—who was a relative of the greater Fox. Charles James adopted the design of his relative, simply changing the inscription to 'The Honourable Charles James Fox.'"

"On what book-plate would an American collector set most value?"

"Perhaps on that of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, which is always claimed by Americans as an American plate. One can readily understand the claim, and yet Penn, of course, was an Englishman, and to a certainty would have had his book-plate done in London. In 1703 there were no engravers of book-plates in America, but certainly our kinsfolk have some gifted ones to-day—E. D. French, for instance. On William Penn's book-plate were the words: 'William Penn, Esq., Proprietor of

Pennsylvania.' His son, Thomas Penn, used the same plate with the inscription altered to 'Thomas Penn, of Stoke Pogeis,

in the county of Bucks, First Proprietor of Pennsylvania.' Why, you ask, the words 'first proprietor'? That would surely have applied to his father. The use of the word 'first' must therefore have been in the sense of leading—the leading proprietor of Pennsylvania."

"Reverting to your dates, was there a drop in the popularity of book-plates about 1710?"

"They don't seem to have been so popular during the next score of years; but, on the other hand, the designs had

*La premiere chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutôt*

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improved. These were more graceful, more artistic, and possessed of greater variety—to sum up, there was an advance upon the heavy feeling which had hung about them. Finally, a new style was adopted from France—this would have been in 1730—and was known as the Chippendale style, the allusion being to the famous furniture. The Chippendales lasted half a century, or to 1780, and in their latter days deteriorated on account of the use of too much ornament. Becoming extravagant in design, they went out of favour with the public."

"Have book-plates not been something of a mirror of the times—whether they were glad or sad, hopeful or dolorous?"

"A careful student of social history might do worse than turn to book-plates, for he will find them largely a reflection of their times. At the beginning of this century we had the influences of the French Revolution — book plates which were plain and unostentatious. Many folks thought, most likely, that the French Revolution was the end of everything—that the world was going to the dogs. That view may have suggested the use of tombstones, weeping willows, urns, and other tearful emblems as fitting for book-plates. With Bewick, who had Bartolozzi for a contemporary, there dawned the pictorial book-plate, oftenest a landscape."

"We are in a year when we speak of the Queen's long reign—what about it in respect to book-plates?"

"Between Bewick and a time fifteen years back, the book-plate manifested no

great progress in any respect. Thus the larger part of the Victorian era does not count heavily in the history of Ex Libris. But since the revival came we have done admirably, and men like Sherborn and Eve are turning out delightful book-plates. Stacy Marks represents another school of design, and Anning Bell a third, which may be termed the impressionist school."

"With whom did the thought of collecting book-plates originate—who is the father of the hobby?"

"Ah, you puzzle me there. If you remember, Pepys in his Diary tells that he went to his plate-makers, and there spent an hour contriving plates for his books. That was not collecting though, and the earliest reference, in such a sense, is, I think, to be found in 1835. The Rev. Daniel Parsons—I have no details as to who he was—then wrote a short article on book-plates from the point of view of the collector. There was no work on the subject until Lord de Tabley wrote his 'Guide to the Study of the Book-plate,' a volume that is still regarded as a text-book."

"I take it that most of our leading people possess book-plates, and that these have more or less a recognised value?"

"The value of a book-plate may be said to lie in two facts—its owner and—more important, often—its engraver. The Queen has a book-plate for the royal library at Windsor, and another for the library at Balmoral The Prince of Wales has a Marlborough House book-plate and one pertaining to the Duchy of Cornwall. When the Duke of York was married, a book-plate was presented to him. The Duchess of York has a very pretty plate which was engraved by Sherborn. There must be many book-plates belonging to the various members of the royal family, but, as can be supposed, it is not every day that collectors have the opportunity of securing them. Mr. Gladstone's book-plate is pretty well known, and American collectors always seem anxious to get a copy of it."

"English collectors, I imagine, devote themselves mostly to English plates, while collectors of other nations are similarly patriotic?"

"That is so for the most part, but the exceptional plates—like some of those I have been mentioning—are gladly pursued quite apart from the nation to which they happen to belong. Nobody would reject an Igler hedgehog if it came in the way and the price was a possible one. As to the cost of good book-plates, it may be said to range from £5 up to as much as £50 and £60. True, the latter figures are not common, but they have been paid again and again. There is a keen quest for ladies' book-plates, and a Countess of Pomfret fetched three guineas not long ago. The Countess here alluded to was Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Charlotte."

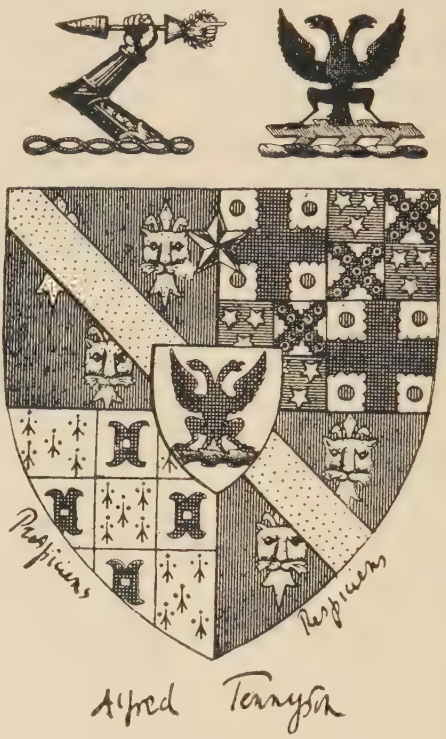
BOOK-PLATE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

"How much would it cost to get together a really fine collection of book-plates?"

"If you were a collector and wished a group which would make you quite happy, you would have to face an outlay of between £2000 and £4000. Even if I were given the latter sum to expend, I am doubtful where I could find the plates to buy—that is, could any money now gather together such a collection as was formed by the late Sir A. W. Franks, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum."

"The hobby, like most hobbies, leavens life, does it not?"

"You and I might be vehemently opposed on politics, but we should meet as friends on an Ex Libris platform. Hobbies—how should we get along without them?"




It was an interesting forenoon altogether. As a final word I may refer to a humble enthusiast in book-plates, none other than Roberts, the once well-known book-barrow man of Farringdon Street, who was interviewed some three years ago in these pages for the "Other Half" series. Roberts, poor man, has gone the way of all flesh, and his collection too has as likely as not formed alms for oblivion's wallet.

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## IN TIGHT PLACES.

### *ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.*

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

### THE BILLINGSTON-CANGIARE CASE.

UPPER EGYPT was almost deserted by tourists and visitors when I had finished with the smuggled contraband of war.

The mail-boat in which I took passage from Assouan to Cairo had not half-a-dozen first-class passengers on board. There were a couple of native officials in the Irrigation Department, a Coptic commercial gentleman, another, a strange, somewhat mysterious man, and myself.

I had nothing in common with any of them, but the last-named soon became an interesting study. I did not know his nationality, and I could not guess his business. Problems of this kind have always attracted me, and I devoted a good deal of my time to this stranger.

A fine man to look at, above the middle height, with a well-made, active figure, rather meanly dressed in a travel-stained suit of dark-green serge, he wore dirty white deck-shoes, and generally went about without a hat, although the sun was quite fierce, even at eight in the morning. This last habit of his, taken in conjunction with his restless, excitable ways, ever on the move, talking, gesticulating, spying

and prying, and looking nervously around, gave me a strong impression that he had something on his mind—some dark secret surely oppressed him, guilt, sorrow, greed, the lust of revenge—any one of the haunting passions that agitate and weigh down men's souls had marked him for its own.

As I looked into his dark, handsome, but unprepossessing face, or met the scorching fire of his unquiet, coal-black eyes, I felt in the presence of an ardent, ungovernable nature. This was a creature to be strongly swayed by love or hate; disappointment, jealousy, the sense of injury had already converted him, I fancied, into a dangerous and implacable foe.

I found by the booking-list that he went by the name of Khanjar, and this gave me no clue as to his nationality; nor was his speech a certain guide. I heard him jabbering German with the head waiter of the hotel at Assouan; he addressed me in fluent English, but with that unmistakable twang that showed he had acquired it in the United States. He could make himself known in French, but with the thick, coarse accent of an Italian, and the last point settled the question. When I heard him exchanging ideas with Emil, the porter of the Luxor Hotel, using the most expressive gestures and making even his fingers speak as he tossed them to and fro, I knew him for a Neapolitan or an Italian from the Far South.

Another marked feature in his character was his inquisitiveness. He was so perpetually interrogative, so ready to talk to anybody and everybody who would listen to him, that I soon set him down as one engaged in the same business as myself.

But he was not a good detective, of that I felt sure. His inquiries were too open, his questions too compromising, he made it much too evident what he wanted to know.

I had his whole (recent) history the first day we met. He had just been all round the world, and almost without a halt. From New York to 'Frisco, and from 'Frisco to Tokio, in Japan. Down then to Hong-Kong and Singapore, through India, and from India to Aden, Suez, and Port Said. Pausing there for a space he had turned aside for a run through Egypt.

I said he was right in that. No traveller within reach of it should miss a trip on the Nile.

"*Altro!*" he cried, snapping his fingers with infinite scorn. "I care for no Niles.

I HAD HIS WHOLE (RECENT) HISTORY THE FIRST DAY WE MET.

I would pass it by and all the rivers of earth, from the Mississippi to the Yang-tze-Kiang, if I could but find that for which I am in search. But they shall not escape me—no fear. I guess I'll find 'em. I'll run 'em down. Surely, you bet—maybe you can help me, Sir!"

"How, pray?" I asked, laughing at his childish methods.

"See here. I'm on the look-out for two people—a man and a woman, and I've been at their heels since the twenty-third of last October. On their track, Sir, close, all that time — close, I tell you.

within an ace of laying hands on them time after time. Then, hey presto prestissimo! they have flown right away.

"Once I caught them — I held them here." He made a hollow of one palm of his hand, and pounded furiously into it with his other thumb and forefinger, as though he had got them there and was bruising them to pieces. "It was at Colombo, Sir, in the island of Ceylon. I was in the very same hotel; I had only to—to——"

He paused, breathless.

"To execute your warrant, I presume?" I suggested at length.

"Warrant?—Execute?" he repeated. "*Davvero!* Truly, execute—that is the proper word. Execute? Yes, but I failed! The saints were against me, and the devil for them. I was struck down by fever—I raged, I raved. They brought me the doctors; I could not help myself, I could not stir. I lay between life and death for two whole months, and when I recovered they had flown. Again I followed them—here, there, and everywhere; last of all to Egypt."

"Still without success?"

"*Cospetto!* Should I be telling you all this tale if I had found them? No, no. You would have known—all Europe would have known. I should have executed — my warrant; and, *santissimo San Teodoro*, it would have made much noise!"

Again he paused, and I had leisure to wonder whether this was a man fit to be entrusted with an important police mission, whether the fever he had caught in Ceylon had really left him.

"Did you see them?" he asked me abruptly, returning to the one topic that engrossed him absolutely. "Did you see them down there in Cairo, or anywhere along this mighty muddy ditch?"

"You have not told me yet who they were. Give me some description—their names, appearance, something by which I may know them."

"The man's name is Billingston, the woman's Fiammetta; she is his wife. He is short, thin, insignificant, with a voice like a reed-pipe; she is tall, grand, magnificent, handsome as a star, with glorious eyes, a skin of alabaster, hair like the raven's wing."

"Can she be a criminal—a fine creature like that?" I said, taken aback by his glowing language. He might have been in love with her, not hunting her down.

"She is the worst of the two—the greatest criminal. I could tell you things of her. But what matter? Have you seen them?" he went on, with renewed eagerness.

I knew that I had done so, but I hesitated to speak. Somehow I doubted this fellow's good faith. His wild looks and incoherent language displeased me. I neither liked nor trusted him, and I did not feel particularly called upon to assist him in his quest, certainly not until I heard more. These Billingstons, the people he wanted, had been among the guests at Shepheard's in the busy season, and were much remarked upon, greatly on account of the woman's dazzling beauty, and still more from the lavish way in which it was enhanced and set off by costly gems and gorgeous raiment. They were known to be Americans—he, at least, without any doubt, but there was something foreign in her style, and on the rare occasions when she was heard to speak, her accent was not pure English or American. It had a pretty lisping cadence that was distinctly outlandish.

They kept very much to themselves. It was reported, but on no very substantial grounds, that they were but recently wedded—a honeymooning couple. His devotion was unmistakable, although close observers declared that it was rather tolerated than reciprocated by her. Another rumour credited him with colossal wealth, a rumour based only on the evidence of his way of life and his wife's gorgeous appearance.

Now I was asked to believe that the wealth was ill-gotten; that Nemesis, in the form of this swarthy Italian, was dogging their footsteps, and that at any moment the bubble would burst to their extreme discomfiture.

It might be so, but I did not think it any business of mine to interfere.

Khanjar again asked me, and with increasing insistance, whether I had seen the Billingstons at Cairo, or whether I could tell him of their whereabouts.

"I fancy I saw them at Shepheard's," I replied vaguely. "But I did not know them personally, and I lost sight of them. They were going up the Nile in a dahabeah, I believe."

"Pah! tell me something new," said he most disdainfully. "That much I know for myself. They were in the dahabeah *Nephthis*, one of Cook's best.

COULD THEY BE CRIMINALS, THESE TWO?

They were at Assouan from Feb. 19 to March 3, Luxor from March 5 to March 17. But where, where, *santissimo San Teodoro!* where are they now?"

"You must find that out for yourself," I said without encouragement. "Going down-stream, I suppose—unless they took the train and got to Cairo, and so on to Europe, Asia, or America—who can say?"

"But I will find them, never fear—with or without your help, most excellent and illustrious Sir." He bowed low with mock courtesy, and added bitterly, "I will find them—and when I do——"

We had reached this stage in our acquaintance about the time the post-boat reached Nagamahdi, and I was glad that I need go no farther with it. Thinking to be well rid of my companion, who bored me terribly, I left the steamer and went through to Cairo by the express.

When I arrived at the capital, I found that the general exodus had been some time in progress and that Cairo was nearly empty. The few that remained were also on the move, and the rush homewards was still great. I thought myself lucky to secure a passage in a big German liner, the *Vaterland*, which was due at Suez in a few days.

At the last moment we travelled down together, all bound for Ismailia, where we hoped to meet the steamer. But at Ismailia railway-station they told us that she had already passed, and, indeed, we could see her masts and her smoke-stack as she slowly steamed on between the high banks of the canal.

Then as we changed to the narrower gauge and the smaller carriages of the line that runs to Port Said, there was a general re-shuffle of passengers, and I took my seat with new companions.

I saw at once that these were the Billingstons; I knew them without doubt. The lady was closely veiled with a dark-blue gossamer, but there was no mistaking her stately figure, her rich travelling-dress, her many bracelets set with superb jewels, the tiny watch set with brilliants, the jewelled pince-nez hanging to a long gold and turquoise chain—only Mrs. Billingston,

I thought, could travel thus arrayed through the Arabian desert.

Since my meeting with Khanjar these people possessed a new and deeper interest for me. I watched them, whether I should make their acquaintance casually or whether I should introduce myself and put them on their guard.

Could they be criminals, these two? If their calling was a crooked one, they disguised it well. I could not bring myself to believe much evil of the man Billingston. He had a young face, younger perhaps than his years, but it was a simple, ingenuous, not to say silly face, its fatuousness heightened by his undisguised adoration of his wife, and his seemingly abject submission to her slightest whims. Of course it might be all guile; he might play the simpleton outwardly and yet be full of dark designs, stained with darker deeds within.

If there was anything really wrong, I fancied it was in her. Khanjar had said she was the worse criminal of the two.

These speculations amused and occupied me as our train dragged slowly along the canal-bank, keeping constantly abreast of the steamer; and they only took a new direction when I heard the peevish complaint of Mrs. Billingston that their courier had not come near them for hours.

"I don't believe we shall catch that steamer, Ernest, and I think they ought to stop the steamer right here and put us aboard. I'd like you to call that man Goldeck at the very next station."

"Why, certainly, dear; Goldeck is very remiss," replied her patient spouse. "But he said it was all right, and I suppose he knows."

When Goldeck was presently summoned to the carriage window, I saw that he was a Swiss-German of overbearing, not to say offensive demeanour, a man who took his employers into his charge, into his custody, indeed, and disciplined and dragooned them when it did not suit his purpose better to ignore them entirely.

The latter was his mood just now.

"Steamer!" he snorted, "we shall reach Port Said quite sufficiently early. Too early, perchance you will say, when till midnight you must for the *Vaterland* continually wait. She has there to take coals on board. Be pleased to leave it to me. I will see to it. I know. *Ach Himmel*, is it for this slight thing that I am disturbed in a pleasant conversation with mine friend?"

I should have liked to kick the fellow then and there, but the Billingstons, who paid him, took his insolence quite humbly, and once more I wondered whether these helpless babes in arms, so new to travel, so submissive to their servants, could be criminals flying from justice.

The courier left them severely alone, as I thought, when we reached Port Said. No doubt he took them to the hotel, but after that it was I who showed them to the *table d'hôte*, who ordered their wine for them, who saw to their comfort, and listened to their childish complaints against the indifferent food. Goldeck pretended to be "high busy" with their baggage, of which they had mountains; yet, when I went out, I found him drinking deep in the bar with his "friend," the same friend of the train, as I surmised, little expecting that I also knew him well.

It was Khanjar, the Italian, who, when he saw me, got up and bowed, and held up a warning finger, as though anxious that I should not speak before the courier. So I said a few sharp words to Mr. Goldeck, sending him off into the hotel.

When I turned Khanjar had disappeared. I should have been glad to question him. He had, of course, come up with his quarry; it was not to be supposed that a man so keen and untiring in pursuit had not seen the Billingstons with his own eyes. But in any case he must have learnt all he wanted from the courier.

I fully expected him to make the arrest now, when he had run into his game. Yet nothing happened. The Billingstons went on board quite unmolested. I remained on deck until the *Vaterland* cleared out of the port, rather expecting that at the very last moment Khanjar would act. But no; he made no open move, and I could only conclude that he preferred to wait till he got to Naples, or some other European port, where he might count upon a readier support from the law.

That the Italian sailed I had no sort of

doubt, but I saw nothing of him on board. This did not surprise me; nor was I astonished to hear from the purser that no person of his name had taken passage on board the ship.

The Billingstons were lodged superbly. They had the *cabine de luxe*, a spacious apartment on the promenade-deck, at no great distance from my own. They had seats by the captain at the principal table in the saloon, but Mrs. Billingston, except during the fairest and smoothest weather, did not appear at meals.

Had she some foreboding of the doom that was impending, and preferred to brood alone? It was certainly not sea-sickness that confined her to her cabin, although she pleaded it, as her husband confidingly explained. One evening, the last before our arrival at Naples, just as I was leaving my own cabin, late, long after the dinner-bugle had sounded, I saw her distinctly, a long-cloaked figure, moving swiftly along the promenade-deck towards the stem of the ship.

I was curious enough, ungallant enough, to follow her unobserved.

She sped towards the companion-ladder at the end of the deck, dropped down it like a shadow, and was met by someone below—a man who was evidently waiting for her.

They moved away quickly under the shelter of the second saloon deck-house, and I lost sight of them. But I could almost have sworn that the man was Khanjar. I knew him by his height, his aspect, his gestures; and afterwards, by the light of a strange and terrible event that followed, I was certain of it.

"THERE! THERE! IN THERE—MURDER!"

The *Vaterland* reached Naples soon after daylight next morning. Almost as she dropped anchor in the bay amid the small flotilla of boats, with their musicians, traders, and touts, the whole ship was terrified by loud and persistent shrieks.

They came from a woman, who with long hair flying loose in the wind and dishevelled white garments, tore up and down the promenade-deck pointing to the cabin she had just left, and crying—

"There! There! In there—murder!—*assassino!* Help, help——"

It was Mrs. Billingston.

All of us nearly, the captain from his bridge, the ship's doctor, stewards, and stewardess, passengers, myself one of the first, filled the cabin, and took in at a glance the hideous catastrophe.

Mr. Billingston was dead in his berth. He had been stabbed to the heart some hours previously, for the body was cold, as the doctor soon testified, and the *rigor mortis* had set in.

Who had done this foul deed?

The stewardess and some of the ladies had taken possession of Mrs. Billingston, had carried her off to another cabin. By and by, when order had been restored and the theatre of the crime locked up and sealed, the captain, doctor, and myself, as an acquaintance of the deceased, were admitted to hear Mrs. Billingston's account of the tragedy, so far as she knew of what had occurred. She had awakened at daylight, without having been disturbed in the night, and had spoken to her husband. Although a light sleeper, roused generally at the first sound of her voice, he had made no answer, and, on looking down upon him from the upper berth, she was struck by something in his attitude; the perfect stillness of the body, the absence of any sign of life.

Filled with vague alarm, she threw herself out of bed, and at once realised the truth.

"You say nothing disturbed you in the night? You heard no one enter the cabin?" asked the captain.

"I heard nothing, absolutely nothing."

"No stifled cry, no appeal for help?" I suggested.

"Nothing. Have I not said so?"

"The cabin door—do you remember was it locked when you retired?"

"It was not locked. I know that. I am very nervous at sea. I could not bear to be locked in. Something might happen, a collision, shipwreck, who can tell?"

"Or worse," said the captain, sententiously jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"Has anything been removed?" I asked. "Anything stolen from your cabin? Any of your property, your jewellery and valuables?"

"How can I tell that?" She turned her great eyes upon me reproachfully. "How could I possibly look for such things, or think of them at such a time?"

The rest of the men thought me a heartless wretch for putting such a question, but it was a right and proper question I knew, and I suggested it to the Neapolitan police-officer who presently came off and took charge of the case. One of his first acts was to make a close inspection of the Billingstons' cabin, and he gently but firmly insisted that the lady should accompany him. With her assistance it was soon established that not one scrap of jewellery, no money or valuables were missing.

The murder, then, was not for greed, much as these reckless people with their profuse display laid themselves open to a criminal outrage.

I now felt it my duty to take the Italian detective aside and communicate my suspicions. He was a shrewd, business-like official, red-haired and ferrety-eyed, quite ready to suspect anybody on board, even myself.

But he relaxed a little when I told him of my first meeting with Khanjar on the Nile, of his as yet unexplained pursuit of the Billingstons, of his presence, so I firmly believed, upon the *Vaterland*.

"Where is he now? This must be looked into." The passenger-lists were called for and examined, but as I had warned the detective, no person of the name of Khanjar had shipped at Port Said.

"Let all the passengers, first and second class, be paraded upon the upper deck," said the police-officer peremptorily. "You shall pick out your man, Signor, if you can. If he is not here, it will be a strong presumption that he has his reasons for leaving the ship clandestinely, always supposing that he really came on board."

The muster of the passengers was made not without protest and dissatisfaction,

and I was led down the ranks, inspecting every face. There was no one answering to Khanjar. But I stuck to my point that Khanjar had come on board. Goldeck, the courier, when pressed, also admitted that he had seen and smoked with his "friend" during the passage. Further corroborative evidence was now given by the purser, who remembered that a second saloon passenger had embarked at Port Said, by name Peter Brooklyn, who might be the missing man.

But why had he disappeared, and how? There was only one possible explanation of the fact. That he had been impelled to fly, by an evil conscience, to escape the consequences of his crime. As to the method, it was probable that he had slipped overboard as the steamer came to her moorings. If, as I conjectured, he was really a Neapolitan, or one who knew Naples, he could have dropped down unobserved into one of the many small boats and got on shore. Any such plan, provided he had the perpetration of a crime in his mind, could have been arranged by cable before leaving Port Said.

I had no longer any doubt that he had vowed vengeance against Billingston, and it was to wreak it upon him, upon her also, that he had followed them to the uttermost ends of the earth.

But why had he spared the woman? Only for one conceivable reason: that she had gone over to his side, and had connived at, perhaps assisted in the crime. My suspicions had been first aroused, as I told the Italian police-officer, when she met Khanjar secretly on board the *Vaterland*. What was less clear to us, and we discussed the whole matter as good comrades eager for daylight, was the motive that had moved her to take up with Khanjar.

"Their acquaintance was not of yesterday, that we know," I reasoned. "Khanjar's conduct and his talks to me prove it."

"If we could find that they were old friends, close, intimate friends, it would be easy enough," said the Cavaliere.

There were those on board who, to my surprise, knew all about Mrs. Billingston, and who now came forward with some very curious information. We heard that she was of Italian extraction, although born in the United States. She had been trained for the stage, and had come out as a singer and dancer, rapidly achieving a great reputation. Mr. Billingston, a young millionaire entirely his own master, offered her marriage, and was accepted, not with alacrity, perhaps, but as too good a prize to be passed by. But she was not quite off with one old love before she caught on with the new; she had jilted a former swain and fiancé, Giuseppe Cangiare, a well-to-do oilman in New York, in order to accept Billingston.

Cangiare, my man Khanjar, had sold up everything, and started to chase the happy couple all over the world. He had told me how he had followed them unremittingly and remorselessly everywhere, thirsting, no doubt, for their blood, and I knew that at last he had come up with them. He meant to slay them both; if the wife had been spared, it must have been because she had returned to her first love under some strange, unexplained revulsion of feeling.

These facts abundantly satisfied us as to a motive for the crime, but to prove the wife's complicity was not so easy even under Italian law, which, like the French, gives extraordinary power of cross examination to the instructing judge. Mrs. Billingston was detained for some months at Naples, and continually interrogated, but she made no confession, without which she could not be convicted of the crime.

Nor was Khanjar "run in." He was never secured by the Italian police. Probably the free use of ample funds helped him to get away from Europe to the New World, and there pursuit slackened. It was no one's business to catch him. The widow had no consuming desire to see him punished for her husband's death, seeing that she herself was almost certainly implicated. And she profited by it enormously. The whole of the Billingston wealth came into her hands, and she was at liberty to spend it as she pleased. That Khanjar will eventually share it is almost a foregone conclusion.

# THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

## *STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

### "IMPERIAL CÆSAR."

FIVE years of war followed the peace that had at last been broken at Austerlitz; and such wars! Wars waged on such a large scale and with such an abundance of means, such enterprise and genius, such triumphant results as the world has seldom seen. War, in 1806, with Prussia, so prompt and decisive that in less than a month she was reduced to the status of a third-rate Power, prostrate and despoiled, partitioned between Saxony, Russia, and the new Napoleonic kingdom of Westphalia. War again with Russia, more creditable to her military character, but little less disastrous than that of 1805, and converting her into the humble and obedient ally of France; next with Spain and Portugal; the Peninsula invaded under specious pretences, first occupied, then held as conquered, with shameless breach of faith; another war with Austria, leaving her crippled, with the loss of access to the sea, of three millions of population and much territory, and compelled to purchase peace by the surrender of a Hapsburg Princess to the arms of the Corsican Emperor — thus seconding his scheme for divorce. These are the years of his greatest triumph, of his unquestioned political ascendency, of unbroken military successes that constituted him the greatest general of that, or perhaps any, age. Let us examine briefly some of the chief stages of this astonishingly rapid and striking career of conquest.

The campaign of Jena reproduces that of Austerlitz in many particulars. Prussia was all wrong throughout. She missed her best chance of action, and declared war too late and too soon. Too late, because in 1805 she might have done Napoleon infinite mischief by falling on his flank as he advanced into Austria; too soon in 1806, because (like Austria) she did not wait for the arrival of her Russian allies. Again, in her plan of campaign she resolved to take the offensive, when by holding the line first of the Elbe and then of the Oder she would have drawn Napoleon on through an inhospitable country at the worst season of the year, and then confronted him, concentrated and combined with her friends. But in her divided military councils, where senility fought with presumptuous youth, there was one point in common: that attack was better than defence. Napoleon had always won because he had always been allowed to take the initiative; to forestall him would be to deprive him of his most effective weapon. Besides, the traditions of the Great Frederick still threw a halo around the army he had created; it was still confidently believed that, although untried for half a century, with slow formal tactics and antiquated equipment, it would be more than a match, even single-handed, for the brilliant young general, so admirably supported by able lieutenants and troops flushed with recent victories.

In October 1806 Napoleon held his army compactly placed along the river Maine behind the Thuringian forest. On the far side were the Prussians at Erfurt, Weimar, and Jena, with an advanced guard pushed forward to Saalfeld watching the issues of the mountain passes. Napoleon had seven army corps with a cavalry corps, and the Imperial Guard, in

all about 190,000. The Prussians, under their aged leader Brunswick, a veteran of the Seven Years' War, numbered 150,000, including the troops of Saxony and Würtemberg.

Both sides prepared to advance. The Prussian leaders, after much discussion, decided at length to move by a double line—false strategy that was never put in practice, for Napoleon burst upon them like a thunderstroke while they hesitated, and the war was ended almost before it was begun. Of the various lines open to him he preferred that by his right, the most direct road to Berlin, and thrust his army, corps after corps, through the Thuringian passes — Soult and Ney to Baireuth and Hof, Bernadotte in the centre, Davoust, the cavalry, and the guard on the left, moving by Coburg to Grafenthal and Saalfeld. The mere direction of his advance threatened the Prussian communications with Berlin, and peremptorily ended the idea of taking the offensive. The enemy fell back at once and hastily, now making for the line of the Elbe. Brunswick reached the Saale on Oct. 13, prepared to fight a great battle about Kosen, leaving Hohenlohe with one corps to cover his retreat. Napoleon found Hohenlohe at Jena, and thinking he had the whole Prussian army in front of him, resolved to attack. Davoust, further down the river, on the extreme French right, was ordered to force a passage at Kosen, and co-operate by the east bank on the Prussian rear. This brought on the battle of Auerstadt on the 14th, when Davoust with great gallantry attacked double his numbers, and beat Brunswick completely. The same day Napoleon, being two to one, attacked Hohenlohe at Jena, and obtained a signal victory. "You cannot imagine the extent of this defeat," Berthier wrote Junot. "It is like magic, or to speak in the words of Scripture, the hand of the Lord overthrew them."

A vigorous pursuit followed Jena. The Prussians had fled disorganised to the Elbe, which Davoust crossed at Wittenberg, not fifty miles from Berlin, on the 20th. All the great fortresses fell. Spandau was surprised, Berlin entered on the 25th, Stettin the 29th, Cüstrin the 31st. On Nov. 8 Magdeburg, with a garrison of 22,000 and 700 guns, was taken by Ney with half the number; Murat, having forced Hohenlohe to surrender, galloped into Lubeck. Napoleon was absolute master of Prussia. In one short month he had destroyed her army in the field, had driven the King from his capital, leaving him only the barren province of East Prussia, and a poor force of 25,000 disheartened troops. The country lay crushed and humiliated at the feet of her conquerer.

Napoleon had thus disposed of one half of his Northern enemies. Russia remained, and her armies were now tardily, as at Austerlitz, advancing towards the Vistula. They must be met and beaten if Napoleon's supremacy in Europe was to be assured. England, as we know, remained defiant to the last, but he tried to fight her with other weapons, and it was from Berlin that he issued those famous decrees that were to kill British commerce by excluding her goods from the Continent. This, the great "Continental system" that failed so signally, forbade all trade with England; no English ship, no ship coming from an English or colonial port, could enter a French port without the penalty of seizure as prize. Even postal communication was stopped, letters to or from England were seized and destroyed; every Englishman found upon the Continent in countries that acknowledged the Napoleonic rule became a prisoner of war. Such bitter measures could only be met with equal hostility. War was made, and far more effectually, upon French commerce, so that soon the French flag was driven from the seas. The strict blockade against British goods was evaded by a gigantic system of contraband smuggling, which became one of the most profitable of trades. The Custom Houses and their officers were hoodwinked or bought over; even the highest functionaries took bribes, English goods still reached Continental consumers, and were found in Napoleon's own palaces, but at the advanced prices all these manœuvres entailed. The Emperor appealed to the ladies of his

court to aid him in his exclusion of the products that travelled through the country he hated. He begged them to prefer Swiss to Chinese tea, to drink chicory instead of Mocha coffee, to eat beetroot sugar, to eschew English stuffs and draperies. "Let them beware I do not catch them wearing dresses of English manufactures," he wrote Junot. This prohibition would have a double effect, campaign of Friedland, and the Hanse Towns, which had been laid under contribution for 200,000 pairs of shoes, 50,000 great-coats and other clothing, were obliged to contract for them with English firms, so that battles were fought under the Emperor's eye by soldiers clad in uniforms that had been made at Halifax and Leeds.

Napoleon knew that the conflict with

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF JENA, OCTOBER 14, 1806.

This picture of Napoleon is a fragment of a great canvas representing the battle of Jena, found in the Hall of Battles at Versailles. Vernet was commissioned by Louis Philippe to paint the great battles of France when he first conceived the idea of converting the château into an historical museum. This particular picture is one of a series, including the battles of Friedland, Jena, and Wagram. It appeared in the *Salon* of 1836. The moment chosen by Vernet for his picture is that when the Emperor, accompanied by Murat and Berthier, heard in the ranks of the Imperial Foot-Guards the words: "*En avant!*" "What is that?" said he. "It can only be a beardless boy who thinks he knows what I ought to do. Let him wait until he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he presumes to give me advice." It was, indeed, one of the conscripts, eager to show his courage.

*From the Painting by Horace Vernet in the Versailles Gallery.*

he hoped; it would injure England and stimulate French production. But it failed signally, and France in the long run suffered far more than England from the Continental blockade. The climax of absurdity was reached in the coming Russia would be serious, and that great efforts must be made if he was to secure success. He was prepared to take the initiative, although it was the winter season, and his troops had suffered severely already. His first act was to bring up

reinforcements to consolidate his position, repair the fortresses, organise great dépôts of supply all along the road from France. He has had no superior as a military administrator, and his plans as seen in his multifarious and elaborate correspondence show how minutely he attended to every point, how he held every thread in his own hands. In anticipation of the demands of the coming campaign, he forestalled the conscription of 1807, and at once called up all recruits of that year. He levied enormous contributions on subject and friendly peoples—cash from Germany, newly confederated, £24,000,000; from Italy £1,200,000; from Spain £2,880,000; from Portugal £640,000; requisitions for warlike stores on others. He revised the arrangements of the army under his immediate orders in the field, especially for the cavalry, which would be largely used in the great plains of Poland and Eastern Prussia. A great dépôt was formed at Potsdam, in the extensive stables built by Frederick the Great, and here all the horses captured or bought were collected to be broken in and made into efficient cavalry. By these active measures the Grand Army was soon raised to an effective 300,000 men, of whom about half only were available for field operations, the rest being dispersed along the communications, or in hospital sick and wounded. With these 150,000 he now faced the Russians, and completed the subjugation of Europe. "The dice will decide the game," he wrote the poor King of Prussia, who had rashly declared that he still relied upon the Czar.

The opposing armies were very different in character and constitution. Napoleon had developed efficiency by every possible means; the drill and tactics of the French troops had been perfected under his own eye, guided by the experience gained in the last campaign. With his infinite capacity for taking pains, he had created regiments of grenadiers and voltigeurs; he had revised and improved the infantry formation, adopting a system based upon the intelligence of the rank and file and the practical knowledge of their regimental officers. At this period the *personnel* of the army was at its best; the ranks were filled with the fine old soldiers of the revolutionary wars, steady, self-reliant veterans, who had long made war their trade. They had the unbounded confidence in their officers that constant success must always give. These soldiers were a fine nucleus of strength, invaluable by their experience and their example. Scientific instruction had been lavished upon the officers of staff, artillery, and engineers; the highest skill was encouraged by the rewards that followed its display.

On the other hand, the Russian army was ill-organised and badly led. Although the men were strong, sturdy, constant in battle, and when on duty kept within bounds, they were drunken, and without discipline in quarters. The regimental officers were lazy, ignorant, without military education; so that for all scientific work foreigners were engaged, between whom and the native officers there was much heartburning and ill-will. The training of the Russian troops was indifferent; the infantry tactics never went beyond bayonet attacks; the Cossack cavalry could not be depended upon for manœuvre, although excellent as irregulars. Organisation was hopelessly bad: brigades and divisions were not properly made up of the three arms; hospitals were few; an enormous host of camp-followers, including servants and retainers—as many as 200 per regiment—impeded free movement. Thus the natural courage of the Russian soldiery was sadly handicapped, although finely apparent on many a hard-fought field. They stood their ground with magnificent tenacity in the campaigns of 1806-7, and the battles of Eylau and Friedland bear witness to this. As Capefigue remarks, with Austrians and Prussians campaigns were decided in one or two great actions, when capitulation and surrender followed; with the Russians "there was nothing but to kill or be killed." Victory was not secured without frightful carnage and the annihilation of almost the last man.

Napoleon began this fierce struggle with the occupation of Warsaw and an advance to the Vistula. He succeeded in driving his enemy back in sharp engagements at

Pultusk and Golymin—the first fought and won by Lannes, the second by Davoust and Augereau. Now the winter set in with extreme severity—hard frosts alternated with sudden thaws; the roads, knee-deep in mud, became nearly impassable for men or guns. The great distances and the terrible weather made the supply of the army most difficult, and the hospitals were crowded with the sick and wounded. Davoust's corps was reduced to 15,000 men, Soult's to 16,000, Augereau's, further weakened by the desertion of stragglers and marauders, was only 7000 strong, Repose was absolutely essential for both the belligerents, and both went into winter quarters, where under the active care of Napoleon the French soon recovered health and strength. Early in January 1807 the Russian General, Beningsen, resumed the offensive. Under cover of the network of lakes in East Prussia he hoped to surprise the French left, relieve Colberg, Dantzig, and Graudenz, and securing the Lower Vistula, then await in winter quarters his expected reinforcements from Russia. This move was nearly successful; but Ney extricated the French left, and Napoleon, fathoming Beningsen's intentions, threw his whole army forward across the Vistula to intercept the enemy. On Jan. 30 he quitted Warsaw, where he had kept his court, and next day, four days after the orders were issued, he was concentrated on Wittenberg. He continued to advance, and on the 6th came upon the Russians, now in retreat on Landsberg. They fought rearguard actions that day, and on the 7th were in position at Eylau, where he was brought to bay. A threefold action followed. Eylau was taken by the French, retaken by the Russians, then abandoned, and on the 8th the great battle was fought.

The victory in this terrible conflict was claimed by both sides. Napoleon, having massed all his artillery in the centre, sent Augereau on to attack, with Davoust to follow when he came up on the right. Augereau marched under the fire of the concentrated Russian artillery, and was nearly destroyed. A heavy snowstorm now interposed a thick pall, and when it cleared an attempt to turn the French right would have been successful but for a desperate cavalry charge under Murat. The crisis of the action came with the appearance of the Prussian corps, under L'Estocq, on the left flank of the French. By this time Davoust began to be felt on the other flank, and he eventually established himself on the left of the Russian position. Ney was at the heels of L'Estocq, and he presently appeared upon the Russian right. With both flanks thus threatened, Beningsen drew off, leaving Napoleon in possession of the ground he had gained. His Guard had not yet been engaged, while the Russians had thrown every regiment into the fight: he could therefore fairly claim to have had the best of it. Moreover, next day Beningsen fell back upon Königsberg, and the French cavalry followed, although too much exhausted to pursue with great vigour. After a halt at Eylau for eight days—a political demonstration, intended to impress Europe with his victory—he again retired, but to take up a less extended position. Now Warsaw was left to an independent corps, and the main army occupied the Vistula, from Thorn to the sea, with the centre thrown forward to Osterode.

Once again Napoleon bent every energy to improve the morale and material efficiency of his army. He had now a total of 60,000 absentees, half sick, half marauders; and 15,000 more were *hors de combat* from wounds. It was of the terrible hardships lately endured that Napoleon wrote to Joseph, who was complaining of discomforts in his kingdom of Naples, "Here we make war with all its vigour but all its horrors. . . . The officers of the staff have not undressed for two months, many not for four months. I myself have not taken off my boots for a fortnight. We are in the midst of snow and mud, without wine, brandy, or bread. We have nothing but potatoes to eat; we make long marches and counter-marches—no pleasant experience. We have to fight with the bayonet under a tremendous fire of grape, the wounded have then to be carried back 150 miles in open sleighs. It is but a poor joke," he adds, "to compare the

NAPOLEON AT BERLIN AFTER HIS ENTRY WITH HIS ARMY ON OCTOBER 27, 1806.

*From the Picture by Berthon in the Versailles Gallery.*

places where we are to the lovely country of Naples, where you have wine, bread, covering for your beds, society, and even woman." Yet the iron nerves of the great leader were quite unshaken in spite of all his army endured. "In the midst of these great fatigues everyone has been more or less ill; as for myself, I was never stronger, I have grown stout."

The sufferings of the army and the inconclusive nature of the campaign of Eylau could not be concealed from the French people, and marked despondency had followed the frantic rejoicings over Austerlitz and Jena. Paris was deserted, the chief personages at the Court were absent at the front. Trade languished with the absence of all gaiety, the industries that ministered to it were at a standstill. Napoleon from the Vistula strove to remedy this distress. He sent positive orders to the Empress, to the Princesses, to Cambacèrés, Lebrun, and all great officials to give constant entertainments; money obtained by the sale of *objets d'art* in the imperial palaces was to be applied in the purchase of native manufactures; funds for the same purpose were to be drawn from the Treasury, even from his private purse. All warlike stores, accoutrements, equipment, clothing, guns, carriages — everything possible of which the field-army stood in need should be made in Paris, despite the distance and the difficulties of transport. To meet this, his ingenious mind devised the formation of a corps of new *équipages militaires*, battalions of the train that should bring their new wagons right up to the front. Thus he obtained quantities of boots and shoes, food and hospital comforts, harness, ammunition, every necessary for the replenishment of his army and the vigorous prosecution of the war.

Negotiations for peace were in progress during March, and a great effort made to come to terms separately with Prussia. Dantzig fell in May, and, releasing 30,000 men who had besieged it, Napoleon's army reached an effective strength of 160,000. The Russians had also been reinforced, and Beningsen commanded 120,000 men. Napoleon now proposed to drive the Russians back upon the Niemen, and it would have been Beningsen's surest course to await attack, for he had two strong river-lines to defend, while the French advance must be hazardous. The campaign opened in June, and was rapidly decided. Various sharp encounters took place at Deppen, Guttstadt, and Heilsberg, but by the 14th the Russians had fallen back towards Königsberg. Napoleon came up with them at Friedland, not far from Eylau, and fought the last battle of the war. The honours of the day fell to Ney, who stormed the town of Friedland; to Mortier, who carried the centre of the Russian position; and to Victor, "Beau Soleil," as his soldiers called him, and who first came into notice that day leading Bernadotte's corps. The victory was bloody and decisive, a new feature having been introduced for the first time—the concentration of a large number of guns to bring their fire upon one vital point.

After Friedland came the Peace of Tilsit, which placed Napoleon on the topmost pinnacle of his glory. He was now practically supreme Dictator in Europe: he had overthrown Austria, Italy barely existed, he had trampled Prussia under foot, and crippled Russia. He could impose his policy upon the great Sovereigns, who were his vassals and dared not dispute his imperious will. The one sore point was England's stubborn refusal to recognise his royalty. He had set the Czar to make friendly overtures, but they were sternly rejected; and Napoleon angrily declared, "It shall be war to the knife, then; war to the death of one of us." This brought on the coalition against England that was substituted for the abortive invasion; the coalition that led hereafter to the dethronement and imprisonment of the Pope, the conquest of Portugal, and that mistaken invasion of Spain which was to prove so disastrous.

The Emperor, on his return to Paris after Tilsit, was received with an ovation such as was never decreed to the most triumphant Roman. France was beside herself with joy. The enthusiasm rose to

universal delirium; the country was sated with glory. These victorious achievements flattered her vanity and gave her the first place in Europe. It was but natural that she should pour incense before the man to whom she owed it all; should worship him in his unapproachable grandeur, gladly hugging her gilded chains, whose iron pressure was concealed under such glorious laurels. The acclamations of the people were loud and prolonged; congratulatory addresses poured in on every side. France was willingly beguiled by the enchanter, who loaded her with rich gifts and new prosperity. "Luxury and glory have never failed to turn the heads of the French" was a speech of the Emperor's, and under their glamour he found the best security for his throne.

Within the circle of his own Court and *entourage* the satisfaction was not so keen. Joy was tempered with apprehension. It was anxiously debated among these many dependents on his sovereign pleasure whether their mighty master had come back in a good temper or not. Many things had occurred in Paris during his absence to vex and annoy him. His family could not keep the peace with one another; the Bonapartes were bitterly hostile to Josephine, and there was incessant intriguing about succession to the imperial crown. The acknowledged heir, Napoleon's favourite, "M. Napoléon," as he called him, the infant son of Louis and Hortense, had been carried off suddenly by croup. On whom should the purple fall? The brothers looked for it; one sister, Caroline Murat, hankered after it for

NAPOLEON ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF FRIEDLAND, JUNE 14, 1807, GIVING ORDERS TO GENERAL OUDINOT FOR THE PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

*From the Picture by Horace Vernet in the Versailles Gallery.*

her *beau sabreur*; Josephine wished it for her son Eugène, who was universally beloved. Then there were unsavoury scandals of misconduct; august ladies nearly related to the Emperor were accused of something more than indiscretion. With all this the Faubourg St. Germain was credited with much malevolent gossip, ridicule, and witty sayings, to which Napoleon was particularly sensitive, or real hostility to the present *régime*, that gave uneasiness to its despotic chief and reacted on his temper.

Napoleon soon showed it, for he scolded everybody all round: his wife, his family, the Court, high society, every great official. He was especially angry with Fouché and the imperial police, which neglected its chief business, that of espionage. For deep, dark, rankling suspicion was ever Napoleon's *bête noire*; and a greedy hunger for news and tittle-tattle always marred his greatness. He never felt safe, doubting those even who were most devoted to him. He had been raised by his great deeds immeasurably above all his old comrades, and his imperious spirit, inflated by his unbroken good fortune, continually increased the distance. But from the summit of his throne he looked anxiously down into the depths below, fretting to know all that was said and thought of him, whom he could really trust, what schemes might be hatching out of his sight and reach.

The imperial Court, thus hanging on the goodwill of the greatest despot the world has seen, was no pleasant resting-place, the imperial service no bed of roses. Yet if the great Emperor often frowned and scolded furiously, he could reward as lavishly. It was largely for his own glorification, to increase the pomp and pageantry of his court that he now created a great order of nobility for his favourites and followers, bestowing new and fantastic titles, accompanied with munificent endowments. His brothers were now Kings, his brother-in-law a Grand Duke, Ministers and Marshals became Hereditary Princes or Dukes, thirty-one in number, called after the great battles they had won. The first Duke made was Lefèbvre, husband of the now famous "Madame Sans-Gêne," who brought the barrack-room into the Palace, who was a far more worthy woman than many who laughed at her. Now Talleyrand became Prince of Benevente; Bernadotte, Prince of Monte Corvo, Berthier Prince of Neuchâtel; Lannes was Duke of Montebello, Ney of Elchingen, Davoust of Auerstadt, Soult Duke of Dalmatia, and so on. Lesser generals were created counts and barons in hundreds, by their own or other names, and for a time the confusion in Paris as to addresses was immense, while the residences of the new dignitaries were labelled with their titles in gold letters, and heralds were kept busy in devising coats-of-arms. Enormous incomes were allotted to these various titles from the French treasury or the revenues of foreign dependencies.

At Court a rigid and elaborate system of etiquette was introduced, copied to a large extent from the ceremonial customs of ancient monarchy, but enforced with a punctilious exactitude far exceeding that of Versailles or Vienna. After the move to Fontainebleau, which shortly became a favourite residence, precise rules were laid down for the general circle: great personages received on certain evenings: on one the Emperor and Empress entertained with music and cards; on another the Grand Duchess of Berg (Madame Murat) gave a ball; next night Princess Borghese (Pauline Bonaparte), Princes, and Ministers were to give dinners in turn (the Grand Marshal Duroc kept a table at which twenty-five covers were laid daily). The Emperor, as a rule, dined tête-à-tête with his Empress; Kings and Princes joined only by express invitation. Following the old practice there were great hunts in the Forest of Fontainebleau; special costumes were designed for the ladies, and each great personage prescribed the colour for her own suite: the Empress chose a tint of purple called amaranth, Queen Hortense blue and silver, Madame Murat pink, Princess Borghese lilac; the gentlemen, Emperor included, wore green and gold: yet this splendid Court was by no means lively, and Napoleon complained that although

NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AT TILSIT, JULY 6, 1807.

On the arrival of the Queen of Prussia at Königsberg, the Emperor descended to the street to meet the brave and beautiful Sovereign, and received her at the foot of the steps. The Imperial Guard were under arms; the Emperor was accompanied by the Grand Duke of Berg, the Marshals Berthier and Ney, General Duroc, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand.

*From the Picture by Gosse in the Versailles Gallery.*

he wanted his guests to amuse themselves they looked bored and dull. The fact was the weight of his despotism lay heavy

JOSEPH NAPOLEON AND JULIA MARIA BONAPARTE AS KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

upon all; it was difficult to be gay to order, even though couched in the imperious "*Je le veux*" which was so common an expression of Napoleon's irrevocable will. It was impossible, as Talleyrand said, to "amuse the unamusable."

The pomp and splendour of Napoleon's State were seen at their highest when he joined the Czar Alexander at Erfurt to arrange the affairs of Europe and secure a free hand in Spain. It was a theatrical display, more gorgeous than when Henry VIII. met Francis upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Napoleon posed as the modern Charlemagne; he was King of Italy and Emperor of the West, a God-sent, divinely endowed potentate, with whom there could be no rivalry or equality—only his brother Emperor was suffered to stand near him. At the grand banquets these two alone had armchairs; ordinary chairs were set for Kings, and stools, the ancient *tabouret*, were good enough for Princes. Crowned heads waited in ante-chambers, unnoticed and despised; a sentry who was censured for not saluting one excused himself by saying he was "only a king." In the balls, hunting-parties, and festivities Napoleon appeared seldom; but he patronised Wieland and Goethe, whom he summoned to his presence, and treated these immortals to long disquisitions on literature.

Erfurt may be taken as the climax and zenith of the Napoleonic legend. But already the meridian was being passed. He was now committed to the war in Spain. The country he had seemed to subjugate without a blow had now risen against him as one man. He had endured the bitterness of his first terrible reverse, the surrender of an army—Dupont's—at Baylen, and he meant, at all hazards, at all costs, to re-vindicate his authority. "The Spanish War will be fatal to the French Empire," said Talleyrand, with far-seeing inspiration. "It is the beginning of the end." Napoleon punished his unpalatable prediction with abuse and disgrace, and Talleyrand was not seen again in Paris

GENERAL AND MADAME MURAT AS KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.

till after the retreat from Moscow had shown this fatal end within measurable distance.

X. Y. Z.

NIGHT-LIGHTS.

WHEN the Earl of Dudley took Miss Rachel Gurney to wife seven years ago everybody thought her a lucky woman: he is one of the richest peers in the country, and one of the most industrious to boot. Though he owns only 25,600 acres, worth £123,176 a year, his mines bring him in an enormous revenue, and his father left him £1,026,000. His mother was one of the eight beautiful daughters of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe. Lord Dudley, who is thirty-one this month, has three children. Gladys, the eldest, was born in June 1892. His heir, Viscount Ednam, is just four, and Lady Morvyth, the youngest, is two years old.

Lord Dudley is in the Yeomanry; he has been an Alderman (of Worcester), a Mayor (of Dudley), a County Councillor (of London), and Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. His chief seat, Witley Court, in the county of Worcester, was bought by his father sixty years ago for £900,000.

The Dudley title has had a curious history. A barony was conferred on John Sutton in 1342. The tenth holder of the barony, Frances Sutton, married (in 1611) the son of William Ward, a Cheapside goldsmith, and the family have been Wards ever since. They have been very lucky with their title, for though the barony expired in 1758, a cadet of the house was created Viscount Dudley in 1763. The viscountcy became extinct in 1833, but again a cadet (the present peer's father) came in, and was created Earl of Dudley in 1860.

On the 24th of this month the Queen will be seventy-nine, and the Earl of Macclesfield, the youngest member of her nobles, will be ten years old. Lord Macclesfield's father, Viscount Parker, died in 1895; and his grandfather, whom he succeeded, in 1896. The earldom was created in 1721 on behalf of Sir Thomas Parker, the Lord High Chancellor, who was afterwards convicted at the Bar of the House of Lords on the charge of corruption, and fined £30,000. Curiously enough, the oldest member of the Peerage bears a very similar name. He is the Earl of Mansfield, and is ninety-two years old. His earldom was created on behalf of an ancestor who was Lord Chief Justice.

The issue of the fourth edition of "The Laws of Bridge," published by De La Rue, recalls the fact that this game was introduced into England by Lord Brougham and Vaux. In 1894, on his returning from the South of France, his Lordship was dealing in a game of whist at the Portland Club, and instead of turning up the last card, deliberately placed it face downwards on his pack, apologising to his partner that he thought he was playing "Bridge." "What is 'Bridge?'" was the query that went round. Lord Brougham explained, and within six months "whist was hurled from the pedestal on which it had long posed proudly as the best of games in its surest footholds, and 'Bridge' took its place for ever and aye in the card-rooms of the Portland and Turf clubs."

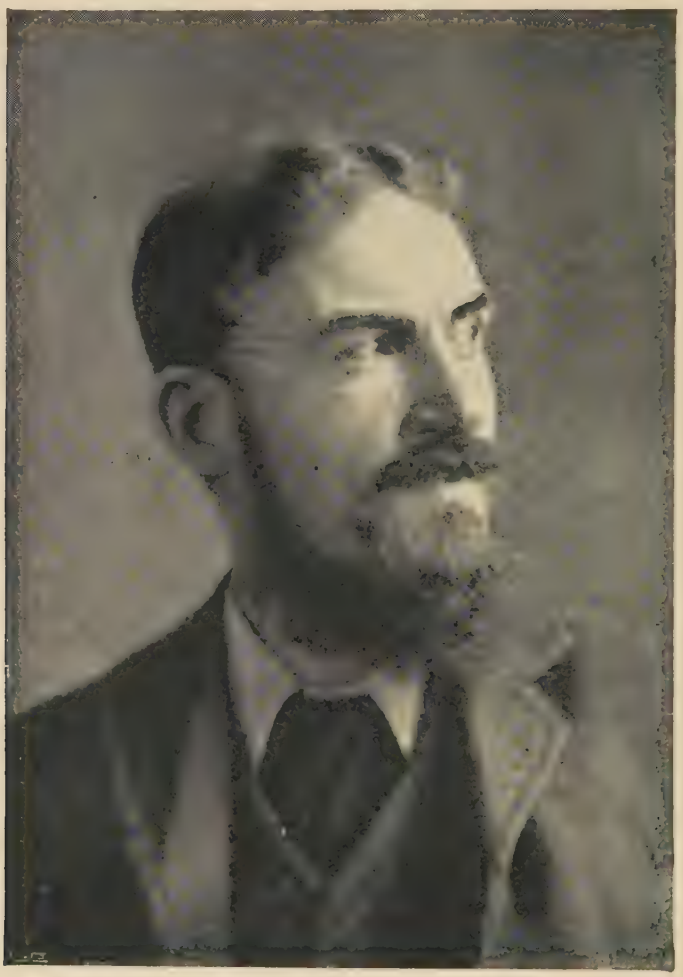
This is the second contribution in the art of enjoyment that the Broughams

*Photo by Ellis.*

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND HER CHILDREN, VISCOUNT EDNAM AND THE LADIES GLADYS AND MORVYTH WARD.

have rendered, for, as everybody knows, the well-known build of carriage named after them was constructed for the first and the greatest Lord Brougham, who got his title in 1810 and died this month thirty years ago at the age of ninety. The tobacco named after him. This was the "Arcadia" mixture which Mr. Barrie smoked to evolve "My Lady Nicotine."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who has just published his plays, is an Irishman,



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.
*Private Portrait Study by Frederick H. Evans.*

second peer was the great Chancellor's brother, and the bringer of "Bridge" is the latter's nephew. He is sixty-two. His only son is eleven this month.

In the same connection, it may be noticed that the present Earl of Craven's father invented the well-known brand of

novelist, dramatist, journalist, critic of music and of the drama, political pamphleteer, platform speaker, and Socialist. Take of these elements all that is fusible, melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible, set them to simmer, and skim off the scum, and George Bernard Shaw is the residuum. That is as difficult to do as it was with

Mr. Gilbert's Heavy Dragoon; for Mr. Shaw is so many "'lists" that you can hardly "get him on the list" at all. He wears Jaeger, he is a bachelor, he is a vegetarian, he is a teetotaler; he dislikes evening dress, and thinks Shakspere was a pretty poor hand. But he is always lively. And that covers a multitude of sins in a man.

PIPER FINDLATER IN THE HOSPITAL AT RAWAL PINDI, HOLDING THE BROKEN CHANTER WHICH THRILLED HIS COMRADES AT DARGAI.

Not since Kinglake tried to sift the huge mass of personal evidence on the Crimean campaign has there been such a diversity of views as on the great charge at Dargai. Though it occurred so recently as Oct. 18 the stories connected with it are so numerous as to form a saga rivalling the legends of the ancient Norsemen.

The true and particular account will probably never be known; but this much is certain, that Piper Findlater, of the Gordon Highlanders, is now in Netley Hospital; that he played "The Haughs of Cromdale" and *not* "The Cock o' the North"; that he was *not* hit by a Dum-Dum bullet; and that he is a Scotsman, and not a native of Hesse-Darmstadt, as a Frankfort newspaper declared.

Findlater was born at Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, the scene of a great defeat of the Covenanters two centuries and a half ago. His father was a miller, and he was born in 1872. He "'listed" when he was sixteen, and went through the Malakand campaign. He is to get the Victoria Cross.

Few actresses have made such rapid progress in the art of comedy as Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who is now playing the part of the jealous young wife in "The Dovecot" at the Duke of York's Theatre. Miss Jeffreys is an Irishwoman, the daughter of the late Captain Dodsworth Jeffreys, and married the Hon. Frederick Curzon, the second son of Earl Howe, four years ago. Always charming as an actress, she made her first real hit in "His Little Dodge" at the Royalty Theatre, where she suddenly showed herself a mistress of genuine comedy.

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

By the way, another actress returns to the stage after her marriage. This is Miss Maud Millett, who is the daughter of one military officer, the late Major Millett, of the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, and the wife of another, Captain Tennant, of the Royal Artillery. Miss Millett, who was married last year, is to make her reappearance shortly.

Lord Cadogan's grandchildren, the Hon. Sybil and Edith Cadogan, are the daughters of Viscount Chelsea, who married the Hon. Mildred Sturt, daughter of Lord Alington. Sibyl is five years old, and her sister is three. They have been a good deal in Ireland with their grandfather, who has made himself popular as Lord Lieutenant. Lord Chelsea is the second son, his elder brother, for whom the Prince of Wales stood sponsor, having died in boyhood.

The Cadogan acres are not broad, but they bear a rich harvest, being no less

*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

THE HON. EDITH AND SYBIL CADOGAN, DAUGHTERS OF LADY CHELSEA.

than Chelsea. The estate of Chelsea originally belonged to the family of Cheyne — hence Cheyne Row, where Carlyle lived. It was purchased in 1712 by Sir Hans Sloane—hence Sloane Square and Hans Place — the famous Court physician. One of his daughters married Baron Cadogan and brought Chelsea with her. Her son was created Viscount Chelsea and Earl Cadogan in 1800.

*Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.*

DR. CONAN DOYLE.

On the twenty-ninth of this month you may congratulate Dr. Conan Doyle on attaining his thirty-ninth birthday. The nephew of "Dicky" Doyle, the *Punch* cartoonist, and of John Doyle ("H. B."), the famous caricaturist, he was educated at Stonyhurst (for he is a Catholic) and at Edinburgh University, where he took his M.D., and studied under Dr. Joseph Bell, the prototype of Sherlock Holmes. His first book, "A Study in Scarlet," appeared in 1887, and he has become so busy as a writer that he has abandoned medicine. Dr. Doyle, who is tall and athletic looking, lives at Hindhead, beside Mr. Grant Allen and the other notabilities of Hill-topdom. And living thus he enjoys an outdoor life, and cycles to his heart's content among the Surrey Hills.

# AN OUTLAW'S GRAVE IN A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

IN an ancient village, full of traces and signs of habitation beyond Norman times right back (through Danish, Saxon, Roman, and Celtic occupations) to the non-Aryan, Iberic, Neolithic dwellers, in the old burial-ground of the Saxon church founded late in the tenth century, to find a modern chieftain's grave of the Teutonic race—that of a "great fief" of the German Empire—comes as a surprise, and looks like a romance. A modern warrior laid to rest in the burial-ground of a church built by the Abbess and "She Benedictines" of the religious house of "St. Mary de Chatris" (as Domesday Book has it), in the Isle of Ely, upon the demesne land of their manor of Minchinbury or Nunsbury, in the parish of Barley; which ancient structure afterwards made way for a more substantial Norman edifice, and of this latter the tower still remains. Our thoughts go back to the time of the Confessor, when the sons of the rival houses of Godwine and Leofric held under the King, and the fighting men of the village gathered to the English cause for the coming struggle at Senlac; or, led by Hereward the Wake, made the last English stand against the Frenchmen in the Isle of Ely. A simple head-stone, in the form of a cross, overhung with cypress and yew, marks off the mound of green turf from those many others hard by. A quiet unobtrusive resting-place, indeed, for the mortal remains of "Heinrich Count Arnim" and "Emma, his wife," as our Illustrations show. The occasional summer visitors who walk round the Church of St. Margaret's, Barley — a retired agricultural village nestling among the North Herts Hills—are puzzled to account for so unusual and, it would seem, out-of-place grave, so far removed from the Fatherland. And to tell the story in brief outline will be to satisfy a curiosity more than local, and at the same time to add another touch of romance to the history of the Hungarian cause, as well as to introduce to the reader episodes in the chequered career of a powerful and pathetic personality that passed through the domain of European politics only to disappear from public view; first, as an unknown exile in our great Metropolis, and, then, under the cover of the green turf in a remote rural village of the land of refuge open to the heterogeneous crowd of Continental exiles. Count von Arnim, born the year before Waterloo, was the head of the great German family of that name. Almost directly he entered into the political and social life of the Prussian capital, he developed what were then regarded as strong Radical notions, and was from the very beginning bitterly opposed to the growing influence and conservative policy of Bismarck. And being somewhat hot-headed, and, above all things, a great lover of fighting, it is not surprising that, what with his ardent temperament and his advanced political opinions, he grew more and more discontented with home affairs, and was ready to find an outlet, should occasion arise, in some other quarter. The opportunity came in the Hungarian rising, and von Arnim left the standing army and joined his fortunes to those of Kossuth and his party. In the lamentable quarrels between Kossuth, its Governor-President, and the Hungarian military leaders, especially Görgei, the Count zealously took the side of Kossuth, and bitterly opposed the decision of the latter to give

way to Görgei, and to retire in his favour. Events proved Arnim to have been in the right; and for the time he left the country, with Kossuth, on the treachery of Görgei, who, immediately on attaining supreme power, surrendered himself and army into the hands of the Russians. The Prussian Landwehr were called out, and the Count had necessarily to decide whether he would disobey the summons or throw up

COUNT ARNIM'S GRAVE IN BARLEY CHURCHYARD.

the party of Hungarian freedom. He decided to do the former, not being the man to forsake a falling cause. When the differences between Austria and Hungary were settled in 1867, at the instigation of Deák, von Arnim came to England, as he feared if he went back to Germany and stood his trial for shirking the Landwehr mobilisation, he might be interned in a military fortress and never be brought to trial. For, as he himself said, his enemies were powerful, and he had fatally wounded in duels two members of great families.

Being penniless in London, he with characteristic energy looked about for some honourable means of obtaining a livelihood for himself, the German lady he had married, and his young son. The livelihood was successfully obtained in the setting up of a curative gymnasium on Ling's Swedish system. Here his mastery of the art of fence stood him in good stead. Here it was, as a patient, that the then Rector of Barley, the Rev. R. A. Gordon, made his acquaintance, and quickly won his confidence and friendship, in a way which those who were privileged to know the kindly and courteous rector, always ready to do a service, will at once understand. The outer crust of reticence was broken through, and the outlaw, who passed with the public as Major Loeffler (his mother's name), revealed his identity and disclosed his eventful history.

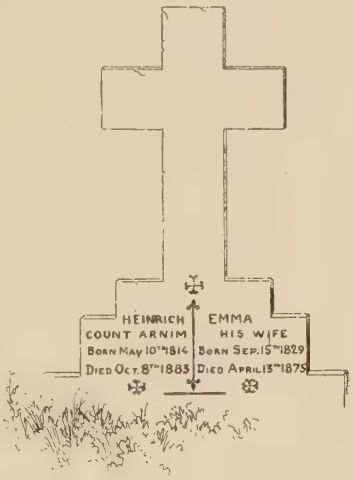
The difficulties of his position from a German point of view were by no means small. As we have said, he had married a German lady, but as she was not ennobled, his children were disqualified by Prussian law from succeeding to his title and vast estates. However, as one of the "great fiefs," he possessed the power of adoption, which he was naturally desirous of exercising in favour of his own son. And all might yet have gone well had a little more discretion been exercised, for von Arnim possessed a tried friend in Count von Moltke, who was in constant communication with him on military tactics during the Franco-Prussian War. Such a series of letters, if given to the public, should be of much interest on many grounds. But to continue our story. Being a "great fief," his estates could not be confiscated, but, as an outlaw, he was unable to enjoy their revenue. Under these circumstances his friend Moltke asked him to send over his son, that he might go through the proper steps to take up his German nationality, and have his name entered in the Military School. The son would, then, be able to put in a claim for

the family estates and also the arrears of accumulated income.

Acting upon this advice, von Arnim sent his son over, but made the unfortunate mistake of allowing his mother to go with her son. Accordingly, when they went the round of the chief Prussian castles, the mother dined in the servants' hall; for, not being noble herself, she was not received by her husband's friends. The Count was righteously indignant when he found this out, and at once ordered his son back to England. He had become imbued with English ideas on such points, and he declared: "I would rather have my son grow up as a poor man in England, in the service of his adopted country, than as a rich man in the service of his Fatherland, where he would have to be ashamed of his mother." As a consequence, he did not enter the military school; von Moltke's good intentions were frustrated; he lost his splendid landed inheritance and great social position. But he continued to be a true and loyal son to his mother till her death in 1875, and is now holding a position in the British Army. Both mother and father were buried in the churchyard of Barley by that typical Anglican parish priest whose soothing friendship and ghostly counsel had done so much to heal the open wounds and soften the hard pillow of the exile. The entries in the parish registers are as follows—

| Name. | Abode. | Buried. | Age. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Emma Leffler .. (Countess Arnim) | .. London | ..April 20. 1875 | ..50 |
| Henry Charles Arnim .. (Von Heinrichsdorf) | .. Hampstead | ..Oct. 13 1883 | ..69 |

His last earthly resting-place was his own choice. He was carried to his grave along one of the four great Roman military ways, renamed by the English, Ermine Street (the way of Eorman, the divinity of war), one of the ancient royal highways that were placed under the protection of the "King's Peace." And our thoughts are irresistibly drawn to that other King's Highway, spoken of by the Evangelical Prophet: "And a highway shall be there,




CROSS MARKING COUNT ARNIM'S GRAVE.

and a way," raised above the Slough of Despond, and fenced against the lions of Giant Grim, and "the redeemed shall walk there." But how rough that way had been to him; so few did the pilgrim find to "gather out the stones." And a few years afterwards the old Rector, who had with scrupulous care carried out von Arnim's wishes, himself joined the great fief in the same God's acre. It is a touching end to the life of the outlaw. How different from the beginning, lived amid the blaze of military pomp, princely wealth, and highest social distinction! What a strange linking together of Continental history and the simple annals of an old-world village in uneventful rural England! What scope for the moralist! What a theme for the poet!

J. Frome Wilkinson.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN: CHARLES THE FIRST'S HEAD OBLITERATED AFTER HIS EXECUTION.
*From Pierre Lombart's Engraving after the Portrait by Vandyck.*

# THE ARTIST AS HEADSMAN.

By G. S. LAYARD.

THERE has been a good deal of laughter caused by one of the latest whims of the German Emperor. It appears that his artistic eye has been offended by the incompleteness of a fine headless torso which was brought to the Fatherland some years since. Everything, he was aware, could be *made in Germany*, so what more natural than to offer a prize for the best crowning of the edifice begun by a Phidias or a Praxiteles? *Finis coronat opus*, and the sculptors of Germany were called upon to compete. None of the results, however, satisfied his Majesty, and two of the artists have been commissioned to try again. Would it be *lèse-majesté* to suggest that there is only one Head in Germany that would prove quite acceptable? However this may be, it has been pointed out that this very thing was done by our own gallant old Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, whose monument, a photograph of which we reproduce by kind permisssion of Mr. Chester Vaughan, stands to this day in the parish church of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. The story goes that the unfinished statue, intended to represent Louis XIV. of France, was being conveyed to Paris in order that the artist might model the head from the living subject, when the vessel was captured by the English Admiral. Pleased with his prize, he compelled the sculptor to finish it with his own likeness instead of that of the Grand Monarque. Is it possible that the Emperor was taken to see this suggestive piece of sculpture on one of his visits to his august grandmother, and that his imagination has been fired by its success? We present the idea to the competitors.

We here reproduce three very curious prints, apropos of the above matter, in which the substitution of one head for another is more outrageous than laughable. They are engravings by Pierre Lombart after the well-known portrait of Charles I. on horseback by Vandyck.

The plate was executed before the execution (save the mark!) of the Martyr-King. After his death, the head of Cromwell was substituted, no doubt for commercial purposes. Charles the First's head was again restored (again save the mark!) after the Restoration. Our reproductions are from the second, third, and fourth states of the plate. It will be observed that, in the earliest—namely, that in which the head has been removed altogether—the scarf is brought across the left shoulder and tied under the right arm, whilst the page-boy has bands and frills to his breeches. In the next, or third state, in which Cromwell's head has been inserted, the scarf has been removed from the shoulder and is tied round the waist, whilst the bands and frills have been removed from the page-boy's nether garments. In the next, or fourth state of the plate, in which Charles's head has been reinserted, there are, besides the substitution of one head for the other, a few minor alterations, such as the addition of the Cavalier moustache to the face of the page-boy, the restoration of the frills to his breeches, the alteration of the pattern of the rider's collar, the addition of the Order of St. George to the rider's breast,

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD ON THE SHOULDERS OF CHARLES I.

*From the Revised Engraving.*

THE DEAD KING WITH HEAD REGAINED AFTER THE RESTORATION.
*From the Final Engraving.*

and the substitution of the royal coat-of-arms for those of the Protector at the bottom of the engraving. It may be mentioned, for the sake of those who care to make a visit to the Print-Room of the British Museum, that there may be seen the unique state of the plate in which the head is burnished out altogether.

Another curious example of the "Artist as Headsman" is to be found in Isaac Cruikshank's "Frontispiece to Fairburn's Magna Charta."

It consists of a portrait of Sir Francis Burdett, with his name above inscribed in a banderole, and his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons printed below.

Of this plate there is (as I pointed out in *Temple Bar* in 1892) a very curious second state in the possession of Mr. Truman, the well-known collector, in which the Baronet's head has been entirely removed, and the head of William Hone substituted. There is no alteration made in the body, but, in place of Sir Francis's name, inscribed in the banderole, appears the legend, "This is the man who published the parodies," and Hone's name appears underneath the portrait.

On this impression of the plate George Cruikshank has written in ink—

"The body of this figure was etched by my father with a head of Sir Francis Burdett, and this portrait of William Hone put on Sir Francis Burdett's shoulders—by whom I do not know.

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."

This, however, Mr. Truman believes to have been a piece of forgetfulness upon the artist's part, and that, as a matter of fact, this portrait of the author of "The Political House that Jack Built" was etched by George himself, and this supposition is curiously supported by an anecdote which the artist told of himself to his friend.

It appears that, whilst Hone's trial was proceeding, in which, it will be remembered, he was prosecuted for a satire upon the Government of the day, that he wrote in the form of a parody on the Book of Common Prayer, great fear was felt by his friends that he would be convicted, which would have resulted in the casting of his children, absolutely penniless, upon the cold charity of the world, George told Mr. Truman that he thereupon, by way of raising something to keep them from actual starvation, rapidly etched a portrait of Hone, which he labelled "The Blasphemer," and proposed to sell, immediately on the conviction of his friend, in the streets. This, of course, was rendered unnecessary by Hone's acquittal; and inasmuch as no impressions from the plate, as such, are forthcoming even in George's own collection, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that this second state of the "Frontispiece to Fairburn's Magna Charta" is the one in question, and was really altered by George himself, and forgotten after many years of extraordinary output.

So much for historical instances of putting new heads on old shoulders. But, if I am not mistaken, the very modern restoration of the west front of one of our great cathedrals shows a late Dean's head surmounting the body of a saint or king, which had been mutilated by Cromwell. It would be cruel, perhaps, to be more specific, as vanity is not the most pleasing of the Christian virtues. It is well, however, to remember the German proverb, "Let the devil get into the church, and he will soon be on the altar."

STATUE OF ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT HOLMES IN YARMOUTH CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

The figure was intended to represent Louis XIV. of France; but Sir Robert, having captured the vessel in which it was being conveyed to France for the modelling of the head, retained the statue and had his own head added in lieu of that of the Grand Monarque.

# IN MY LIBRARY.

By CLEMENT SHORTER.

The late James Payn. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's Diary.
Novels by W. Pett Ridge and Gertrude Atherton.

NO well-constituted library, I suppose, gives much space to fiction, because fiction, when once read, is seldom referred to again. Some of us are glad enough to possess first editions of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott, and, among contemporary writers, we willingly boast first editions of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy; but for novels as a whole—however much we may admire the writers—we can give no permanent space. That is how it is that in my library Mr. James Payn, prolific and admirable novelist though he was, is represented by his little volume of poems. The book was published in 1853, when Mr. Payn was twenty-three years of age, and had already written a little volume of "Stories from Boccaccio" in verse. It is dedicated to Mary Russell Mitford. My copy cost me half-a-guinea at a second-hand bookstall, and it is well worth the money, although it contains no very distinguished poetry. Mr. Payn's laurels were won in other fields.

Although Mr. Payn was immensely popular with the circulating library public, and two of his novels in particular, "By Proxy" and "Lost Sir Massingberd," attained to an extraordinary success, it may be said that the literary men who were his contemporaries, those whom he met on terms of equality as to age and reputation, and those younger writers, to whom he gave a helping hand and much impetus towards success, loved him rather as a man than as a writer, or, at any rate, than as a writer of fiction. Now, as ever, there is a great deal of ill-feeling among authors; they are for the most part jealous and sensitive people, as they have been in every age, but it is doubtful if anyone had ever a bad word to say about James Payn. His immense geniality, his abundance of fun and humour, his rich store of anecdote, made him the most winning companion that it was possible to imagine.

His treatment of younger men—of men who approached him with diffidence and a considerable measure of awe—was delightful in the extreme. One of them recalls with pleasure the kindly way in which he was pulled up for commencing to write to "Dear Mr. Payn"; it was only as "My dear Payn" that he wished to be addressed, and he had a way of bringing himself into boyish comradeship with these younger men which made the position an easy and indeed a gratifying one.

Mr. Payn anticipated the biographer by giving us a delightful volume of reminiscences, which afterwards found its way into a cheaper edition. These reminiscences were modified considerably at one particular point in later editions, in consequence of the author having, for once in his life, stepped aside from his usual amiable feeling towards mankind. He drew the line at one of the brothers who made up the firm of W. and R. Chambers. This Mr. Chambers had

treated him unfairly, he considered, during the period he conducted *Chambers's Journal*, and he expressed himself with considerable vigour on the subject. There have been few more attractive volumes of literary anecdote than these reminiscences by the late novelist.

BORN FEB. 28, 1830. DIED MARCH 25, 1898.

THE LATE MR. JAMES PAYN.

*From a Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street.*

Reminiscences are the order of the day, but it is rather curious to see a book which includes in it the names of so many persons still living as may be found in the note-books of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. Sir M. Grant-Duff has already furnished us with two volumes of literary recollections, and he here continues his "Notes from a Diary," * as he calls them, down to 1881. Many of the men to whom he refers—as,

* "Notes from a Diary." By Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. (John Murray.)

for example, Mr. John Morley, Sir John Lubbock, and Professor Max Müller—are still alive; but Sir M. Grant-Duff is a monument of discretion. If he commits himself to personalties it is about the dead. Of Pater, for example, we are told that there was nothing in his conversation that tallied with the exquisite diction of his published work. But even of the dead the author has little but good to say. The fault of his book, as of nearly all the books of the kind that have appeared during the last few years, is that it is three times too long. There are two volumes of more than three hundred pages each; the good stories could easily have been compressed into one volume of two hundred pages.

It requires some courage now for anyone to think of publishing a book of reminiscences—it will all have been done. Even in Sir M. Grant-Duff's book one finds anecdotes which one has read in similar memoirs of an earlier date. How many times, for example, have we seen that story of Lord Palmerston, on taking the Colonial Secretaryship, suggesting to Helps that he should go upstairs with him and show him "*where these places are*"!

It is said of one distinguished living writer, who holds delightful afternoon gatherings from Sunday to Sunday, that when his guests have left the house, he retires to his room and writes copiously in his diary of all the good things that have been said in his presence. It is almost sufficient to reconcile one to an untimely death, if only that one may escape the publication of the inevitable volume of stale stories which is certain to follow some twenty years hence.

The title, "American Wives and English Husbands," * which Mrs Atherton has given to her new book, is calculated to excite a great deal of curiosity among that large class of readers, both in England and America, who are interested in the question of international marriages. There is a great deal of excellent and most breezy writing in Mrs. Atherton's volume; the first half of the story, indeed, which relates the adventures of a young girl in a home in California, could not be better done. There is a picture, it is true, of the betrothal of a girl of eleven to a boy of fourteen, by the death-bed of the girl's mother, which it is difficult to accept in real life as possible of development into an actual marriage, but given a boy of a certain temperament, the thing may be allowed to pass. It is when the young couple have got to England, and the young Californian finds her home amid English surroundings so intolerably dull that she contemplates a flight to her childhood's country, that the story is made less attractive, although it is, perhaps, even more true to life. But the final scene of the young wife's complicity in her father-in-law's suicide seems to me absolutely and entirely incredible. Mrs. Atherton has here, however, given us her best novel, and it is one which will do much to enhance her reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

I am not quite sure that Mr. W. Pett Ridge, in whose work I have long had considerable confidence, will improve his position by his new story, "Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell." † There is admirable writing in the novel, and certain parts of it may be counted for some of the best work that Mr. Pett Ridge has yet published. His self-made youth, for example, toiling through the classes of a London night-school, makes a capital study. It is not difficult to identify in these night classes the famous Birkbeck Institution, an organisation with which Mr. Pett Ridge is known to have intimate associations. Many a former student of the Birkbeck will recognise his descriptions of its Debating Society, of its science lectures, of its many factors for good. Mr. Pett Ridge is, I think, less convincing in his descriptions of a certain Miss Dare, who, as lady's companion to a famous singer, uses her employer's chequebook to further the success of Mr. Frank Cardwell's career.

* "American Wives and English Husbands." By Gertrude Atherton. (Service and Paton.)

† "Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell." By W. Pett Ridge. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

"'END OF THE WORLD,' ONE PENNY."

*See "A Prophet Without Honour."*

# THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOUR.

By HAROLD SPENDER.

IT was the evening of the fourth Sunday in the month of June 188—, exactly nine years eleven months and three weeks from the famous day of the Rev. Philip Millward's prophecy. On July 4, 187—, he had declared that the end of the world would take place in ten years, and never for a moment since then had he swerved.

And now the time was very near when, once and for all, his word would be put to the test and the vast army of believers who trusted in him would know the truth.

The Church of St. Clement was full to overflowing with a congregation drawn from every rank of life—rich and poor, fashionable and obscure—for the Rev. Philip was advertised to preach under the startling title—"ONE WEEK MORE." It was a title to draw the dullest.

Not only the body of the church, but the great heavy, ugly galleries, which seemed to crush the aisles under their weight, were crowded to the last corner. The long, tedious, and unmusical service had been listened to with exemplary patience. But there was a sigh of relief, and an unmistakable sense of satisfaction breathed through the rustle of subsiding silk gowns, as the Rev. Philip stepped into the pulpit. After a short prayer, he opened his manuscript before him and began.

He had changed greatly in the lapse of years. His former timidity had entirely left him. He had lost the hesitating touch of the scholastic man. He looked at his audience with the bold eyes of the practised preacher. As he settled to his task, he spoke with the force and vigour which comes only from long use. He marshalled his arguments with skill, and he neglected no chance of a rhetorical appeal. He had acquired all the tricks and turns of the orator—the raising and lowering of the voice, the studied pauses, and the frequent use of images and analogies. He knew, in fact, how to keep a crowded congregation hanging on his words. He had mastered the art of securing that every word should be listened to, and should carry its precisest meaning.

And now the finest orator in the world could not have wished for a greater theme. Here was a congregation whom he had persuaded to believe with him that a mere week of human time lay between them and eternity. This week was what remained to them for probation and trial; by their deeds in these few days their eternal welfare might be decided. He appealed to them for nothing less than perfection of life up to the end—to cram every day with goodness; to treat their temporal possessions as naught; nay, to save themselves from perishing by using these as the means of attaining Heaven. And then, summoning up all his powers for one last effort, he held his congregation spellbound by a vivid picture of all that lay before them, and all the possibilities of this great issue—the chances of weal and woe, and the alternatives of a heaven of happiness or a hell of suffering—all to be decided in one brief week.

This part of the sermon had a most tremendous effect on his now excited audience. It seemed to stir them to

the very foundations. Fashionable ladies threw themselves on their knees and wept; strong men filled the pauses of the sermon with inarticulate wailings for past sins. The congregation seemed to hold their breath at times, and then again to let it out in deep sighs of sorrow or relief. As he described the sufferings of hell, women would wince as if they saw the very furnaces before them; while, if he dwelt on the ecstasies of heaven, they would crane forward with their eyes filled with joy, as if they were looking through the gates of Paradise. The Rev. Philip, used to such scenes, made use of them all to heighten the effect. Every sign of horror he would use to emphasise the bitterness of hell; while every cry of delight he would catch at to depict more vividly the joys of heaven.

At last the storm of passion seemed to sweep away. At the end of a passage which had brought the excitement to the highest pitch, the preacher stopped short and paused for a full minute. With a gesture of exhaustion, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and leant back in the pulpit looking at his people. The voices were hushed; nothing but the sobbing of women broke the silence. At last he seemed gradually to recover his strength, and then he resumed, now in a calmer and a lower voice—

"Friends," he said, "it is not well that at such a supreme moment any man should stand alone face to face with his Maker. It is but meet and right that we poor weak human beings should cling to the weak support of our common comradeship in the presence of the All-Powerful Judge of the world. Alone, our eyes will be dazzled by the glory of His coming: alone, our hearts will stand still with fear: our life will cease, crushed by our sense of sin. On this day week it will not be well for any of us to be alone. It would be best, indeed, that we should be gathered together here under this sacred roof, and await the moment with prayer and fasting. But the human mind is weak, and on this occasion strange terrors assail us; we fear, some of us, that the very temples built with human hands may crumble at the might and power of His coming. It seems best, therefore, that we should assemble under the vault of heaven itself; and, so that we may be as far as possible above this great Babylon upon which the shafts of His destruction will fall, we have decided to meet on the hill of Hampstead, on the open ground commonly known as the Heath."

He paused for a moment, and then went on very slowly—

"Thence we shall be able to look down upon this great city, doomed to fire, not without hope that we who have prepared for the day of His coming may be dealt with more mercifully than the reckless and improvident multitude who have scorned the warning of His Judgment."

So ending, the preacher sank on his knees, and, after a brief pause, while the congregation were following his example, he poured out a fervent and eloquent prayer, instinct through every word with the feeling of man's tragic loneliness and helplessness in the presence of a catastrophe too tremendous for his imagination to grasp. Earth and all its crude realities seemed to fade away as the preacher voiced with very human feeling the sudden fears of strong men faced with death and all the conflict of emotion which is raised in every common breast by the prospect of exchanging a certain present, with all its known joys and pains, for a dim and shadowy future, full of vague dreams of delight and of monstrous shapes of agony.

The intense and pathetic supplication came to its close, and, as if by a common instinct, the whole congregation remained kneeling and silent for several minutes, with a hush which not even the frightened women dared to break with their sobs. Only a frightened child could be heard crying, until the awe of that silence gradually hushed him also, nestling against the cheek of his weeping mother. Then the preacher moved from the still attitude of prayerful abasement in which he had stayed, and, without moving from his knees, looked out over the congregation. "Friends," he said, "we will sing the hymn on our knees. We will sing Luther's

Hymn—the one which he wrote when filled in imagination with the fears which assail us now in reality." And then, very slowly and solemnly, he read out the first verse of Luther's Judgment Hymn—

"Great God, what do I see and hear?"

As he finished, the organ played through the great chorale, and finally from the crowded, kneeling church the hymn came with an intensity of feeling which had probably never been known at St. Clement's in all its previous history. The instinct of the moment dictated the *fortes* and *pianos* as well as any teacher, and the last verse ascended like a long, sighing prayer—

*Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,*
*In deep abasement bending;*
*O shield us through that last dread hour,*
*Thy wondrous love extending.*
*May we, in this our trial day,*
*With faithful hearts thy word obey,*
*And thus prepare to meet him!*

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II.

I doubt if ever before or since there has been so great a crowd on Hampstead Heath as on the night of July 4, 188—. It was a cloudless night, and very warm. In that clearer air the stars shone far more brilliantly than below to the toilers in the great city. Looking south, you saw the great yellow glare ascending from London as from some mighty furnace. The great gaunt trees that Turner loved stood out black against the sky. Both nature and man seemed to be waiting expectant for some great event.

Every London crowd is to some extent the same. There is always gathered round every great congregation of human beings in London an army of the curious and the mercenary, who profit by their passing wants and gape at their interests. But in this crowd there were, perhaps, fewer of these than is usual. It is true that even among the silent and absorbed groups of worshippers moved the noisy vendors of cooling drinks and penny pamphlets, who are vocal on the fringes of every London gathering. The meditations of the devout would be interrupted by the cries of "Sweet Cocoanuts," "'End of the World,' One Penny," or "The Life of Mr. Millward, with Portrait, Two Pence."

On the whole it was a unique throng. There were men and women drawn from every rank and profession, many of them with their whole families beside them, resting on camp-stools, or even lying on the ground, wearily waiting. Some seemed restless and simply tired, others were absorbed in prayer, or you would see little groups among whom one would be reading a prayer or intoning a hymn.

In some the feeling was so vivid that they seemed paralysed by fear; they sat on benches or chairs, pictures of abject misery, their faces buried in their hands, absorbed in the memory of past sins and misspent lives. Only the children seemed to feel no fear. Amid the groups they played about, oblivious of any coming doom, or lay in their parents' laps overcome by the utter physical fatigue, and unaccustomed to this prolonged exile from bed.

The crowd thickened round the spot where the prophet himself had taken his stand to await the great event. He had come there as early as eight o'clock, and for a whole hour he had addressed them in a sermon of marked power, working up all his hearers to an excited and passionate expectation. But now it was close on midnight, and for three hours he had stood in silence, broken now and then by an outburst of prayer, or a litany in which the crowd joined, repeating the responses with an urgency and importunity that seemed to assail the very gates of heaven.

"Come quickly, come quickly, come quickly," they repeated, and the prayer was caught and re-echoed across the Heath, rising and falling like a mighty sea.

But as the hours passed, the crowd began to grow weary. The prayers ceased, and the enthusiasm began to sink down. As the night deepened, another cold besides that which is physical began to creep into their heart—the cold of doubt. It was midnight, and from far off the slow strokes of Big Ben's hammer could be heard, wafted upwards on the southerly breeze. And as they heard it, there was utter silence throughout that multitude for

a short space, as if there was something in the moment necessarily critical—as if the witching hour of night would be naturally expected to produce such a mighty miracle as this.

But the time passed, and the quiet of night resumed its sway, hardly broken by such a whisper of noise as ascends from London at that hour. And then, very gradually, just like the beginning of a great wind among the trees of a forest, there began to grow a mighty murmur among that assembled host—a murmur of discontent and complaint. Four weary hours had passed, and there was no sign yet of that Advent.

For the next hour that murmur rose and fell, sometimes abated by the desperate eloquence of the prophet, but once more increasing with the growing weariness of the waiting multitude, and as one o'clock approached, it became louder and louder, and yet more and more ominous. And so another hour passed and yet another—the darkest hours in that summer night.

And very gradually at first, but faster as time went on, the crowd began to thin. The first to go were the loafers and onlookers, tired of the long vigil. Taking up their traps, the vendors of penny literature and lemonade left the Heath, throwing back Parthian shafts of scorn at the weary watchers who had come in the fullness of faith. Their rude, coarse laughter echoed through the night, and the heart of the Rev. Philip Millward grew sick within him.

Two o'clock boomed out from the distant clock-tower, and the first flush of dawn began to appear in the east. It was then, I think, that the first movement began among the faithful. Men and women who looked around for the Rev. Philip could see him nowhere; worn out, he had sunk down on the ground for a short rest. There was a rumour that he had left them, abandoning all in despair; and this quickened the movement homeward. There was no noise—no tumult, not even a murmuring, but group by group and individual by individual the crowd melted away. Perhaps if you had seen their faces, you would have discovered that many wore a look of shame, as of men who felt that they had been brought on a fool's errand, and expected the mockery of their friends. These were probably the men who afterwards so strenuously denied that they had ever been present. On others you would have detected a look of relief, as of men who had escaped from a mighty danger, and returned to life from the jaws of death, but it was probably on only a few faces that you would have seen any divine sign of disappointment, only on those of women or sick men struck with some incurable disease or blighted by some great disaster, who had looked forward to an easy emancipation from a life that had become a curse.

And so the great concourse disappeared, and at last, when the coming day had chased away the darkness, and the whole Heath was flooded with the pale light of dawn, none were to be seen except a small group, in the midst of which the Rev. Philip still stood. All the members of this group looked very pale and tired, and the Rev. Philip himself appeared haggard and dejected. Still he was speaking manfully, and they still lifted up their faces towards him.

"Friends," he was saying, "friends in very deed, who alone have not deserted me in this hour of trial, God has thought best to leave us here a little longer—to prolong the weary waiting of His faithful people—to put off the day of His Advent. Friends, let us not complain. Let us go home determined to take profit from the time that is left to us, to gird up our loins for the fight that is still before us, to spend our days in preparation and prayer."

"Amen," came from the few who still lingered, as they bared their heads in the dawn.

"Friends," he went on, "let us kneel down and give thanks that mercy has been granted to us, and that a space for repentance has been left us."

And so they knelt, and the prayers of gratitude that came forth were, I fully believe, untouched by any sense of irony.

But it was not so with the Rev. Philip himself. Behind all the calm exterior

HE FELL, RATHER THAN LEAPT, INTO THE ABYSS BELOW.

and the cool readiness with which he faced this crisis, his own feelings were in a tumult of chagrin and confusion. His fervent faith had been brought to the test, and the test had failed. He was not one of those that could survive a shattered faith. His fanaticism had been real, and now that it was gone, the world to him was a mere empty void.

But beside this, there was working in him a more worldly feeling—a fear of the world. He looked beyond the loyal faces round him, and saw the vast grin of an unbelieving community. Above these prayers he heard the mocking laughter of the whole city when it heard the tale of that fruitless vigil. With these poor people, any excuse would serve as a shelter—a mistaken date, a change in the designs of Providence, a newly interpreted text. He was not one that would stoop to such; still, he knew his power over them, and he felt no disquiet in their regard. But he was not content with such allegiance, he could not be deaf to the mockery of the world; he had won the ear of England, and he craved for it still. He looked forward and saw himself the precarious leader of a small and despised sect, and his heart sickened at the prospect. He heard the mocking laughter of the multitude—he who had been fed upon their praises—and he shrank from it with a terrible fear. So it was that with his little group of followers, the Rev. Philip Millward went down from the Heath very wearily and sadly that summer morning.

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## III.

Philip Millward did not reach home until seven o'clock. He found his house—a large and substantial building in a West-End square—closed and quiet. It had been one of his crosses during the last few years that his family had shown no sympathy with his prophecies, and displayed an utter indifference to his religious interests. It was a part of the bitterness of his home-coming to feel the victory of common-sense, which he could read in that quiet and sane household.

He was horribly exhausted. He let himself in, and tottering upstairs, he crept into his dressing-room. A light was still burning in one of the lower rooms, but he did not notice it. Too weary to undress, he threw himself on his bed, and in a few minutes had fallen fast asleep, conquered by sheer exhaustion.

He could not have been sleeping long when he suddenly awoke to a sense of great noise and tumult. But he had scarcely opened his eyes when he shut them again, smarting with terrible pain; for his room was full of smoke, and in a moment he realised that if he stayed where he was he would quickly be suffocated. With a desperate effort he threw himself from the bed on to the floor, groped his way on all fours towards the window, pushed it open, and thrust his head out, breathing in great draughts of air. He had come very near to dying where he was, and it was some moments before he recovered from the dazed feeling which betokened the first stage of suffocation. Then he looked out into the street. Below him was a great crowd of people, who greeted his appearance with a mighty roar and then a sudden silence. But even as he looked, a great wave of smoke came up and hid them from his view, and a burning heat reached his face, driving him back for the moment. And then he realised the dreadful truth—the house was on fire in one of the lower storeys, and he was cut off! Turning round, he made one effort to escape through the room, but was once more driven to the window by the volumes of smoke, which had penetrated through every crevice. Even if he had succeeded it would have been useless, for the staircase was already in flames.

Standing once more at the window, he looked down again. A breath of wind had blown the smoke aside, and he could see more clearly. And as he looked one great fear left him, for a small huddled group on the outskirts of the crowd showed him that at any rate he need not trouble for others—that his wife and children were safe. Probably they had been alarmed in time, but he, absent for many hours, then returning in silence, had been overlooked or forgotten, and left in that upper room.

And then he noted another thing. A fire-escape had been brought, and was even now leaning against the house, but it was too short, and in the meantime a belt of flame had broken out above it, and he was already cut off from that hope of safety.

So, very calmly and coolly calculating chances, he realised that he was doomed.

It was, perhaps, better so. His mind travelled rapidly over all that people would say—how the mockery at his failure of last night would be lost in pity at his tragic end of this morning, how even some superstition might spring up of a divine order underlying the event, or some ingenious psychologist might explain his prophecy by an instinctive foreknowledge of his own fate. Other and darker reasons might be given; but at any rate that terrible laughter which he feared so much would be stilled—that vast human grin would subside into awe, and men would be silenced.

But the flames were coming nearer: behind him was that thick cloud of impenetrable smoke, in front was the fierce heat of the fire already scorching his face and hair, and stinging his eyes with flakes of flame.

He recoiled from the fierce pain. He did not fear death, but that death! His whole being quivered with physical terror as he realised what it meant. O God! He was indeed punished for daring to prophesy the will of the Most High. He fell on his knees, overcome with dread, just articulating one pitiful prayer to be saved from the horror of this fate.

A shout reached him from below, and once more the veil of smoke was blown asunder, and he could see down. Busy hands were at work, and from neighbouring houses mattresses and beds were being fetched and laid on the paving-stones below. And then Millward knew that the last hope had been abandoned by the crowd, and that it turned as a last resource to the despairing hope of softening his fall. But alas! he knew full well the hopelessness of such an attempt. That house was the highest in the square, and his room the highest in the house. From where he stood the fall to the pavement was fully sixty feet, and mattresses would not avail much at that distance. But still, in the short interval of clearness, Millward noted where the mattresses lay, and instinctively calculated how he could best leap.

The veil of smoke closed once more, this time thicker than ever. As it came past him in great volumes he drew in his head instinctively, almost suffocated. Then suddenly from behind a great light burst, and turning he saw with horror that the fire had broken through the door, and that great flames were leaping out into the room. He was no coward, but to stand and wait for those flames was more than human nature could do. Without thinking or arguing he mounted on to the window-sill, and crouched there as if waiting for a spring.

He did not wait long. Suddenly a tongue of flame struck at him as if it had been some living animal. He gave a cry of exceeding pain, and then fell, rather than leapt, into the abyss below.

The Rev. Philip Millward was right. The same papers that recorded the fiasco of Hampstead Heath contained a thrilling account of the fire in which he had lost his life, with the full details of his terrible death. In the face of such a tragedy the world was silent; and when his funeral took place a few days later, the car was followed by a vast concourse of people who, while regarding his prophecy as not fulfilled, mourned for him as they would have mourned for a martyr or a hero.

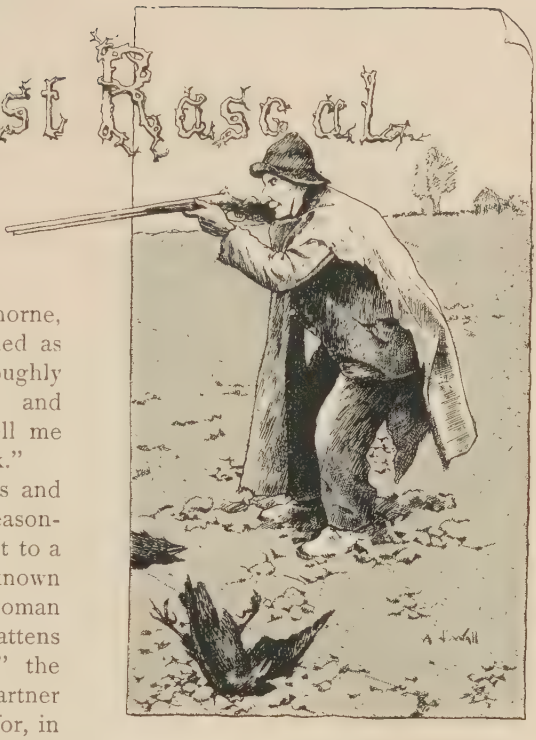
And thus it was that Philip Millward half fulfilled his own prophecy.

GRETA AND THALMA, DAUGHTERS OF MR S LAMAS DORE.

*From the Picture by G. Hillyard Swinstead, R.B.A., in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.*

# An Honest Rascal

By Harry. Hickling



I WANTED to drop across Jack Thorne, for I had heard him mentioned as being an old farm labourer, thoroughly conversant with country customs and habits, who could, if he would, tell me of those rustic "ways that are dark."

So one March morning, cloudless and bright, but with a wind only too seasonable for tender skins, I strolled out to a lonely cottage at some cross-roads, known as "Old Moll's Grave." An old woman with a sun-bonnet on her head and pattens on her feet was "swilling down" the cottage floor. I took her to be the partner of Jack Thorne's joys and sorrows, for, in answer to my inquiry, she said "The ole man be out a crow-scarin'—most likely in Battens Wood piëce yander."

A path which ran through that field having been pointed out with very full details, I was soon on the spot. Sitting on the stile a moment to rest my feet, my eye scanned the land over without seeing the object of my search. Thinking, however, I caught a sound on my right like a man clearing his throat, I turned and found I had failed to notice about twenty yards down the hedge a figure sitting in the sunlight but sheltered from the east wind, for his back was propped against an old elm.

He had evidently taken up this position as being the most comfortable one for his mid-day meal. His curved clasp-knife was in his right hand, while the thumb of his left held a lump of cheese firmly to a hunk of bread in the style quite correct at yokels' *al fresco* feeds.

He seemed as contented with his homely fare as a cow is with her cud, and, like a ruminant, he worked his jaws across with a slow, deliberate movement, as though in no hurry to part with the mouthful until all the flavour had been extracted.

Having opened conversation in the usual way by asking him to agree with me as to what the day's weather was, I told him that I too felt "peckish," and taking my flask and some biscuits out of my pocket, I sat down beside him, and we munched in unison.

Feeding done, I had no great difficulty in convincing him that he was not robbing me when he sampled my flask. This and the mention of a mutual friend made him talk freely—in fact, in his broad Warwickshire dialect he made so free with our language, and he chuckled so heartily when telling his tales, that the points were often obscured. Probably the way he

chuckled was frequently better worth seeing than the joke, but it is not so easy to put into print.

His get-up was suited to withstand the exposure to cold and wet his present occupation often entailed, for anent a remark I made about the wind, he said there had been "frosses" every night lately, which would "backen things a bit," and that it was most "unmerciful cold" when he turned out at half-past five, for "it put it together pretty thick arter the moon rose last night."

"WHEN I WOR SEVEN I STARTED ON'T, WITH CLAPPERS."

Were Jack Thorne to stand still in the middle of the field, everyone but the thieving birds would mistake him for a passive and not an active guardian of the planted seed—a scarecrow instead of a crow-scarer. His billycock hat, which he told me he had had some years, and evidently expected would last the remainder of his days, might have once belonged to an Italian organ-grinder, but its down-turned brim well protected his face from wind and rain. It was improved upon at the back by a hanging strip of American cloth stitched on to keep the wet out of what he called his "neck-hole." An old sack, with an aperture in the bottom to put his head through and the sides split for arm holes, made him a very serviceable overcoat, the frayed edges of which formed a fringe which would have made the garment the pride of an African native.

An old muzzle-loader completed his outfit, and when he slowly got on his feet, and producing an old copper powder-flask and measure, began loading it, I took it that relaxation from work was for him over for the nonce. Having rammed well home the paper wad on the shot, we strolled off together.

"I wants to kill 'un, gin I get near 'un to leave 'un on the ground — seems to skeer 'um some, for it be no good whatever to set a mawkin* on the land, an' it en't to be expected as I can be in more than one piëce at once.

"D 'yer 'ear 'im? It be an ole carrin crow that — artful chaps they be — not loikely to getten a-near 'um unbeknown. The rooks be uncommon crafty though. Many's the time I've fired and druv 'um off as I made oot; but d'reckly I've lef' the field I've looken back and seen 'um that busy all over, follerin' wheere the drills a' bin. They'd bin waitin' out o' sight up over'ead for me to clear oot so as they could drop down agen.

"My eyes do get that dim that this crow-scarin' looks loike to be about my last job as well as my fust. When I wor seven I started on't—with clappers then instead of a gun—that and tendin' pigs turned out leasin'.

"Then, yer know, I begun clappin' the 'osses.

"Clappin'? Oh, that meäns pattin' 'um and speakin' to 'um when you goes by till they knows yer and loikes yer, so that

*An effigy.

when yer hollers at 'um they does what yer wants. Then they'd kip steady a-turnin' at the 'adlan' when I druv the teäm at plough—us didn't use 'um with wheels in them days, but long 'ooden 'uns. Our wagoner knowed his job and kep' his team smart, an' he gan me a clout if I went roun' without clappin' 'um.

"Long afore I wor twenty I could do a'most any work on the farm. I wor a strong chap, an' never wanted for a plaace. Why, the fust time I stood in the Stratford Mop,* or the Bull Roast, as we chaps allus calls it, I got hired for the yeer to live in for ten pounds, an' next yeer I got twelve. I never had no 'casion to 'tend the Runaway Mop.

"I reckons as how 'twas best time o' my life then, for wheeriver I lived in the house I allus lived well—plenty of fittle, an' a chap like I wor then can put a lot outer sight and gets as fat as a bull. No matter if master be a bit near, you be seäfe if you gets the right side of the missus."

I found Jack Thorne could give a very expressive wink.

"I daresay I was fort'nit, for, to be sure, I have 'eerd tales of the way some chaps wor fed in them days. I remember once calling at a public to water the 'osses and have a pint of 'stiddy,' † and landlord mad oot as how a man he knew 'ad bin in. 'What brings you 'eer, Willum, this time o' day?' he had axed 'im. 'Oh! I er left Farmer Stoäne's,' says the chap. 'Why, 'twas this way. Us fellers that lived in kitchun had to put up with 'nation bad grub; never had no bread what warn't maöwldy, but us smudged along. A bit back maaster had a sow die and us eat 'er, but us didn't loike 'un. Last wick, though, the old missus died and us chaps cleared oot!'

"Aye, but they wor very good times till the sarvent-wench telled me as how we ought to get married; so us did.

"It didn't make much difference at fust, but when the young 'uns a-come

"I REMEMBER ONCE CALLING AT A PUBLIC TO WATER THE 'OSSES AND HAVE A PINT OF 'STIDDY.'"

* A Statute hiring fair.

† Steady, *i.e.*, small beer.

pretty reg'lar for some yeers, it be hard wuck for a labourer to live—no fresh mate to speak on, and bread wor dearer in them days.

"Heleven shillin' a wick to kip nine on! Why, I towld the gaffer as how I'd bin a-reck'nin' it oop an' made it oot not a penny 'ach a meal. 'I'ull figure it out,' says he, opening his pocket-book. 'Why, no more it ain't, Jack; it ain't even three fardens.'

"An' that didn't leave nothin' for boots, clo'es, and coals. He didn't do no better for us; it worn't to be 'spected when theer wor plenty willin' to teäke my job on. Howsomever, we allus scroubled along somehow.

"Once I was outer a job and went to the beäker in the village as us dealt with, an' axed 'im to let 'un 'ave six wicks more trust. He said: 'You taäke it, Jack, an' more if yer 'appen to want it,' an' I did. He never said nothin', but lef' the bread reg'lar for months.

"When I drew my lump money at end of harvest, I said to the chaps: 'D'yer know what I be goin' to dew with this 'eer? I be goin' to pay the beäker,' an' shewed 'um the book—twenty pound three shillin' an' sixpence owin'. 'You be a fule,' says they.

"'I be come about my bill,' says I to beäker. 'Well, Jack, we won't be too hard on yer; let ten poun' run on.' 'Noa, I can do a bit better nor thot.' 'Glad to 'ear it; let five stop.' 'I be a-goin' to pay the lot,' says I. I didn't refuse half-a-crown back, nor yet a length of twist, an' I walked 'ome feelin' seäfe for our bread coom next harvest.

"Things be aisier now, though I do but be crow-scarin', 'cause chillun be all growed up—the girls be married or in sarvice, an' the youngest boy be still single an' lives along with we."

Finding time had slipped away more rapidly than I thought, I took my departure, expressing a hope I should meet him again soon. I did so the next week, having in the meantime taken the trouble to find out that Jack Thorne had always been a handy and fairly steady man, that his credit was good in the village, for he always settled up when he drew his harvest money.

"I suppose your work has taken you out all hours in the night?" I remarked, hoping to lead his gossip through the dark up to the deeds that love darkness. Delicacy in approaching these subjects I found was unnecessary, for the old man exclaimed, "Outer nights? I should think so—all the yeer raound—that's 'ow I kep' us outer the wuck-'us. The rabbit in the pot was often about all the fresh mate we got. Half-crowns for hares bought the wife her tay an' me my blow o' baccy, an' 'elped to pay for rent an' boots an' clo'es.

"I ain't done nothing at it for yeers, but I was allus fond o' sport. When I wor a youngster a-crow-scarin', I knowed to all the nesses about an' pulled 'em. The pewits didn't hatch out many eggs then. But I soon begun to go arter bigger geäme. Every farm-hand then knew summat about the business, an' I picked it oop and knowed more nor any of 'um afore I wor a man. Night arter night when I was livin' in, I've slipped oot as soon as I thought gaffer an' all be asleep—with his boxer an' coat on as loike as not for a disguise—an' crep' back a-bed agen afore anyone was about.

"Maaster worn't a-goin' to go outer his way to find out your geäme, s' long as you kep' clear o' landlord and his keepers. It warn't likely as he 'ud, with maybe a field o' vetches half eaten off by hares. Begom, but there wor some hares about in them days. I've counted over a hundred in a piëce of whate, twenty year ago afore the hact wor passed, wheer you'd be lucky to see eer-a-'un now.

"They be silly things, hares be. Their eyes be set so back in their head they can't see straight in front on 'um, but they be very quick to hear and scent yer. If 'un be lyin' in 'er form you can go up within a very few yards of 'un; you put yer stick in the groun' with yer hat on for 'er to stare at, while you take a shuppick and creäp up behind an' you 'll cop 'er.

"I could allus knock 'um over on a loight noight, for I kep' a useful dog, an' used to notice the runs in the daytoime and knowed just wheer her'd coom—through the geäte, most like, and along the wheel-track.

"While we be ploughin' the wires 'ud be at the runs through the hedge, or s'posin' we was rollin' sids in, I 'ud put 'un at 'ach furrer end. Keeper 'udn't trouble to come a-near, seein' us hard at wuck. It's very easy to 'ide a hare by ploughin' 'er in, an' I 've carried 'er 'ome arter tied round me under my smock.

floies, and in the cold, crows an' foxes 'ud get at 'um.

"Oh, it's easy to set a snare. Yer fix from a bit of a stick in the ground a loop o' wire what hangs over the track just so as the hare or rabbit 'ull run his 'ead through, an' pull 'un tight. If put down in the open, I used to fasten the lot to a piëce of stout twine the other end of it, made fast in the hedge or nearest bit o' cover or fuzzen. Anythin' caught would be sure to make for theer an' be outer sight. I 've stood spakin' to keeper on the very spot I 'ud 'ad a snare, and could all the time see my string in the

"YOU PUT YER STICK IN THE GROUN' WITH YER HAT ON FOR 'ER TO STARE AT, WHILE YOU CREÄP UP BEHIND."

"'Arnt—arnt—arnt,' the hare 'ud cry in a wire, an' I 'd go to 'un. 'Never mind yer aunt, 'eer 's yer uncle come to see yer,' I 'd say." Jack here chuckled long at his pretty wit. "They do often squeal so when caught, that you want to taake 'un oot soon, lest keeper might 'ear. If I couldn't taake oop afore mornin' wires I 'ud left down through the noight, I left 'um altogether, or didn't dare for to go a-near 'um for a wick. Whatever wor in 'um wor sure to be spoiled: in the warm weather by 'edge bottom ten yards off, knowin' summat was at the end on 't.

"When gaffer had two farms on he put me in the house down yander. There used to be a big tussick of grass as growed at the bottom of the gardin. 'Don't yer go for to cut that, it 'ull come in handy for a bite one of these days,' says I to the men. I didn't want 'un for the 'osses, but 'twas useful to hide the stick in to pleäce a wire for whathever coom up the path. I use ter 'ave a string from 'um, passin'

through the dairy winder an' tied to an old pudden-tin on the settle. When I heerd it clatter down on to the stoäns I knew summat was caught. My word, how uncommon frit I was one night, to be sure!" Between the chuckles I gathered that Jack's primitive alarum had, on that occasion, gone off when one of the keepers happened to have called.

"You be axin' me about foxes. They bain't near so thick since so much shootins bin set. There was as many once in the 'oods round 'eer as there wor rabbits left. I knows it, for I marked their tracks in the snow, an' I could see wheerever a rabbit 'ad coom outer the cover a fox 'ad follered him like a dog.

"You know how to tell between the track of a dog an' a fox, I suppose, Sir? Why, yer never see no marks of the claws of a fox, for they be set higher up on the toes than a dog's be.

"One time I lived at a small farm as sorter baillie for a gennelman in the town, but he wor more keen on rabbit-shootin' than farmin'. There worn't enow of 'um for us all—that's, me an' 'im an' the foxes—so the foxes had ter go, an' they did: undergroun' most of 'um, for they wor difficult to meäke anythin' by, I'd got to kip it so quiet.

"I wuz allus keerful to teäke oop the traps if the 'ounds wor likely to be round. I didn't once, an' found 'um chucked all about by the huntsmen. Seemed as though someone had let on to the gaffer about 'um, for when he next coom over he says: 'I knows as it's your business to preserve the rabbits, an' I niver axes no questions so as there be plenty of 'um, but whathever you do, Thorne, don't you never go for to catch them dogs, for nothin' gives a man a worse neäme in the country roun' than spoilin' the huntin'.'

"About a month arter that me an' my chap was a-spreadin' muck. 'That never can be the 'ounds I kin 'ear in the 'oods?' I says.

"'Sure it be, maaster; don't say as you've got summat down.' I had though. I'd set three traps on the 'adlan' wheer the fox 'ud 'most for certin coom outer the cover, an' begom, didn't I run to get to 'um fust. I thought I'd bost afore I got theer, an' if so be I found the fox in I meant to jump on the spring an' let go of 'un if he limb the very life outer me. Just as I coom oop the fox broke away, as I 'spected, an' blowed if he didn't set one of the traps off; but it missed 'un. I ran oop and clapped a foot on 'ach of t'others, an' as I did a couple of the 'ounds coom past, an' then the huntsman.

"'Have yer sin the fox?' says he.

"'Fox?' I says. 'He's gone away, and a couple on 'em be on the scent.'

"'Get together! get together! forrards on,' an' off they went, an' mortal glad I wor."

Jack Thorne again relieved himself with a long chuckle. "Aye, but he wor in too big a 'urry to notice what I stood on and the whole lot of 'um wor gone in no time; it took me much longer to get my puff back.

"I've sin some big hauls of pheasants made usin' a stick with a wire noose on a moonlight night among the trees wheer the birds a' bin bred an' fed by the keepers, but them pleäces wor too risky for me. It's easy to 'tice birds on ter yer own land, 'specially if theer 'appens to be plenty of blackberry cover. I'd just lay a trail of Hinjun carn for a few days, an' then set traps. I'd pleäce 'um by the side of the run in such a form as when the birds turned their heads to pick up the carn, the jaws of the trap cotched 'um by the sides of the beak, an' not over the top, wheer it's so very hard they're able to draw 'un out agen.

"I never cared for usin' nets, they be so cumbersome. I remember I went out once with some chaps, on a very dark night, arter partridges, and what a mess us got in, ter be sure! We dropped 'un, an' a lot o' ship ran over 'un and made a pretty work; but later on we held 'un oop, thinkin' the ship 'ud run under, when bless my 'art if they worn't beästs, an' the plaguey things got the nets caught up on their 'orns."

I could not help joining in Jack's hearty laugh at the recollection of his discomfiture.

"An' I never cared for workin' 'oods at night neither, though I reckon I could see in the dark better nor most foulkses. It may be light enow for keeper to see you down the rides, an' yet if you left 'un you'd be surprised how black it 'ud be inside under the trees. I wor once in a ride in yon 'ood, an' shot at what I took to be a pheasant roostin' about ten yards in. When I went to pick 'un oop, 'er bluthered about a bit, but I got 'er; but for the life of me I couldn't get back to the ride, though I knew it wor that close. I trapsed an' growped about, not likin' to try such an old 'ooman's geäme as turnin' my hat round, but at last I did, an' it's a rum thing as I can't make oot, but truth it be that I coomed oot inter that drive in less nor a minute. The bird turned oot to be a cochee chinee hen as had bin left behind when they cleared oot of a cottage down the lane. Her was as fat as butter, for her craw wor full of accorns swallered whole. I 'oodn't a' thought as her could do it, but pheasants do.

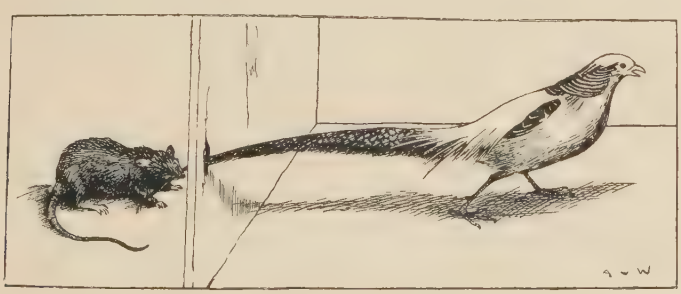
"I've taken chaps out along at night who couldn't shoot when I did show 'em the geäme, they was that frit, but theer's nothin' I wor afeared on. But I've felt the cold sweat runnin' down my back and shaken like a leäf when I've bin hid an' keeper's men a' bin round me as near as nowheer.

"Begom, but I've had to run for it at times. One night I ran a circle of ten miles, as I reckoned it oop arterwards. I jumped inter bed, but kep' blowin' like a broken-winded 'oss; I had to get oop and go downstairs and drink some cold tay to stop the noise.

"No, Sir, I've never bin afore the Bench, though, as I've bin tellin' yer, there's bin some close-ish goes. Though the geäme was never seäfe, still, wheer you saw half a chance to nick 'um, an' you had the craft to show yerself near home as soon afore an' arter as you could, an' kep' watch on keeper's moves, you 'm most likely pull it off an' they didn't cop yer."

Thinking these revelations deserved some payment, on wishing Jack Thorne "Good-day," I put half-a-crown in his horny hand.

"Thank you, Sir, I'm much obliged ter yer, I'm sure. P'raps you could get a rabbit inter that overcoat pocket, if so, you're welcome to 'un. I wor firin' inter a flock of sparrers an' 'er ran inter the shots—theer be some rum goes sometimes a-shootin'. If yer kick over the 'eap of 'edge clippin's anant them posses you'll find 'er under."



THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE AND THE KING OF ROME.

*From the Picture by Franque in the Versailles Gallery.*

# THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

## *STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

### THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE.

THE seeds of Napoleon's downfall were first sown in the seizure of Spain. This lawless act opened the eyes of the world to his real character, to the nature of the despotism that now ruled France. It has been called a burglary, but it was worse, for the robbery was effected through a door held hospitably open by a friendly neighbour. Talleyrand always condemned it, calling it a base intrigue, an attack upon national aspirations, a blunder that could never be repaired. "That ill-advised man will call his whole position in question. No victories can efface such deeds," he is reported to have said. "They are too full of treachery, trickery, and deceit. I cannot tell what will happen, but you will see that no one will forget them." Spain, taken by surprise, only awoke later to a resistance so embittered that it shook the Napoleonic power; but what it felt was summed up by General Morla in his justification of the shameful breach of the treaty of Baylen. "How can you complain," he asked, "of the ill-treatment of an army that entered Spain on the pretence of friendship, which imprisoned our King and his family, sacked his palaces, robbed and murdered his subjects, ravaged the country, and usurped the throne?"

The ever-present and absorbing desire to humiliate England was no doubt a prime cause of the occupation of Spain. After Tilsit three nations remained outside the confederacy, Denmark, Portugal, and Spain, and the Emperor was resolved to turn them also against England. What Denmark might have done we shall never know, for England carried off her fleet and held it as a security for good behaviour. Portugal, our ancient ally, made immediate submission, and, as her reward, was filled with French troops and was to be partitioned between her new friend and Spain. Spain was already subservient, and ready to execute Napoleon's fiats; she might even have asked him for a new King to replace the feeble Bourbon dynasty. But Napoleon preferred foul means to any waiting game, and on the plea of invading Portugal, poured a so-called friendly army into Spain, which quietly took possession of the fortresses and soon held the whole country. Murat entered Madrid in March; then the King abdicated, and with his son Ferdinand went to Bayonne, where Napoleon was, and, under pressure, gave up their rights. Meanwhile an insurrection broke out in Madrid, which was dealt with sternly by Murat, and which yet spread and increased till all Spain was aflame.

The Spanish rising did not prevent Napoleon from placing his brother Joseph upon the throne; but it was never suppressed, and when backed by England it became a constantly open sore, eating, like a gangrene, into the life and strength of the Napoleonic power. Ere long Spain occupied a monster French army drawn from other fields, vast military resources, the best generals. Napoleon himself failed in this disastrous struggle. Napoleon learnt, too late, that he had rashly embarked on a seemingly interminable war from which there was no glory to be gained;

very much the reverse indeed. He presently realised "that he had begun this business ill, conducted it with weakness, and had singularly underestimated its difficulty and maintained by Wellington almost in spite of the British Government. The inexhaustible patience of a General whose genius for war was still unappreciated, and who

THE CAPITULATION OF MADRID, 1808.

importance." It was a huge blunder. Before 1808 he could control Spain as he pleased; now it cost him 300,000 men and weakened his hold of central Europe. The Spanish insurrection had been imitated in Northern Germany; and the risings under Kalt, Brunswick, Schill, and others sought with intrepid self-sacrifice to retrieve the disgrace of Jena. Prussia was secretly hostile, and Austria was willing to strike a new blow for freedom. It was not a time to lock up half his army in the far end of Europe.

It has been said that England missed a great opportunity and wasted upon Walcheren an expedition that would have been the backbone of the new resistance had it landed at the mouth of the Elbe. Whether or no, she undoubtedly neglected the point where success was really achieved. The stubborn defence of Portugal was rose by sheer strength of purpose, saved the situation. What would have happened had Napoleon come again to Spain? Had he himself controlled the vast forces concentrated against these pestilent English and their contemptible "Sepoy General" would the issue have been different? Conjecture in such a case is vain; yet it may fairly be said that his presence in Spain would have ended the dissensions of his Marshals, would have given that unity of action to operations conducted with true science under the master hand, which were ever wanting in the contest. On the other hand, no doubt, Wellington would have measured his great opponent's strength, and relying upon his troops and himself, have adapted himself to the altered circumstances. It has been suggested that Napoleon had no great heart for the business; that once already he had avoided

a conflict with British troops, and had turned back from Astorga when Moore's retreating army seemed to offer an easy victory. Many reasons have been given for this sudden *volte face*. Disquieting news from France; a suspicious story that had reached him of an alliance between Talleyrand and Fouché, "ces deux agneaux," as he called them, and a plot to put Murat on the throne; strange new symptoms of restiveness in his senate; above all, the belief that Austria was arming for another war.

The last-named seems the most probable, as it was the most powerful reason. There was little glory to be gained and some risk in rearguard actions with an unknown general and a handful of troops. Such sorry triumphs would make no appeal to the imagination, and just now he wanted startling victories. His position was by no means secure; he had lost ground both at home and abroad. France misdoubted him, and the subject nations groaned under his yoke. He must vindicate his supremacy anew, and by another great and glorious war. The campaign of 1809 followed, with hardly the result he confidently expected; for although he won the battle of Eckmühl at the outset, that of Aspern-Essling was little to his credit, and he is adjudged to have committed grave strategical and tactical errors before and during the fight. He was well matched by the Archduke Charles, who deceived him and drew him on to attack the whole Austrian army when Napoleon believed he had before him no more than 10,000 men. He was in possession of Vienna, certainly, but his passage of the Danube by a single bridge with a powerful enemy near at hand was a hazardous proceeding, which erred against the dictates of military science. His position on

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM, 1809.

*From the Picture by Vernet in the Versailles Gallery.*

the far side of the river between the villages of Aspern and Essling, on which were his flanks, was too cramped for the full utilisation of the large force he had thrown over, and it was jeopardised when the enemy destroyed the bridge which was his only means of retreat. Again, at Wagram, in that fiercely contested battle extending over two whole days, he had used up all his forces but two last regiments of the Old Guard; and had not the Archduke Charles been forced back by the menacing advance of Macdonald, or if the Archduke John had come up in time, Napoleon must have been perilously near defeat; as it was, the Austrians drew off in excellent order without losing a gun or a prisoner. But the Archduke Charles was morally overpowered by Napoleon, and although in a position to continue the war with advantage, he made overtures of peace after a last engagement at Znaim. There was no immediate need for submission—far from it. But Austria weakly threw up the sponge, and paid for it by extraordinary penalties—the loss of three and a half millions of population, of her access to the sea, and a war indemnity of £3,000,000.

Napoleon had now reached the culminating point in his rocket-like career, and now, if we may accept his own words, by his own act he began to descend. He was superstitious, a fatalist to the last, and he believed always that when he parted with Josephine he parted with his good luck. Certainly his star began to pale after the divorce. He might, perchance, have escaped the penalties of this cruel perfidy to the woman who, with all her early faults, had been an excellent helpmate, and to whom, indeed, he owed his first command; but the act itself, all sentiment apart, had serious political consequences. The divorce led directly to the breach with Russia, and the invasion of 1812. It was the first rift in the lute, the first weakening of the Treaty of Tilsit. The breach soon widened, helped by differences over the Continental system and the Czar's obvious inclination to side with England. But the quarrel began with the Austrian marriage, the story of which must now be told.

Years before, at the very beginning of the empire, the question of heredity had been brought into great prominence by the family dissensions of the Bonapartes, all of whom hated Josephine and were jealous of each other. That Napoleon should have a legitimate heir seemed the best solution of a difficult question; it ended all contention, and it got rid of Josephine. Joseph urged divorce strongly, and with seeming disinterestedness, as he was next in the succession. The project of divorce was, no doubt, strengthened in Napoleon's mind by his wife's not unnatural dislike to his barefaced infidelities. For now the rôles were changed. It was no longer Josephine who was indiscreet; the Emperor was openly unfaithful. With that unequalled egoism that claimed to be above all rule, he now told Josephine that he was sick of her jealous spying, and meant to free himself by taking another wife, from whom he might hope to have an heir. Now her tears disarmed him: he still wished for the divorce, it was his earnest desire; he begged Josephine to sacrifice herself voluntarily, and thus spare him the pain of obliging her to go, but when she still resisted, pleading firmly for her rights, he gave way. But here his artful mind saw another solution—that of palming off a supposititious child upon France. The Empress had agreed, but an obstacle arose in Corvisart, the great physician, who honourably refused to be a a party to the plot. Corvisart told this to Madame de Rémusat after the second marriage, when doubts were expressed as to the legitimacy of the King of Rome.

Josephine, however, won the day. Not only was she crowned Empress by the Emperor's side, but her union, which had depended hitherto on no more than a civil marriage, was sanctioned by a religious ceremony performed by Cardinal Fesch in the Emperor's cabinet and in the presence of two aides-de-camp. The Cardinal gave her a written certificate, to which she clung tenaciously, despite Napoleon's subsequent efforts to secure it. This religious marriage became later a great stumbling-block, for divorce is not recognised in the Catholic Church, and Napoleon pretended that the

THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE.

*From the Portrait by Gérard in the Louvre.*

ceremony had been a sham; in other words, as Lanfrey says, he had made a fool of Josephine, Cardinal Fesch, and the Pope. The alleged nullity of the marriage was based on the absence of the curé of the parish, whose presence alone, it was said, could make it legal.

The project after this slumbered, but it never died. It was kept alive by Josephine's well-grounded jealousy, and the wholesale nature of the Emperor's indiscretions. There was a long estrangement, during which the poor wife brooded continually, tortured with the constant fear of expulsion, and the Emperor chafed at her prudery, declaring that after her conduct in the past she had lost the right to take him to task. In 1805 there was, however, a reconciliation; perhaps he was touched by her gentle submissiveness; perhaps the old love flickered up afresh. At any rate, they became good friends once more. For the moment Josephine's wretchedness abated. She was glad enough to forgive her Napoleon, although hardly sanguine that the troubles would not revive. They did, perpetually. At Munich, after Austerlitz, Napoleon was deeply smitten with the Queen of Bavaria, an elegant and most attractive woman. Although he assured Josephine there was not a woman worth looking at in Warsaw, he met the beautiful Madame Walewska, the one passion of his life, as he called it, the only woman who seems to have loved him sincerely, although another, Madame Faures, the "Bellicote" of Cairo days, was so devoted that she went to St. Helena and sought to compass his escape. The list of these *liaisons* is long, the subject unsavoury. To Josephine, if she dared reproach him, he replied brutally with the everlasting "Moi." He was above all rules, and meant to do as he pleased.

Still, they remained on fairly good terms, although the uncertainty was always there, and Josephine never felt safe. No doubt Napoleon's vanity and ideas of grandeur were greatly enlarged after Tilsit; he was eager now to enter the confraternity of kings, and wished to gild his parvenu title with a marriage with one of the sovereign families of Europe. He would have persuaded Josephine to consent on other grounds. It was his policy, a necessity for France, that he should have children; surely, she would help him to make the terrible sacrifice, would take the initiative of separation! This would lessen the odium that might attach to him after this forced rupture. But here Josephine was firm. She would not meet him half-way; she was prepared to obey his orders. He was her master, and if he ordered her to leave the Tuileries she would go forthwith, but he must issue his mandate. "If you divorce me," said Josephine, "all France shall know that it is you who have sent me away."

This did not suit Napoleon. Josephine was more than popular; she was generally beloved; she had preserved her charm of manner, was ever gracious and kindly. The people, even of France, "ridden with whip and spur," would probably take her side if she were ill-used, and Napoleon was afraid to incense public opinion. He dared put no pressure upon her, and as she still stood firm he tried a more insidious form of attack. He sent for Fouché and primed him to address her as if on his own account. The crafty police-officer assured her of his unalterable devotion, and then pleaded with her in eloquent terms "to immolate herself for France." The Emperor, although at the summit of his glory, was accountable to France, not only for the present but for the future, and what could that future be without a rightful heir to the throne?

Madame de Rémusat, who tells this story, which is, however, vouched for by others, describes Josephine's despair at receiving this letter, and the judicious manner in which, under M. de Rémusat's advice, she met the crisis. The Empress went straight to the Emperor, letter in hand, and closely watched him while he read it. The great *commediante* at once affected great wrath, declaring that he knew nothing of the matter, and that Fouché should be severely reprimanded. He caressed her with many honeyed words, but could not quite conceal his embarrassment. Later he excused Fouché,

as guilty only of an excess of zeal; it was needless to be angry. "It is quite enough to reject his advice, for you know well that I could not live without you."

Another Minister would not adopt Fouché's line; Talleyrand was always consistently opposed to the divorce—considering it was to his and everyone's interest that Josephine should remain at Napoleon's side. "She is gentle and good; she has the knack of keeping him quiet. . . . She is a refuge for us on a thousand occasions. If a Princess were to come here we should find the Emperor break with all his Court, and we should be nowhere." Napoleon seems to have acknowledged her as his better influence, and in his inmost heart was loth to part with her. The time was long distant when he told Madame de Staël, who taxed him with disliking women, "J'aime la mienne," but he acknowledged her power to the last. "In separating myself from my wife, I renounce all the charm which her presence gives to my life." This regret was accentuated when the divorce was actually decided upon. The passage in Taine has been often quoted in which the dramatic story of the parting is told. He tosses about . . . he melts, and embraces Josephine; he is weaker than she. "My poor Josephine, I can never leave you." Again, as the deed of divorce was signed by both parties, "the Emperor was no less moved than she (Josephine), and his tears were genuine," says an eye-witness of the scene.

THE MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE AT THE LOUVRE, APRIL 2, 1810.
*From the Picture by Rouget in the Versailles Gallery.*

It is said that the renewal of his intimacy with Madame Walewska, who visited him at Schönbrunn in 1809, finally decided Napoleon to put away Josephine. When he returned to Fontainebleau in the fall of the year he met her with marked coldness, the private door between their apartments was closed, all intimacy was at an end. But the dread news was not broken to her till their return to Paris, although the coming divorce was already on every tongue. On the night of Nov. 30 the

THE BAPTISM OF THE INFANT KING OF ROME IN THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, JUNE 10, 1811.

Prefect of the Waiting records how he was called in to assist at a terrible scene. Josephine lay half-fainting on the floor repeating, "I shall never survive it!" and uttering piercing cries. The Emperor was extremely agitated; his voice was choked, his eyes full of tears. Then he asked the Prefect whether he was strong enough to carry Josephine to her own apartments. But as the answer was in the negative, Napoleon assisted. Josephine now seemed to have fainted outright, but she never lost consciousness, and once whispered to the Prefect that he was holding her too tightly.

After the separation, Napoleon appears to have suffered greatly. He could not bear the solitude; he left the Tuileries for Trianon, where he was still more alone. He refused to see his Ministers, transacted no public business, and presently went to call on Josephine at the residence she had chosen, Malmaison. A few days later she returned the visit, and they dined together, this semi-detached couple, as though nothing had happened. These curious relations were maintained till the end. Napoleon often communicated with his first wife, and took a deep personal interest in her affairs, paid her debts as of old, for, in the matter of extravagance, Josephine was incorrigible. But she never really held up her head after the divorce, and died in 1814, before the fall of the Empire.

Yet the actual choice of the new wife was not made till the eleventh hour. Napoleon had made overtures to Russia for a sister of the Czar, but they were received but coldly. The disposal of the Russian Princesses in marriage was left by will absolutely in the hands of their mother, and this Empress-mother loathed Napoleon with a deadly hatred. She could not easily be brought to consent, and the negotiations languished. Then, when an arrangement seemed probable, Napoleon sent a peremptory message that unless a definite reply was given before a certain day, he withdrew his proposal. It has been shown that no such reply could possibly reach him within the time, and that this ultimatum was despatched purposely to break the bargain. The fact was, another and more enticing prospect opened up unexpectedly. The proposals, too, came from the other side. An Austrian Archduchess was, in plain English, thrown at his head. The Emperor Joseph, whom he had so sorely buffeted and despoiled, was willing—nay, anxious—to take his old enemy for a son-in-law. The suggestion came from the Austrian Embassy in Paris, at first no more than a suggestion; but it was speedily endorsed from Vienna, where the news of the Russian match had caused the gravest concern. A Franco-Russian alliance strengthened by family ties was full of danger for the crippled Austrian Empire. Conversely, marriage with the Imperial despot promised a long era of peace, during which it might recover from its wounds. The idea was hailed with enthusiasm. "All Vienna is interested," writes Metternich, the diplomatic go-between in arranging the match. "It is difficult to realise public feeling about it, and its extreme popularity." Thousands assembled in front of the Hofburg Palace to get a glimpse of the Princess Marie Louise on her way to and from mass.

Was she really happy, this lamb about to be sacrificed to the Corsican ogre, to the terrible man whom she had been taught from her childhood to loathe?

"What does my father wish?" was, the first question of the dutiful daughter. To please him she acquiesced in the sacrifice. It seems as if she soon learnt to view it with complacency. The first consolation was the arrival of Napoleon's portrait, a miniature magnificently set in diamonds. "After all, he is not bad-looking," she remarked. The prospect before her lost its chief terror; the devil was not so black as he was painted, and there were many compensations in store for the young Empress of the French. Paris was now the centre of the world, its Court most splendid. A ceaseless round of gaieties awaited her. The convent-bred child of a monarch in reduced circumstance, who could give her no jewels, no smart clothes, no amusements but of the dullest and most

decorous kind, her life was burdened with a stiff, precise etiquette that prescribed almost conventual seclusion.

The reality must have quickly silenced any remaining scruples. The ardent lover, in his rapture, who so loaded her with rich gifts, promised to prove a doating and indulgent husband. He filled her jewel-case, and furnished forth her trousseau in the most lavish fashion. The poor Princess, whose wardrobe had been so meagre, whose personal adornments consisted of paste and a few pearls, was now provided with the finest creations of the best dress-makers in the world. Berthier took with him to Vienna, among other costly offerings, jewels valued at £75,000; one necklace alone was worth half the amount. She learnt that she was to have £15,000 a year pin-money. Her French home, wherever she found it, while mounted most gorgeously, was to be truly home; for with the wish to please her lightest whim, everything was there that she had been surrounded with at Vienna.

Whatever the motives that impelled Napoleon to the Austrian marriage, whether desire for an heir or the snobbish vanity of a parvenu delighted to mate with a daughter of the Hapsburgs, it is certain that the gratification of his passions played a considerable part. She took his fancy, this high-born maiden, from the moment they first met, and he soon became infatuated with her. She had the beauty of youth, a graceful plump figure, a pink and white complexion, fine chestnut hair, and exquisite teeth. He thrust aside all formalities when they brought him his fair bride, and jumped straight into her carriage to woo her with all the peremptory gallantry of a rough soldier seizing his prize. The honeymoon was greatly prolonged. For three months after marriage the Emperor never left his wife; he could hardly be dragged away by even the most urgent business. He followed her everywhere with loving looks. "His young and insignificant wife," as Fouché said, "was the object of his tenderest care."

It is another instance of the crookedness of things that all this devotion was ill-requited, and that the woman Napoleon favoured above all women should have played him false. When the evil days came she deserted him, returning first to her allegiance with Austria, and then coming under the domination of Niepperg, the man she really loved. It is needless to follow here the plot to which she succumbed; it was planned, it is said, by her own father and Metternich, and Napoleon was sacrificed to the lover. Sympathy must surely be with the fallen monarch who hoped to make Elba endurable in the company of his wife and child who never came. After Waterloo, Marie Louise told Wellington he had done her an immense service in removing Napoleon; nothing in her condition could have saved her from disgrace. As it was, she retired to Parma to rule that duchy, still with Niepperg, who at length married her after Napoleon's death.

But Napoleon had gained one end by his second marriage. On March 20, 1811, Marie Louise gave him a son, to his intense satisfaction, and, as he liked to believe, the joy of France. No doubt the people cheered vociferously, and seemed to welcome the consolidation of the dynasty. But it was with no firm conviction that the Napoleonic rule was an unmixed boon; doubt and suspicion were already rife, and his despotism was very galling. As a father, Napoleon came out in a new and more estimable light, and his devotion to his child was deep and unchanging. "He loved his son passionately," kept him constantly by his side, and set aside momentous affairs to fondle and play with him. Yet he knew that this heir of his could not bear the burden of his empire—it was far too weighty, its interests, its extent, too vast and crushing for any but a phenomenon like himself. "Poor child," he said once as he contemplated the little King of Rome, "what an entanglement I shall leave you!" He had, himself, no faith in the continuity or survival of his power. "It will last as long as I do," that much he believed. "But after me my son may deem himself fortunate if he has 40,000 francs (£1600) a year."

X. Y. Z.

# AUNT LOUISE: AN EPISODE.

By SHEILA E. BRAINE.

SUSY BELCHER was one of those ideal creatures who take for gospel truth everything they see in print. She was the daughter of a dairy-farmer, who kept his women-folk well in hand, and considered that one set of opinions—his own—was sufficient for a single family. A pretty, simple-minded lass was Susy at sixteen, at which age her education was considered by Mr. Belcher as finished and complete. Susy was devoutly glad of this, for "book-learning" did not come natural to her, although other things, such as butter and pastry-making, did. She was always at the bottom of the class, no matter what class!

With agreeable rapidity, therefore, Susy forgot all that Miss Claridge, assisted by Miss Anna Claridge, had drummed into her unreceptive little pate. And as sign and symbol of her emancipation, Susy took in a frivolous little penny paper called the *Lily-of-the-Valley*, which was brimming over with fashions and sentiment, new ways of doing your hair and of dishing up the cold meat.

Arrived at the age of seventeen, Susy made the exciting discovery that a certain young man, named Jim Twycross, was continually looking at her in church out of the tail of his eye. Next, the young man, Jim, made a discovery on his own account. This was that to go round by Brawn Farm, where Susy lived, was a shorter way to his own place of residence than any other, no matter where he might happen to be. Susy blushed and dimpled a good deal in these days, and constantly—out of sheer absent-mindedness—put on her Sunday hat with the killing blue bow on a week-day. Her mother said nothing, for Jim Twycross was a good match, and she knew that Mrs. Huggins, the butcher's lady, was wild to get him for her eldest girl, Lucinda.

Lucinda Huggins, a full-blown and far from retiring damsel, was also wild to get him for herself, and this led to complications, for Lucinda had a lying tongue, and Jim was too easy of belief. Susy hardly knew how the "little rift within the lute" came, or why it slowly widened. It was not her fault that Mr. George Gilkes, the chemist's red-haired assistant, paid her such outrageous attentions at St. Giles' Fair—the fair having presumably gone to his head. Mr. Gilkes went so far as to present her with a squint-eyed photograph of himself in a tin frame; but Susy flung it under the flying-boats the instant he was not looking. Do what she would, she could not escape from her unwelcome admirer, and then all at once she caught sight of Jim going into the sixpenny wax-works with Lucinda clinging triumphantly to his arm. After that there was no more fun in the fair for Susy Belcher, and she went home early with that saving ailment, a bad headache.

St. Giles began it, but unfortunately did not end it. Poor Susy was desperately miserable; one is at seventeen! She was a timid little thing, not experienced in the game of Love, or the ways of a jealous suitor. All she knew was that Jim, who had almost asked her to be his wife, suddenly ceased to walk home from church with her, and never dropped in now to ask Mr. Belcher's advice with regard to sick cows, haycutters, and top-dressings. And how could she explain, unless Jim gave her a chance, that she loathed the very sight of Mr. Gilkes's carroty poll? Would it be unmaidenly to write to Jim? Susy did not feel that she could bring herself to take this bold step.

In her distress, Susy bethought herself of "Aunt Louise." Now, it must be explained that in the *Lily-of-the-Valley*, Aunt Louise conducted with great success a page entitled "Aunt Louise's Letter-Bag." All girl readers were invited to correspond with the dear lady upon the subject of their love affairs. How beautifully did she advise these Emmelines, Daisies, and Gertrudes, who all seemed about seventeen or eighteen, and each one of them in a greater state of mind than the other. "Emmeline was not to lose hope; Jack's coolness might only mean he was a trifle out of sorts." "Daisy was not too young to be engaged" (happy Daisy!) "and could not Amy induce Albert to overcome his shyness and be introduced to her parents?" With what tender sympathy was "Distracted Ivy" counselled to think no more of the Adonis who paid her so much attention at her cousin's wedding, and who had been unaccountably "cold in his manner" ever since! And how gently did Aunt Louise strive to wean "Bluebell" from her fancy for the dark-eyed curate, who could not afford, from his own confession, to marry for ten years at least! The dear lady seemed to know exactly how a girl in her teens felt when Love came knocking at the door.

Susy wrote a letter to Aunt Louise. It was incoherent, but no doubt the kind soul was used to agitated correspondents, whose spelling was as shaky even as Susy's. Three weeks was a terrible time to wait for a reply; and in the meanwhile there was a report that Lucinda was getting her wedding clothes. Bessie Hawkins told Susy that she had heard Lucinda's banners—Bessie meant banns—were to be put up in church next month, which made Susy feel as cold as if the church-key had slipped down her back.

But the third week, with the *Lily-of-the-Valley* came this advice to "Buttermilk."

"Since you have given your lover no cause for such behaviour on his part, and there is another girl in the case, I should certainly—time being short—try to obtain an explanation at once. Evil tongues may have prejudiced him against you. I grieve for your trouble, but foresee a happy ending. Do not write to J., but meet him accidentally; this would not be forward, under the circumstances."

Susy hid the *Lily-of-the-Valley*. She was afraid that "J." might betray her. In the way she set her soft red lips there was a world of determination. If dear, sweet Aunt Louise said that, under the circumstances, it would not be forward to meet Jim accidentally, then accidentally she *would* meet him, even if she had to tramp the roads all day.

No need to follow the ins and outs of the girl's little love-story — a common enough one, in truth. Let it suffice to mention that Jim was gloriously recaptured in Thrupp Lane, and that Susy forgave him—not, of course, at first—for believing Lucinda's wicked tale that she had been seen walking at eleven-thirty at night with the chemist's assistant's arm round her waist. And the following Sunday, when Susy took off her gloves in church, she turned very red, for she saw Bessie Hawkins nudge her mother to look at the little turquoise ring on the third finger of Susy Belcher's left hand.

Susy Belcher was a grateful little soul. She believed that her happiness was all owing to that sweet, kind old lady, who sat in her pretty room in Rosemary Buildings, Fleet Street, and pondered, pen in hand, over the love perplexities of girls in all parts of the kingdom. By dint of picturing to herself Aunt Louise, a dainty lace cap on her pretty white hair, Susy arrived at a great longing to go and see the dear old lady herself, and overwhelm her with thanks. She was sure she would not feel afraid of Aunt Louise, and she was just dying to show her Jim's photograph, and ask her what she thought of it. Susy did not speak of this desire of her heart to anyone, she was afraid of being laughed at. But London was not so far off—did not the milk travel up there every day in perfect safety?—and besides, Susy had a stylish cousin in a large draper's shop in Holborn, who was to help in the delightful task of selecting her wedding-gown.

In course of time the girl managed to

put her innocent little scheme into execution. It required some arrangement, but finally our heroine found herself in Fleet Street, which was not at all like the sort of place she had imagined it. The noise and bustle bewildered her country senses, and she was struck by the numbers of pallid, hard-faced men and women who jostled each other in the narrow street. If it had not been for the policemen she would have turned back, frightened and discouraged, and it was a kindly postman who went some steps out of his way to plant Susy in front of a dingy edifice known as Rosemary Buildings. Unless she had seen the name with her own eyes, she never would have believed that Aunt Louise could possibly live in such a place. What dust, what dirt, what gloom! The child had brought with her a large bunch of spring flowers, and it seemed to her that they were drooping already in that atmosphere of bricks and mortar.

"*Lily-of-the-Valley*, Fourth Floor." Susy, having toiled up the unattractive stairs, hesitated at the office door, scared now it had come to the point. How she hoped Aunt Louise would be nice! Her timid knock brought a masculine and not too amiable shout of "Come in!" and Susy went in.

SUSY WROTE A LETTER TO AUNT LOUISE.

A bare, dirty room, with a littered table, a cupboard, a couple of stools, and a single chair, met her gaze; the chair being occupied by a young man in his shirt-sleeves, who was smoking a short pipe. Close to his elbow stood a tumbler and an empty beer-bottle. He was not of a particularly engaging appearance, being coarse-looking and spotty; neither were his shirt-sleeves clean. This young gentleman stared at his visitor with unaffected curiosity and broad admiration, and when she faltered out her wish to see "Aunt Louise," he smiled with a gratified air.

"Ah," he remarked, stretching himself, "glad to hear you like that feature; I said it would catch on. You see I do that page myself."

Susy did not comprehend, and the youth, with what he considered a fascinating leer, explained that he, and none other, was "Aunt Louise."

"You!" gasped Susy, with horror in her voice; and she dropped her spring posy on the unswept floor.

Without another word she turned and fled, and a faith in things printed which was almost strong enough to have removed Fleet Street from its foundations died on the stairs of Rosemary Buildings.

# To the Cuckoo.

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive, 'mid dark vaults unsunned (unaired),
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared,
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But long as cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy (wing),
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the spring!

Wordsworth

C. H. S.

P. J. B.

# ONE WAY OF HAPPINESS.

By GEORGE GISSING.

HERE and there in the more populous London suburbs you will find small houses built with a view to the accommodation of two families beneath the same roof. Considering the class of people for whom this advantage was contrived, the originator of the idea showed a singular faith in human nature. It does, however, occasionally happen that two distinct households prove themselves capable of living in such proximity for a certain time without overt breach of the peace—nay, with a measure of satisfaction on both sides. This was the case with the Rippingilles and the Budges. Rippingille, salesman at a large boot warehouse, and Budge, a coal-merchant's clerk, were young men of sober disposition, not incapable of modest mirth, content with their lot in life, and rarely looking more than a month or two ahead. Their wives did not lack correspondent virtues. Granted the female privilege of believing (and telling each other) that they might have married much more brilliantly if they had waited longer, and the necessary relaxation of abusing their husbands when a dinner was ill-cooked or babes gave trouble, Mrs. Budge and Mrs. Rippingille discharged their domestic duties as well as could be reasonably expected. They talked in a high key, laughed in a scream, and bade defiance to care with a very praiseworthy resolution. The Rippingilles had three young children, the Budges had two.

It was not always possible for the two families to take their annual holiday at the same time; this year circumstances were favourable, and the parents planned a joint expedition to the seaside. Long and warmly did they discuss the attractions of half-a-dozen popular resorts; the final vote was for Brighton. They would leave home on Saturday afternoon; spend Sunday, Monday (the August Bank Holiday), and Tuesday by the seashore, and on Wednesday return. Thursday morning must see the bread-winners back at their respective places of business.

Mrs. Budge and Mrs. Rippingille had a clear fortnight in which to make their preparations and to talk inexhaustibly about the glories of Brighton. Both had been to Brighton before, but neither of late years. They lived in a crescendo of joyous excitement; from room to room they interchanged high-pitched remarks, jests, ejaculations.

"Louie!—this time next week—eh!"

"Jist be at London Bridge, sha'n't we? Oh my! Say, Annie——"

One was in a top bed-room, the other in the wash-house, and at this moment the shrieks of two infants made them inaudible to each other; but they continued to vociferate with shrill merriment.

"Now look 'ere," observed Rippingille gravely, one night when the children were all in bed, and the elders had assembled, as was their habit, for a common supper. "About the apartments." It would never have occurred to Rippingille to say "rooms" or "lodgings." His stress on "apartments" held the listeners silent whilst he reflected. "We mean 'aving comfort, understand, and we 've got to pay for it. But we 're not going to be *'ad*."

No, no; certainly not. All were determined not to be imposed upon. The ladies vied in screeching their reasonable demands. Two double-bedded rooms and a comfortable parlour; the cost not to exceed thirty shillings.

"And mind you," Budge succeeded at length in remarking, with impressive severity, "no extras. Not a single bloomin' hextra! I know what *that* means, if they begin the game. Why, Tom Leggatt and me, we was once together down at Ramsgate——"

He was not allowed to finish the reminiscence; a chorus of awful experiences clamoured him down. In a quarter of an hour's time, when the others had paused breathless, Budge repeated, as though it were a novel remark—

"Mind you, not a single bloomin' hextra!"

Thereupon renewal of shrieks, and for another fifteen minutes all was vociferous confusion.

The purchase of a new jacket by Mrs. Budge, whereas Mrs. Rippingille could not afford that luxury, caused a slight heartburning between the two; but they outlived it. All the children had some new garment, showy, inexpensive, purchased without any regard to durability or the wearer's comfort. Rippingille bought a straw hat, a yellow waistcoat, and a pair of sand-shoes; his friend purchased a guinea suit of tweeds and a blue necktie, relying upon an old cricket-cap for the completion of his seaside costume. On the Friday night all, children included, donned their holiday attire and ran about the house inviting each other's compliments.

Not without much discussion was it decided how they and their luggage should be transported to London Bridge station; time had to be considered, as well as money, and there seemed to be no avoiding the expense of a cab. Solemnly the precise fare was calculated. Convinced against their will that the outlay would be smaller by sixpence or so than if any other course were adopted, the ladies none the less resented this tax upon the holiday fund; notwithstanding high spirits, they looked sourly at the cabman. Rippingille, with the two eldest children—for the cab could not be made to hold all—went by omnibus.

Brighton was reached about five o'clock. Mrs. Budge's baby, probably objecting to a bottle of half-churned milk, screamed vigorously most of the way, and by Mrs. Rippingille was secretly voted a nuisance; but in all other respects the journey proved enjoyable. For the third-class carriage had its complement of passengers, all going to Brighton for a holiday, all noisily talkative and joyously perspiring. Much solid food and a liberal supply of liquid refreshment were consumed *en route*. Thus fortified, the happy band could postpone thoughts of a meal until they had discovered the suitable lodging, on which quest they set forth at once from the station. The sun shone gloriously; the street pavements were hot and dry; if necessary, two or three hours could be devoted to inspection of apartments.

At house after house they tried, not, of course, within view of the sea or anywhere near it; the highways and byways along which they trudged might well have been part of some London suburb, save, perhaps, for an unusual freshness in the air. The wonted noises, the familiar accents, everywhere protected these Londoners against the unpleasant feeling of strangeness. Numbers of people strayed hither and thither on the same errand as themselves; every snatch of talk that fell upon their ears was concerned with rent of "apartments." And, indeed, their undertaking promised to be not a little wearisome; rents were mostly, from their point of view, exorbitant, or, if reasonable, covered but mean accommodation. At first, the whole party invaded each house. Presently, Mrs. Budge, overtired with the burden of her infant, had to lag behind a little, and with her two little girls, who had begun to cry, Mrs. Rippingille grew cross, but could still enjoy a scornful laugh in the face of extortionate landladies. The men supported each other in boisterous good-humour.

"All right, Annie," shouted Budge to his pallid wife. "We 've got the night before us, and miles of apartments to choose from."

"Cheer up, old girl," Rippingille called out to his own spouse. "We won't be bested. Like a shrimp tea before we go on again?"

But the children (the eldest only six years old) could hardly drag their little limbs along; wails arose, and the mothers, nervously overstrung, had to threaten a slap, or even a "hiding."

Here, by good luck, three rooms were vacant, but one only was double-bedded. The landlady, however, professed her willingness to put in a sofa each night, and provide it with bedclothes.

THE PURCHASE OF A NEW JACKET BY MRS. BUDGE, WHEREAS MRS. RIPPINGILLE COULD NOT AFFORD THAT LUXURY, CAUSED A SLIGHT HEARTBURNING BETWEEN THE TWO.

"I say, Tom," remarked Budge to his male companion quietly, "we shall have to take the first where there's room enough. I'm about done up."

Rippingille nodded, and with an air of cheery resolve they made for the next house which showed a card in the window.

"Well," said Budge to his wife, "I could sleep on the sofa, and you and the children in the bed."

"Of course you could," exclaimed Mrs. Rippingille, eager to get housed, and fairly content with the chamber which was designed for her and her family. "I've

often slep' on a sofa myself, and slep' sound, too."

At this there was a general roar of laughter, with no special meaning. The terms were now inquired, and on this point followed a vigorous contest. For the rooms, until noon on Tuesday, the landlady asked thirty shillings—*and* extras.

"Now see here, Mrs. What 's-yer-name," cried Rippingille, in what he meant for a perfectly civil tone, "we don't pay no extras. It 's got to be *hin*clusive—understand? Kitchen fire, candles, boots, and every blessed thing. We 'll pay you thirty bob and not grumble, if you give us no cause. But no extras—see?"

All talked, or rather shouted, at once; there was a deafening uproar. The wives, tired out as they were, thoroughly enjoyed this combat of tongues, and the landlady, after a brave struggle against overwhelming odds, yielded with a good grace. She had *never* taken so little before; but as she could see that the babies, bless 'em, were crying to go to bed—well, she wouldn't hold out. But half the sum must be paid in advance; that she made a rule.

Budge went back to the railway station to fetch the tin box, in which both families had packed their indispensable belongings. Rippingille set forth to purchase groceries and other articles of food. The ladies, until their luggage arrived, closely examined each of the rooms, and tried to keep the children quiet. Relieved from weary prolongation of their walk, and gratified by a conquest of the landlady, they were in the mood for finding everything admirable. Impossible, they agreed, to have done better. The place was clean; the beds looked comfortable; they were not more than twenty minutes' walk from the beach.

"I don't know what *you* think, Annie, but *I* call this first-rate. Did you see the picture of the Queen and all her fam'ly in my bed-room?"

"And look at those lovely hartificial flowers! Why, you feel you want to be smelling at 'em. I don't know what *you* think, but I 'm a-goin' to enjoy myself!"

The first disappointment was the unpunctuality of supper, which, ordered for nine o'clock, was served at a quarter to ten. The children being in bed, their parents at length sat down to the meal with keen appetite, and soon recovered good-humour. Budge had brought in with him a bottle of Irish whisky, Rippingille a bottle of rum; these stood unopened upon the sideboard, an exhilarating promise for the half-hour before bedtime. It gave the ladies some concern to discover that the cupboard in which they would keep their grocery had no lock; at table they discussed this matter from every point of view, and came to the decision that a very careful watch must be kept upon the various parcels. Mrs. Budge hit upon an ingenious device; when sugar, coffee, tea, and the rest had been opened, she should mark, with a pencil, the exact position of each packet upon the shelf, so as to ensure immediate detection of any tampering with the goods. Mrs. Rippingille suggested that all edibles should be kept under lock and key in the bed-room; but, besides the inconvenience of this method, there was a certain delight attaching to the anticipation of sternly convicting their landlady, in case of fraud.

At half-past ten they sallied forth to taste the sea air. In a street hard by, in front of a busy public-house, they were arrested by a crowd gathered around negro melodists, and here they feasted their souls with music until the hat began to circulate, which sped them onwards. Arrived at the sea-front, they found abundant life of the kind most pleasing to them: a thronged highway, resounding with virile shout and feminine squeal, with refrains of the music hall, and every such noise as inspirits the children of a great capital. In spite of the fatigue which made their limbs ache, the happy wives and mothers leapt about like girls, screamed mirthfully at each other, thumped their husbands' backs, and declared a thousand times that this was the height of human bliss. On their return the spirit-bottles were exultantly opened, and each one drunk a stiff, sweet, steaming tumbler. Ordinarily very temperate people in the matter of strong beverage, they felt it incumbent upon them to indulge a little at the seaside.

Rippingille pretended to be overcome, and staggered about the floor with low comedy monologue. This brought the evening to a splendidly hilarious close, and they paired off for rest with laughter which made the house ring.

They awoke to Sunday. Not only this, but the weather had suffered an unfortunate change; the sky was gloomy and threatened rain. Breakfast, ordered for nine, could not be obtained until nearly an hour later. The children were troublesome and very noisy; the ladies had a bad headache, and began to complain loudly of various discomforts. To complete the cheerlessness of the morning, rain actually began to fall just as breakfast was finished.

"I tell you what it is," exclaimed Rippingille, voicing the general sentiment, "we 're going to be better waited on than this, and the landlady's got to understand that." He spoke while the servant was in the room. "I don't call that fish properly fried—what do *you* say?"

Budge was the person appealed to, and he assented vigorously, adding that, if dinner wasn't brought up at the right time he would know the reason why.

"We 've got eighteen people in the 'ouse to cook for," remarked the servant impartially and casually.

All answered together that this had nothing to do with *them*, that they hadn't come here to waste time, and that they weren't the sort to pay money for what they didn't get. It was added that the bed-rooms swarmed with fleas, and that the bedclothes were insufficient, with many another pointed complaint. But the servant merely smiled, and went her way.

"PADDLING" COULD BE ENJOYED FREE OF EXPENSE.

With the aid of umbrellas, the whole party reached the parade, and found seats in a shelter. Budge and Rippingille, to ward off low spirits, engaged in horse-play, and were so far successful that at dinner-time all went back through the rain with resolute display of mirth. But the day was unpropitious. Mrs. Budge, on scrutinising the cupboard, protested that the bag of loaf-sugar had been interfered with; there followed an unpleasant scene with the servant; the landlady herself could not be assailed, for she declined to come upstairs. Rain, squabbling, chastisement of children, and occasional words between the two ladies brought Sunday to its close. Happily, there remained the half-hour devoted to steaming tumblers, and this paid for all. Budge sang a song about waiting till the clouds roll by, and hearty voices joined him in the chorus. No one could honestly say that the day seemed lost.

On Monday morning the landlady began reprisals. Meeting Mrs. Rippingille on the stairs, she complained of the noise that the five children made. A *lady* below (the word was meaningly emphasised) had been unable to sleep since seven o'clock this morning, owing to the tumult. "Tell the lydy," answered Mrs. Rippingille tartly, "she'd better git up earlier; it's good for her 'ealth." And this retort kept the holiday-makers in exuberant spirits till dinner-time. For the first time they got down on to the beach; they rolled about, and pelted each other; spades and buckets were bought for the elder children. They talked about bathing, but, on the whole, it seemed better to save their money for more certain delights. "Paddling" could be enjoyed free of expense; and remarkable figures did the two young women present as they ran hither and thither on the edge of the tide—their petticoats pinned up outside their dresses. Budge and Rippingille, reclining pipe in mouth, watched with a genial grin.

Dinner, obtained only after repeated and furious ringing at the bell, came up infamously cooked; the huge slab of steak was tough as leather, and swam in water of a yellowish hue. Mrs. Rippingille, who had visited the butcher's this morning, declared that a good half-pound had been feloniously cut off below-stairs. Messages of savage insult were sent to the landlady, but satisfaction ended here. It was some relief, however; and, after all, the cooking could not be very much worse than that to which our friends were accustomed at home.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Budge, whose baby had an attack of some complaint incidental to its time of life, offered to take care of all the children, whilst the other three elders went in search of enjoyment. This took the form of a ten-mile drive in a public brake, where they sat squeezed and perspiring amid some thirty people. The sun blazed; chalky dust hung in a perpetual cloud about the vehicle; it was hardly possible to get a handkerchief out of one's pocket; but gaiety defied everything. On the way home, Mrs. Rippingille, red as a peony with heat and laughter and many quenchings of thirst, consulted the comfort of her neighbours by sitting on Mr. Budge's knee; ceaseless joking as to Mrs. Budge's state of mind if she knew what was going on kept all three in a roar. The absent lady, meanwhile, having administered remedies to her infant, was walking about the main streets of Brighton, enjoying the sight of the Bank holiday crowd; the baby she carried in her arms, and the other children followed her. They wanted to play on the beach, but Mrs. Budge said it was too far, and for her own part she preferred the pavement.

Over the steaming tumblers that night a vow was registered that, on the morrow, they would have better attendance and better cookery, or know the reason why. As soon as the children awoke, they were encouraged to make the utmost possible noise; to stamp and jump and throw over the furniture, and yell at the top of their voices. This had the desired effect; it brought up the landlady at breakfast. Before she could speak, the angry woman was overwhelmed with vilification. Presently, Rippingille voiced the general demand.

"We haven't come here to be bested, and just you bear that in mind! If this

kind of thing goes on we won't pay—not a bloomin' penny — understand? You've got to cook our meals proper, and to time—see? What do you *take* us for? Why, the beds ain't even shook up. And do you call these boots cleaned? It's himposition, that's what it is."

The combat was too unequal; in spite of her great command of "language," the landlady retreated. The lodgers, flushed with victory, sallied forth under a cloudy sky, and betook themselves to the pier, where they attended a popular concert. Dinner, for the first time, was ready almost at the appointed hour, and somewhat better prepared than hitherto; pæans rose round the table.

"They always try it on," cried Budge. "You've got to show 'em you won't stand it." And he chanted a verse of the last song they had heard upon the pier.

THE TWO MEN, FORESEEING AN EVENING OF DOMESTIC DISCORD, SILENTLY VANISHED.

Afterwards, all went for a sail in a yacht, and all were lamentably ill. Rain came on; it soaked the holiday garments, and led to all manner of unpleasantness among the three score people packed on board. After a low-spirited tea, the two men, foreseeing an evening of domestic discord, silently vanished, and did not reappear until eleven o'clock. They had been to the theatre. As it happened, their wives had found an excellent opportunity for assailing the landlady, and were again victorious; so things passed off better than might have been expected, and over the usual tumblers all unkindness was forgotten.

Wednesday dawned; the end of their holiday. Though breakfast was very late and very bad, no one seemed in the mood to make an uproar. Mrs. Rippingille busied herself with a scheme for packing and carrying away every smallest remnant of every purchased eatable; this must be done before she left the house for the morning's amusement, or servant and landlady would pillage without fear. Having swept the cupboard, she went briskly forth to purchase dinner. The meal was to consist of fried eggs and bacon, with a rice pudding to follow.

"And just you mind what I say"—thus she addressed the servant on her return with the provisions — "if this dinner isn't properly cooked, you'll remember it. And tell your missis that."

The menial grinned broadly, but made no answer.

Swift is the flight of happy hours and days. Everyone remarked, at intervals through the morning, that they seemed

only just to have come to Brighton; yet to-night must see them at home again. The children, whose enjoyment had been considerably less keen than that of their elders, wore gloomy faces at the thought of return; but the suggestion of donkey-riding once more exhilarated the whole company. Great and small mounted for a gallop, and their yells rang along the beach. Other delights followed. As dinner-time approached their hunger grew fierce; the thought of delay was frenzy. A stampede upstairs announced their arrival, and rendered needless the loud ring of the sitting-room bell.

Nor had they to wait. The red-nosed servant appeared in a few minutes, panting with the heavy tray. Her lips rigidly set, she put down the dish of eggs and bacon. In the same moment Mrs. Rippingille, who had stepped forward to judge the cookery, uttered an indignant shriek. Her companions rushed to the table, and in union vociferated, not without cause, for the dish made a gruesome display; in place of succulent rashers lay blackened fragments scarce to be recognised as bacon, and the fried eggs were mere bits of greasy leather. Frightened at the results of her mischief, the servant fled; before she reached the kitchen the bell had begun to ring, and it rang incessantly, with ear-piercing clangour, until the landlady, who had just returned from a brief expedition on a matter of business, angrily confronted her lodgers.

"Look at *that*, woman!" they roared. "What do you call *that?*"

The landlady could not pretend that complaint was unjustified. She happened to be particularly anxious to get rid of these people, as their rooms were already let to more desirable tenants, who desired to enter into possession as early as possible.

"I don't want to have no more words with you," she began, as soon as she could make herself audible. "There's been a accident, and I tell you what I'll do. If you'll leave after dinner, instead of after tea, I'll take the price of that dinner off what you owe me. How much did the stuff cost?"

The lodgers exchanged glances and reflected. It was possible to make a meal, of a sort, upon what lay before them, and the offered compensation would be clear gain. Not one had sufficient acuteness to see that, if they could claim damages at all, no condition need attach to the demand. After ten minutes' vehement debate they agreed upon terms, and promised to quit the house in an hour's time. Then, sharp-set as wolves, they fell upon the base provender. Luckily, the rice-pudding made a tolerable appearance; it vanished almost as soon as it reached the table.

They lingered about the shore and the streets till nearly sunset; the eating-house tea was universally declared the best meal they had had at Brighton. Every heart beat with a proud joy in the thought of two shillings deducted from their landlady's bill, compensation for a dinner which, after all, they had thoroughly enjoyed. Nothing could have happened more luckily; the money saved, and the victory over a letter of lodgings, crowned their holiday. They talked of the affair at home and among their friends for many a month, and to the end of their lives it will be a sunny reminiscence.

SIR LANCELOT AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.
and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's
Tennyson.

"THE IDYLLS OF THE KING," PICTURED BY GILBERT JAMES:
SIR LANCELOT AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.

FALCON ON THE WATCH.

*Drawn by Archibald Thorburn.*

# "THE LUCKY DUFFS."

Showing How they rose to a Dukedom and became allied with the Royal Family of England; how they tried to Plant a Family Tree; and introducing a new suggestion on the Genesis of Lord Byron's Genius.

ONCE upon a time there was a certain Adam Duff. I use the familiar phrase of fabledom advisedly, because it conveys, as nothing else can, the tantalising sense of vagueness which envelops him; and it temptingly foreshadows the rise of his descendants, which has been wonderful as the "Arabian Nights'" tale. We are certain that, like the first Adam of all, he tilled the soil; yet no man knows who begat him, though for a hundred years and more a long line of laborious souls have been imitating the example of Japhet in search of a father by trying to solve the strange riddle of his paternity. Yet the utter failure of their search makes the end of the story all the more marvellous, for to-day one of his descendants, the Duke of Fife, has married a future King's daughter, like the Prince in a fairy tale; while another of his family became the great-grandmother of Lord Byron. So you see the romance of fiction stands a poor chance beside the real story of this Adam Duff.

The story covers a period of nearly three hundred years, in which time Adam Duff, the wizard from No-Man's-Land, and his descendants made money mount like the Fakir's mango-tree. Adam was born possibly about 1600, and settled down to work a farm called Clunybeg, in the parish of Mortlach, Banffshire—a county that breaks the Seventh Commandment more persistently than any other similar area in the United Kingdom, perhaps. He was an indefatigable worker, but he had enough of the idealist in him to espouse the cause of the anti-Covenanter. In pursuit of this creed of his, he with his eldest son, Alexander, joined a party of despoilers—mostly Gordons — attacked a Covenanting laird in 1640, and was mulcted of five hundred merks for his pains. By his wife, Beatrix Gordon—a relative of the Gordons from whom the Queen now leases Abergeldie Castle for the Prince of Wales—he left six sons, three of whom made fortunes. One of them was a great merchant, became Provost of Inverness, and married Christian Duff, in whom the ancient House of Drummuir ended, so that the new Duffs and the old Duffs became one. Another founded the family of Corsindae, and a third, who was really the eldest, carried on Clunybeg's main line. Thus this Adam of No-Man's-Land, like the Adam of Genesis, made history; and the story of the dispersal of his descendants takes you to the Book of Exodus.

It is, however, with the main line that I would deal. Adam was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was born in 1623. He began his career by playing at soldiering, for he served under the merry Marquis of Montrose in the campaign of 1644-46, and had to fly to the Continent when the great collapse came. Had he been a Gordon or a Keith he would probably have entered the service of some foreign Power.

But he had a keen appreciation of where his powers lay, and he decided early in his career that martial glory was not for him. So he came quietly home again, and luck began to follow him as it had pursued his brothers. As a good start he married an heiress, Miss Grant, and the two settled down to till the soil on the farm of Keithmore, aiding and abetting each other's endeavours. The quaint Mr. Baird, who wrote a history of the Duffs about 1762, has left it on record that Mrs. Duff was "one of the most industrious, painstaking women of the age in which she lived, or perhaps in any other." On market-days she mounted a sturdy nag, with a huge pile of plaiding (which she had spun from her sheep) in the crouper beside her, and duly brought back its value in merks. These she hoarded in bags, for the times were such that "people were affraid to lend out their money, or even let it be known that they had any, for fear of being robed, and therefore hid it in holes and bores." On one occasion she banked her savings in a leather bag in the ceiling, but the rats got at it, so that the family dined amid a downpour of ducatoons. The family flourished so well that each of her three sons got an estate of his own—Patrick, the youngest, bringing thirty-six children into the world—while William became the father of the first Earl Fife.

One can picture the grief of their mother when Nature stopped those little jaunts of hers to market, for she became so stout that "no armed chair of the common size would admit of her sitting in it." Probably a special throne had to be made for her, and even then the consequences were unfortunate, for "one time when she threw herself into her chair, without taking notice that the house cat was lying squat upon the seat, she prest puss so effectually to death with the weight of body that it never wag[g]ed a foot more."

Whether the story be true or not, it is symbolical of the method by which her eldest son, Alexander, became the Crœsus of his county. He devised a new method of money-making by becoming a private banker; the instinct has been inherited by the Duke of Fife, who has been largely interesting in banking. "Braco," as he was called, after the estate which he had bought, got his wits sharpened by being trained as a lawyer in Edinburgh, where he sat in Parliament as representative for the county of Banff, opposing the Union with England very vigorously. His father and grandfather had made their money by their hands; "Braco" made it with his head out of the very people to whom his family had paid rent. The county was full of little lairds. Never too rich, they stared too intently on that peak in Darien which cost Scotland £400,000. His mother had sat effectually on the cat; "Braco" practised the same art on the landlords. The family Boswell is a panegyrist of the most enthusiastic kind, so that his account of "Braco's" methods of becoming a great ground-landlord is all the more likely to be true—

> He pickt up some [estates] from the Proprietors, but acquired many of them by buying up their debts and adjudications, comprysings, or other slump or emperfect rights on their land. And if he only got possession he was not very scrupulous about the security more than about the justice of his title, by which means these gentlemen or their heirs had many claims and complaints, too well founded for the most part.

And yet, strange to say, "Braco" had the strongest objection to freebooters and highwaymen—which was illogical of him. One of the most picturesque incidents in his career is the story of how he arrested James Macpherson, the Villon of the North, who died as gamely as he had lived. Macpherson has been immortalised in romance. He was handsome, and he was an accomplished violinist—two qualities which he owed to his gipsy mother. Everybody knows his career from the famous ballad, which fascinated Burns so much, and which, as Mr. Gosse has reminded us, appealed to the gipsy instinct of Edward FitzGerald—

> No man on earth that draweth breath
> More courage had than I.
> I dar'd my foes unto the face,
> Knew not what 'twas to fly.

But "Braco" met him one September day in 1700 at a market in the townlet of

MARY MANNERS, WIFE OF THE HON. JAMES DUFF, AFTERWARDS FOURTH EARL FIFE.
*When she died (in 1805) he tried to forget his grief by fighting Spain's battles.*
FROM THE PAINTING BY RICHARD COSWAY.

Keith. Gathering half-a-dozen sturdy fellows, he led the attack on Macpherson and his companion, one James Gordon, who inherited to the full the daring instincts of his clan. A desperate struggle ensued. One of Macpherson's gang made a lunge at Duff, "intending to run him through the heart; but the durk slented alongst the outside of the ribs without cutting the skin, and one of Braco's men stab'd the fellow dead." The story goes that Macpherson was rescued by the Grants, who were at enmity with the Duffs. Be that as it may, he was ultimately captured and hanged at Banff. Before the hangman fixed the noose, Macpherson played the famous "rant" associated with his name, and then offered his violin to anybody who would keep it in remembrance of him. The gift was declined, whereon the gallant gipsy smashed the instrument and threw the wreck of it into the grave that was to receive his mortal remains. What is immortal is the rant and the ballads that have clustered round it—notably Burns's song with its swinging chorus—

> Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dauntingly gaed he;
> He played a spring, and danc'd it round
> Below the gallows tree.

The Duke of Fife still possesses a murderous sword said to have belonged to Macpherson; but as the freebooter must have wielded something much more quick and deadly than this five-feet-long blade, its genuineness may be doubted. At one time Sir Walter Scott proposed to write a novel round Macpherson, and a Banff antiquary collected a mass of material which was afterwards declined by him, "owing to an injudicious announcement thereanent." Scott, you see, did not favour the literary paragraphist.

"Braco" was succeeded by his son, who inherited a yearly rental of £3000—a very large sum of money for 1705. Like his father, he had brains, but he used them to an entirely different end. He was "no shuffler." Educated at Leyden, he "acquired an excellent taste for all polite literature" and amassed a great library. This is a very interesting point as bearing on Byron, for, as I shall show later on, the Duffs have long possessed a remarkable leaning towards letters. So far as finance went, he had little interest. He was the exact opposite of his father, generous to a fault, and loved by everybody. When the Earl Marischal — the brother of Frederick the Great's friend, Marshal Keith—was attainted, Duff wanted to send him money. But he died before the purpose could be carried out, and the lands of Braco passed to his uncle William ("Keithmore's" second son), who had established himself in the estate of Dipple.

"Dipple" had begun life as a merchant in Inverness with his uncle the Provost, but he settled down in Elgin as a country gentleman, "for he would often say that he likt very well to see a merchant turn a laird; but he did not like so well to see a laird turn a merchant." He did very well, however, for he left his son a yearly rental of £6500 a year and £30,000 in cash, which was more than double what his brother "Braco" had left in 1705, seventeen years before. He married Miss Jean Gordon, the descendant of a royal Princess. By his second marriage he became the brother-in-law of the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, Lord Findlater; his niece (one of Patrick Duff's thirty-six children) married Gordon of Gight, and became Lord Byron's great-grandmother; while his son was made Earl Fife. This is an extraordinary record for the Duffs to have made in little more than a century. Mark you, it is a position attained by brains in contradistinction to the power achieved by physical force, which was the original basis of all the great families among which the Duffs then took a place: such houses as the Gordons and the Ogilvies having risen almost entirely by force of fighting in the bold freebooting days when might was right. Those critics who affect to jibe at the modernity of the Duffs entirely overlook this point of brains.

The first Earl Fife was born in 1697, and the family brains made him take on an educational polish with the greatest ease. "He was much master of the Latin, French, and Italian languages, with some

tincture of the mathematics, and was very well acquainted with antient and modern history." The Union, which his uncle "Braco" had so vigorously opposed, was already an accomplished fact when William Duff was yet a youth, and was the making of him, for his seven years' service in the United Parliament resulted in his being created Baron Braco of Kilbryde in 1735. His intelligence taught him that the Jacobite struggle was not worth an ounce of lead, so he supported the House of Hanover, and was rewarded in 1759 by being advanced a step in the (Irish) peerage as Viscount Macduff and Earl Fife.

The Earl had many enemies. People taunted him with being stingy; but his contemporary biographer, though only a poor relative, while unable to say that "his liberality was very extensive," was certain that it "was equal to that of any of his great neighbours"; and he certainly gave Cumberland's soldiers £250 for drink-money to hearten them for the struggle on Culloden Moor. "Perhaps," also, "he discovered too great an ambition of ruling the elections and other political disputes in those counties where his estates princi-

THE DUKE OF FIFE'S GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, MRS. JORDAN, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS.

THE DUKE OF FIFE'S GRANDMOTHER, ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF ERROLL, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM IV.

pally lay. This was the mainspring of that opposition which he encountered, and of that [*sic*] implacable envy and detractions which on some occasions attempted to run him down." But despite all, his biographer declares that it "was unreasonable in any other Great Family to propose to make a Cypher of him." Whether unreasonable or not, the attempt was a failure, for when the Earl died in 1763, his estates were paying a third part of the land-tax of the entire county of Moray—one of the most fertile shires in the kingdom—while his son James was created Baron of Fife, a peer of the realm.

The second Earl Fife is memorable for one great feat. He attempted to plant a family tree of the most wonderful kind, and the method by which he played the grand old gardener will long be remembered. Having represented the counties of Banff and Elgin successively in Parliament, he reverted to the methods of his fathers, and became famous as a model farmer. He improved his estates enormously. In 1782-83, when the crops failed, he imported grain from England, and sold it to the

poor at a loss of £3000; and he founded the town of Macduff, building the harbour there at a cost of £5000. On two occasions he was awarded the gold medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce for his plantations, extending over 14,000 acres. The plantations were admirable, but he laid himself open to ridicule when he tried to plant a genealogical tree of his family.

The Earl, on being raised to a British peerage, felt dissatisfied with his great-great-grandfather, Adam Duff, the farmer of Clunybeg. Though an unexplained phenomenon, Adam's own achievements constitute an honour higher than that of birth. But the second Earl, and for that matter his father before him, wanted not only to explain Adam, but to account for their title. Why should the Duffs have chosen to be ennobled as the Earls Fife? They had not a rood of land in the county of Fife which might have justified their annexing a territorial title. The reason, however, is not far to seek. The Macduffs—including the apocryphal Thane who slew Macbeth in mortal combat—had been Earls of Fife: make the Duffs Earls Fife; *ergo* the Macduffs and Duffs are one.

But the *ergo* is too heavy a tax on the historian's credulity. The facts are briefly these. In the tenth century Scotland was divided into seven great earldoms, the chief of which was Fife (that is, the county). The Earls of Fife possessed three privileges. To begin with, it was they who used to place the Kings on the coronation-stone; they led the van of the army; and lastly, they could offer sanctuary to those who had committed unpremeditated homicide. These earldoms became extinct in 1277. The second stage in the earldom was its creation early in the twelfth century, and its continuance until 1425, when it was forfeited. During that time twelve men and one woman held it. The first Macduff was the third Earl, who died in 1139; the last was Isabella, Countess of Fife in her own right, who married a royal Prince, and who died about 1389, exactly five centuries before the present peer married a royal Princess, and so received his dukedom.

The third stage in the title occurred when it was revived (in May 1567) as the Marquisate of Fife, in favour of the Earl of Bothwell, who was to marry Mary Queen of Scots. Two hundred years passed and the fourth stage was reached, when plain Mr. William Duff of Braco was raised to the earldom (in the peerage of Ireland). The only reason why he should have chosen the title was the subtle suggestion it conveyed of his being descended from the old Macduffs, who had died out about 1389—which is "too absurd for serious confutation." In fact Mr. Duff was as nearly connected with the Macduffs as his ancestor Adam in Clunybeg was with Adam of Eden. (By the way, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's father was the Laird of Eden.)

This story must have struck even Earl Fife as somewhat of a fairy tale. How was the gulf of three centuries to be filled in? That was the next great puzzle. A good part of the time would be accounted for by the existence of the old family, the Duffs of Muldavit. Suppose Adam in Clunybeg was one of them. Not only suppose it, but graft him on to the Muldavit stem. This is precisely what the second Earl set about doing. The whole affair, which has been investigated with great astuteness and exposed with keen sarcasm by a well-known Scottish antiquary, Dr. William Cramond, reads precisely like the plot of a Gilbertian opera.

The steps are these. In 1759 the first Earl Fife was presented by his brother-in-law, the fifth Lord Findlater, with a charter granted by Robert III. to David Duff of Muldavit, 1403. The second Earl Fife wanted a little more of the Muldavits in his keeping, so he was permitted, in 1792, by the seventh Lord Findlater to remove two monuments from the parish church of Cullen to the private mausoleum at Duff House. One of these was the stone effigy of John Duff of Muldavit, the other was a slab. To-day the effigy bears the date 1404 (which almost corresponds with the charter); whereas John Duff died about 1539, when the church was erected.

"A DISCHARGED FIFE-R"
(THE FOURTH EARL FIFE).
*From an Etching of 1823 by Richard Dighton.*

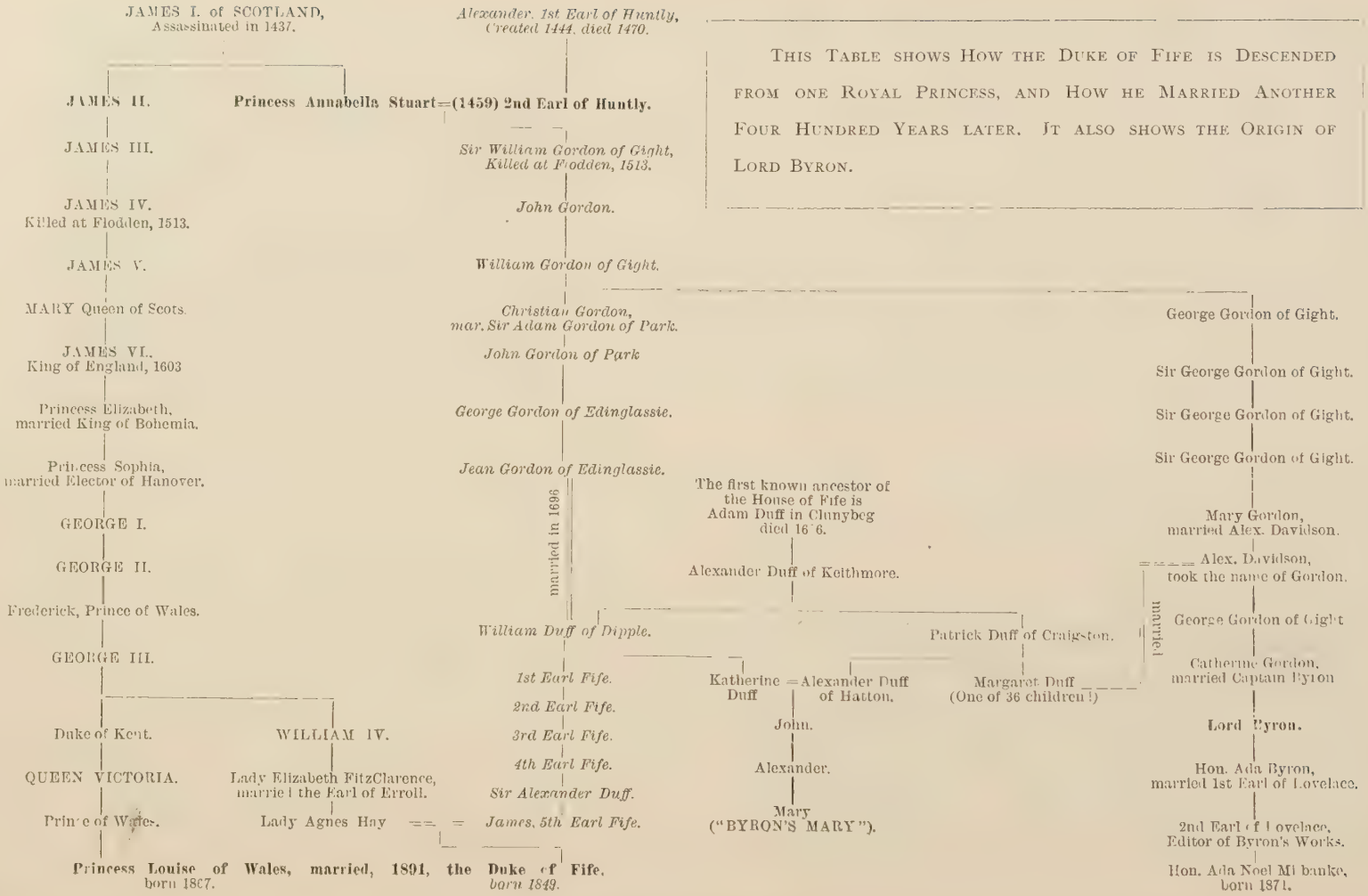
To-day the slab bears the same inscription and date *on one side*. But on the other three sides, which can still be made out faintly by rubbings, it purports to be the tomb of one "Alexander Innes," who is known to have died in 1539. In fact, these two monuments were manipulated in the mausoleum, the date of the effigy being changed, and a totally new inscription being graven on the slab! If the manipulator had only known that a rubbing could be made! As Dr. Cramond very neatly notes, the advice of Banquo was faithfully acted on: "Dear Duff, I prythee, contradict thyself!" In this instance, the Duffs were certainly *not* lucky. For once their good luck and their good sense deserted them. And the ironical part of it is this, that the Earl of Findlater who permitted the removal of the monuments died without issue, and his title became dormant; while the second Earl Fife, who made the mysterious mausoleum, also died without male issue, so that his British peerage (Baron of Fife) became extinct, while his Irish title (Earl Fife) passed to his brother.

It is equally curious that Fife did not attempt another line of descent, for his grandmother, Jean Gordon of Edinglassie, was a descendant of a royal Princess (Annabella Stuart), as you will see from the accompanying table; and that graft should have been as good for the Earl as her descent (viâ two Princesses) is for Queen Victoria. In fact, the Gordon element in the Duff family is extremely interesting in view of Byron.

And all this pedigree-making was quite needless, for the fourth Earl Fife distinguished himself quite enough to compensate for any lack of ancient blood. Born in 1776, he married the beautiful Mary Caroline Manners, daughter of the Countess of Dysart. She died in 1805, and to drown his grief he went off to Spain to fight Napoleon. His enthusiasm and his wealth made him a welcome volunteer, and he was created a Major-General in the Spanish army. He fought with great gallantry and was severely wounded in the battle of Talavera; he was present at the defence of Cadiz; and was again wounded in the attack on Fort

THE FOURTH EARL FIFE.
*From the Painting by M. Rochard.*

THIS TABLE SHOWS HOW THE DUKE OF FIFE IS DESCENDED FROM ONE ROYAL PRINCESS, AND HOW HE MARRIED ANOTHER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS LATER. IT ALSO SHOWS THE ORIGIN OF LORD BYRON.


JAMES I. of SCOTLAND, Assassinated in 1437.
JAMES II.
JAMES III.
JAMES IV. Killed at Flodden, 1513.
JAMES V.
MARY Queen of Scots.
JAMES VI., King of England, 1603
Princess Elizabeth, married King of Bohemia.
Princess Sophia, married Elector of Hanover.
GEORGE I.
GEORGE II.
Frederick, Prince of Wales.
GEORGE III.
Duke of Kent.
QUEEN VICTORIA.
Prince of Wales.
WILLIAM IV.
Lady Elizabeth FitzClarence, married the Earl of Erroll.
Lady Agnes Hay
Princess Louise of Wales, married, 1891, the Duke of Fife. born 1867.
Princess Annabella Stuart
Alexander, 1st Earl of Huntly, Created 1444, died 1470.
(1459) 2nd Earl of Huntly.
Sir William Gordon of Gight, Killed at Flodden, 1513.
John Gordon.
William Gordon of Gight.
Christian Gordon, mar. Sir Adam Gordon of Park.
John Gordon of Park
George Gordon of Edinglassie.
Jean Gordon of Edinglassie.
married in 1696
William Duff of Dipple.
1st Earl Fife.
2nd Earl Fife.
3rd Earl Fife.
4th Earl Fife.
Sir Alexander Duff.
James, 5th Earl Fife.
born 1849.
The first known ancestor of the House of Fife is Adam Duff in Clunybeg died 1726
Alexander Duff of Keithmore.
Patrick Duff of Craigston.
Katherine Duff
Alexander Duff of Hatton.
Margaret Duff (One of 36 children!)
John.
Alexander.
Mary ("BYRON'S MARY").
George Gordon of Gight.
Sir George Gordon of Gight.
Sir George Gordon of Gight.
Sir George Gordon of Gight.
Mary Gordon, married Alex. Davidson.
Alex. Davidson, took the name of Gordon.
married
George Gordon of Gight
Catherine Gordon, married Captain Byron
Lord Byron.
Hon. Ada Byron, married 1st Earl of Lovelace.
2nd Earl of Lovelace, Editor of Byron's Works.
Hon. Ada Noel Milbanke, born 1871.

Matagorda, in 1810. He was made a Knight of Saint Fernando in Spain, and in 1811 he succeeded his father. Honours

THE DUKE OF FIFE'S FATHER, THE FIFTH EARL FIFE.

rained thick upon him when he came home. For eight years he represented Banff in Parliament; in 1819 he became a Lord of the Bed-chamber; in 1823 he was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; in 1827 he was created Baron Fife in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and a few months later he became a Knight of the Thistle. He died, however, without issue, and once again his British barony became extinct.

He was succeeded by his nephew, the fifth Earl, whose father, Sir Alexander Duff, was a brilliant soldier, having served with the Connaught Rangers in Baird's expedition from India to Egypt, 1801, and in the attack on Buenos Ayres five years later. It may be noticed that two other Duffs about this time distinguished themselves as fighters. Captain George Duff was killed in the Battle of Trafalgar while commanding H.M.S. *Mars*; and his son, afterwards Admiral Norwich Duff, who was present at Trafalgar as a boy of thirteen, saw a great deal of active service all over the world. The fifth Earl added considerably to the honours of his house. For a time he was attached to the British Embassy at Paris; for twenty years he represented Banffshire in Parliament, until he was raised to the House of Lords as Baron Skene of Skene, a property near Aberdeen. He came into close contact with the crown by marrying (in 1846) Lady Agnes Hay, daughter of the Earl of Erroll, who had married Lady Elizabeth FitzClarence, the natural daughter of William IV. (by the famous actress, Mrs. Jordan), and cousin of the Queen. He died in 1879, at the comparatively early age of sixty-five; for three of his predecessors had been eighty, and the fourth eighty-three.

His only son has capped the luck of the Duffs. Beginning as member of Parliament for Elgin and Nairn, he became a Privy Councillor in 1880; he was made a Knight of the Thistle in 1881; in 1882 he received the coveted Garter as Envoy Extraordinary to Saxony for the investiture of King Albert. Six years later (1889) the other great Albert, which is Edward, gave him his eldest daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, to wife; and

THE DUKE OF FIFE'S MOTHER, GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM IV.

Earl Fife, the Irish peer, became for the first time Earl *of* Fife, Marquis of Macduff, and Duke of Fife, in the

Peerage of the United Kingdom. It is a strange fact that Lord Lorne, the only other British bridegroom who has married one of our Princesses (also a Louise) can trace his origin on the female side to the same Princess Annabella Stuart, who married the Earl of Huntly, and from whom Thane who helped to place Malcolm I. on the throne. Of the old Macduffs one married the niece of Malcolm IV., another married the daughter of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales (six hundred years before Albert Edward became the father-in-law of a Fife); a third married the granddaughter

THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DUKE OF FIFE AFTER HIS MARRIAGE WITH PRINCESS LOUISE.

*Drawn by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.*

the Duke of Fife is descended. In view of this and of the origin of his Grace's mother, the Duke's children have the blood of three Sovereigns in their veins—James I. of Scotland, William IV., and Victoria. Indeed, royalty has been connected with the earldom of Fife from first to last, beginning with the immortal of Edward I.; while the last Macduff (the Countess Isabel) married the son of Robert II. As I have shown, the title was revived in 1567, on behalf of Queen Mary's husband, Bothwell.

This record is rare, and people in the North Countree have long spoken of the "lucky Duffs." I am inclined, however,

LADY ALEXANDRA AND LADY MAUD DUFF, AND THEIR GRANDMOTHER, THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

*From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street.*

to believe that the Duffs have *made* their good fortune by dint of brains. The Fife family have exercised their intelligence first to the creation of wealth, and then to the annexing of social position. But it will be found that the Duffs have had a strong faculty for striking on the *ideas* underlying any particular subject in which they have been interested. I could name a host of instances, but shall content myself with citing Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, one of the most philosophical politicians of our time; while the late Mr. Cotter Morison, the author of "The Service of Man," claimed a Duff of Drummuir as his grandmother. Looking, then, at the whole circumstances, I am strongly inclined to believe that Lord Byron may have owed not a little to the house of Duff, for his great-grandmother was a cousin of the first Earl Fife, while his grandmother, Miss Innes, was also descended from the Duffs. Certain it is that the Gordons have rarely shown literary ability. Their temperament is entirely one of action. Byron was indebted to them for a good deal of his theatrical dash; but the brains, I think, came from the Duffs. In any case, he spent much of his childhood in that atmosphere. He used to visit his godfather, Colonel Duff, at Fetteresso, in Kincardineshire; he was more familiar with the Duffs in the town of Banff; and, as everybody knows, he fell violently in love (as a boy of nine!) with his cousin, Mary Duff. In the front of Duff House a pear-tree is still shown as "Byron's Tree." The tree is very old, and the story goes that just a hundred years ago it used to be raided by Byron, then a boy of ten.

J. M. Bulloch.

BOOK-PLATE OF THE FIRST EARL FIFE.

AN INDIAN POTENTATE.

*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.*

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

# IN TIGHT PLACES.

## *ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.*

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

### D'ACUNHA'S LUCK: A MONTE CARLO MYSTERY.

WHEN I left the *Vaterland* at Naples, and had seen the end of the Billingston-Cangiare case, I travelled leisurely homewards, pausing at Rome, Pisa, Spezzia, Genoa, and, last of all, at Monte Carlo, which I had never visited, and where I proposed to spend a few days. Although the season was on the wane, there were surely enough to interest me, and, indeed, to occupy me, if I were weak enough to succumb to the dangerous fascinations of the place.

So a fellow-passenger put it to me, in passable French, as we sat side by side in comfortable basket-chairs of the train-de-luxe and were whirled along the Mediterranean shore.

I had noticed him before leaving Genoa, had been drawn to do so by an incident that appealed to my detective faculties. For I had seen that he was being watched, "shadowed" by a couple of shabby creatures, who were either thieves or spies of some sort or other.

My companion was a dark-skinned, close-shaven, bullet-headed man of small stature, portly, indeed overgrown, with thick, sensuous lips and heavy-lidded, sleepy black eyes; very prosperous in appearance, with much jewellery on his person; smart new baggage, a costly fur coat, and a red morocco handbag, suspended to a strap over one shoulder. The last must have contained valuables, for he clung to it very tenaciously.

I did not quite make him out; his French had an unfamiliar accent, which gave me no clue, but he was smooth-spoken, anxious to be friendly, and we chatted on pleasantly enough, beguiling the time. He was not a Russian, although I gathered from his talk that he had come from Odessa, viâ Buda-Pest and Vienna. On the other hand, the men who were watching him had rather the Tartar or Calmuck cast of countenance. That they were after him I had no manner of doubt, for before leaving Genoa I had seen one make a significant gesture to the other—it was an almost imperceptible wave of the hand towards my companion, and that was all. I saw no more of them after leaving Genoa. They were hardly first-class passengers; besides, there is a *supplément* to be paid for seats in this particularly favoured train.

"Does Monsieur play?" asked my neighbour. "No? He will certainly be tempted when he gets within the influence of the principality. It is a disease—in the air. I caught it the first time, and with me it is incurable."

"Do you play with any luck?" I asked, wondering if that was the secret of his seeming prosperity.

"I cannot complain; I have generally done well. I have a system of my own, which has never yet failed me, only it needs boldness and sufficient capital. As to *that*"—— He touched the handbag slung round his neck with imprudent complacency.

"Is *that* quite wise?" I repeated his emphasis, no longer surprised that he was pursued by thieves. "Not only do you carry your money—a great deal of it, I

daresay — about your person, but you confide the fact to me, a perfect stranger, whom you have not known more than half an hour."

I was about to warn him of the near danger he ran at that very moment, to put him on his guard against the thieves at his heels, when he almost took my breath away by declaring that he had known me for years.

"I recognised you, Major Macnaghten Innes, Sir, at Genoa," now speaking English, and of a kind that placed him at once. There was no mistaking the "chee chee," the accent of the Eurasian or Indian half-blood, with its sing-song cadence. I knew now that he was "twenty annas to the rupee," half native half European, the white half being Portuguese, as I found on hearing his name—Silveira d'Acunha.

"I had the honour of seeing you, Sir," he went on very respectfully, while I inwardly raged that his memory for faces was better than mine, "at Haiwanabad some years back. I was then in the service of the Rajah of Haiwanapore, a mere news-writer and clerk. You would not have noticed *me*; of course, I remember *you*."

"When did you leave India?" I asked next. It was a polite way of inquiring how the poverty-stricken half-caste had blossomed into a millionaire.

"I was fortunate, Sir. The Rajah was good to me. I took to trade, travelled far across the Hindoo Koosh into Siberia, and prospered—greatly. Now I am able to enjoy life."

There was something in the way he said this: a false note in his voice, a cunning look in his beady eyes, that checked my first impulse to tell him of the men who were on his track. I had a vague impression that the fellow was not quite straight, and that this wealth of his had been improperly acquired. What if these pursuers were not mere thieves, but the agents of justice, official or unofficial, with some set purpose of vindicating wrong or calling him to strict account for some misdeed?

Outwardly, at least, he had no misgiving of any impending Nemesis. I saw him that evening at the Grand Hotel, where we had both taken up our quarters, dining copiously, arrayed in purple and fine linen. A splendid black pearl solitaire, encircled with brilliants, sparkled in his extensive shirt-front; his fat, dark fingers were loaded with rings. He had, no doubt, dived deep into the precious bag before handing it over to the manager for safe custody, a precaution I had seen him take on arrival at the hotel.

He made me a low bow as he passed my table after dinner, and asked, with cringing affability, whether I proposed to visit the rooms that evening.

"If that is your intention, Sir, I would venture to suggest that you should follow my system. I shall be at one of the trente-et-quarante tables. I feel confident I shall win."

I thanked him rather coldly. Habit is strong, and an old Anglo-Indian cannot bring himself very readily to associate with or be under obligations to a half-caste.

The gaming-table had never possessed any attractions for me, and I preferred that night to take my cigar and coffee under the canopy of heaven to entering "the rooms." I had come to see a place reputed to be one of the most beautiful in the world rather than tempt fortune at the tables.

Next morning, as I sat sunning myself upon the broad terrace in front of the Casino, facing the superb view, I saw indeed that Nature was at her loveliest where man was most vile.

But I could not escape the influence of the place. Play was the one engrossing topic; the strange chances of the game, the curious variations that shipwrecked systems, the strange runs and extraordinary series defying all calculations, and bringing about sometimes colossal winnings, more often everlasting smash.

Everyone was full of the phenomenal fortune that had come to one player the night before—a man newly arrived but not unknown at the tables, and I soon guessed from the description given that it was my half-caste, d'Acunha. His system had

clearly been most successful. He had won at least a couple of hundred thousand francs, and this, presently, I had from his own lips, for he came up, fawning and greasy as ever, upbraiding me for not having followed his advice, and imploring me to do so next time.

THE THRONG THERE STOOD THREE DEEP, STARING OPEN-MOUTHED AT HIS EXTRAORDINARILY PERSISTENT GOOD LUCK.

"There are two sides to the question, Mr. d'Acunha," I answered carelessly. "Suppose it had been the other way? I am told reaction is inevitable—at any rate, I am a very poor gambler. I hate to lose, and I 'm not at all sure I like to win."

"I never lose," he said, with the profound conviction that would some day land him in Queer Street. I could see him working out his hotel bill by blacking the boots, or appealing to the administration for a free pass back to Haiwanapore.

All this time I had seen no more of his followers. If they had arrived at Monte Carlo, they kept very close. Possibly they were reconnoitring their ground, spying out the ways of the place and the ways of their victim before making any definite move.

Like myself, however, they found their way to the rooms that second night, and I caught them watching as I was, with

breathless interest, the renewed success of d'Acunha.

He was the centre of observation, the cynosure of every eye at the cross trente-et-quarante table in the first end-room. The throng there stood three deep, staring open-mouthed at his extraordinarily persistent good luck, and all who could struggle near enough to stake followed his play with equal fortune.

I confess to sharing in the excitement, although even now I could not bring myself to throw in my lot with the half-caste, as he carried off maximum after maximum in rapid succession.

My two nondescripts, while they kept their eyes intently on d'Acunha, remained outwardly impassive spectators of the exciting scene. But that they were strongly affected by it I was quite certain from their gestures and the muttered remarks that passed between them.

Did d'Acunha know them? Once, in the height of his triumph, he looked across the table, saw me and bowed, waving his hand towards his pile, implying that, had I chosen, the same fortune might be mine. He must have seen the spies, as he had seen me—they were almost at my elbow. But there was no recognition in his glance, no apprehension. They knew him, but he could not know them, and still I wondered.

Then suddenly they turned to go. I guessed that they were intruders without the *carte d'entrée* that all must carry who would pass the portals of this terrestrial hell. No doubt they had escaped the lynx-eyed Cerberus at the doors, and were now leaving while it was time. Whether they had any ulterior intentions against d'Acunha I could not determine, but I thought well to follow them as they glided stealthily and quickly through the crowded rooms into the dark night.

Outside I lost them. I looked about in vain, through the small square that faces the Casino, among the tables in front of the Café de Paris. They were out of sight and ken, although all the time I was vaguely conscious that they were at no great distance from me, hidden somewhere amid the silvery shadows.

I confess I had a certain sympathy for them—that of a brother sportsman after game that is difficult to come at. They were surely more than commonplace thieves hungry for plunder. How could they foresee when they tracked this d'Acunha down to Monte Carlo that he would prove so valuable a quarry? They were far more interesting to me than the man they hunted, the smug, self-satisfied gambler whom I had but just now seen with his sheaves of bank-notes drinking in delighted the plaudits of his fellow-gamblers, while the bank tottering to its fall was reinforced by fresh rouleaux of gold from the coffers below.

By and by, as I sat in front of the Café de Paris, while it was quite early, he came out. He was, no doubt, prudently resolved to get back betimes to his hotel and put his vast winnings securely by.

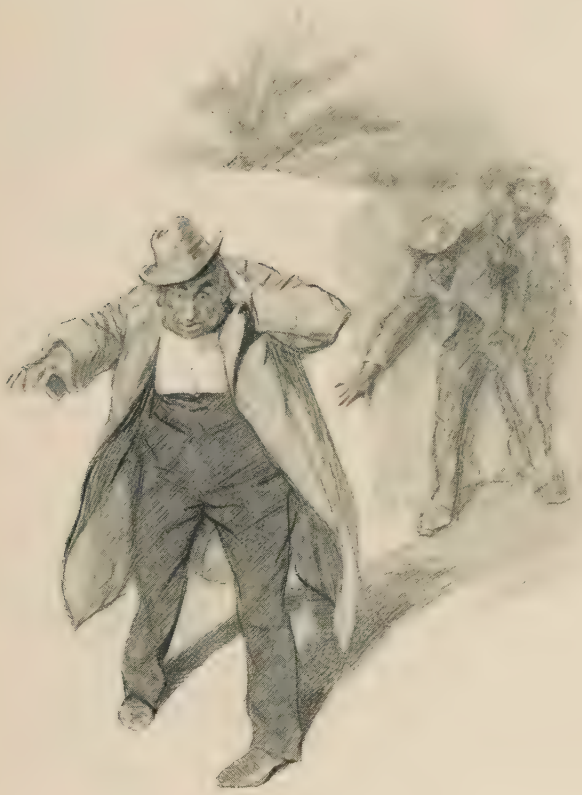
I saw him plainly as he paused under the bright gas-lamps at the head of the great staircase, then strut across the open space with head erect and inflated chest, obviously in his most triumphant mood, making straight for where I sat. He did not actually join me, I don't believe that he saw me, but he halted at the dark line made by the edge of the awning, and took his place at a table that stood a little apart in the deserted square. I heard him call aloud for champagne and light a huge cigar.

I watched him rather disdainfully, a little angrily perhaps, chafing inwardly at the strange whirligig of life. A few years back this creature would not have dared to sit down in my presence; he would have cheerfully smoked a hubble-bubble or chewed betel-nut; now nothing but the best would satisfy him. He was rolling in riches, at the top of the wave, while I, to whom he once cringed almost as to a superior being, was forced to take any business that offered simply to make both ends meet.

I consoled myself by thinking that I should be sorry to change places with him. He was but a poor creature at best, even now in his prosperity, and I still believed that there was some dark shadow in his past—a shadow that seemed to take bodily

shape as I looked at him, musing thus, a shadow creeping and crawling towards him, and presently, as I half fancied, enveloping him in its dark, mysterious folds.

Something of the sort might have been in his own mind at that very moment, for I saw him spring to his feet suddenly with



TWO FIGURES, THAT HAD BEEN LURKING IN THE SHADOWS, MOVED OUT AND GLIDED NOISELESSLY AND CAUTIOUSLY AFTER HIM.

a shiver and a start, drain his glass at one gulp, and then move forward with a heavy lurching gait towards the Grand Hotel.

He staggered on a dozen yards or so, he had barely reached the garden in the central square, when two figures, that had been lurking in the shadows, moved out and glided noiselessly and cautiously after him.

I knew instantly what this meant, for I recognised his pursuers. It meant more, indeed, than I had at first imagined. They had evil intentions against d'Acunha, that was plain; but I saw also that he had been cunningly and adroitly prepared for defeat by a method with which I was familiar. I had seen Indian dacoits get the better of their victim by administering some narcotic or stupefying drug, and attack and overpower him when under its influence.

I felt sure that d'Acunha had been drugged. I knew it by his swaying figure as he reeled along with strange antics and horrible contortions; he danced and shuffled and raised his arms above his head as though he was uproariously drunk.

But now, with his enemies close at his heels, I felt that it was time to interfere. I could not allow this abject millionaire to be robbed, maltreated, possibly murdered under my very eyes.

Starting to my feet, I ran post-haste after the party, calling for help as I went along.

The police of Monte Carlo, although arrayed in a somewhat theatrical costume, are very much upon the spot when there is business to be done. At my appeal, a couple of half bravos, half opera-chorus, in swords and short cloaks, came rapidly up out of the gardens below the Casino. This is a favourite spot for suicides, it is said, and always carefully patrolled.

By the time I caught up the pursuers they had already run into their prey. D'Acunha had been struck down, and the two men were stooping over him, tearing at his clothes, rifling his pockets, as I

thought, with all the adroitness of practised garrotters.

With a straight blow from the shoulder I sent one of them flying across the road, and then grappled closely with the second in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, which ended in his complete overthrow just as the police rushed up to the rescue.

After the manner of most Continental officials, they proceeded with strict impartiality to take us all into custody. One of them was willing to admit that the part I had played was not exactly criminal, but I was also a suspected person, and, in any case, my evidence was necessary for the *procès-verbal*. They would also have carried d'Acunha with them to give his own account of the transaction, but he was found to be quite insensible, whether from the blows he had received or the narcotic I could not tell, but I shrewdly suspected the latter. So he was consigned to the care of another party of police—by this time they swarmed around us—and removed to the hotel under surveillance.

A hasty examination of his pockets showed that the robbery had not been completed before he was rescued. His purse, a great capacious leathern wallet stuffed full of thousand-franc notes and gold *plaques* (pieces of £4), was found intact, also his rings, studs, and other jewellery. But his clothing was awry, his shirt-collar had been torn off, and he was altogether dishevelled and untidy.

We were escorted—the rest of us—back to the Casino, which we entered by a back or side door, not the main portico. A discreet veil is thrown over all affairs of this kind at Monte Carlo. The less the public hears of scandals the better in a place whose virtue is not unimpeachable.

The commissary on duty was an imposing gentleman, with well-waxed black moustache and in evening dress. He eyed us, innocent and guilty alike, with equal ferocity, but when he had heard the whole story and condescended to look at my card, he thanked me for the prompt assistance I had rendered to the cause of law and order.

"But who are these?" he asked abruptly, as he eyed the thieves. "What do you call yourselves? Where do you come from?"

He tried them in French, but got no answer, then in Italian, then German, with no better result. The prisoners either did not or would not understand. I believe they thought it best to preserve unbroken silence under the cloak of vacant stupidity. There was not a waver in the pale blue eyes, not a muscle moved on the set, stolid faces as the commissary apostrophised them with increasing fierceness.

"I think they are Russians, Monsieur—Calmuck Tartars, perhaps," I suggested. "If you can find anyone to interpret in that language——"

"It shall be done. Meanwhile they shall be consigned to durance, intolerable rogues. It is too bad, Monsieur; this principality has become the resort and prey of every scoundrel in Europe."

He made me a courteous bow, and I was permitted to withdraw, being shown upstairs by an inner staircase which led direct to the great pillared hall or antechamber of the gambling-rooms.

I was tempted to enter then, wondering whether the stormy affair in which I had been concerned had made any stir. It seemed, however, to be scarcely known, or if any rumours of it had got about it was altogether eclipsed in importance by the remaining chances of the game. The last hour of the night's play had arrived; a great crowd surrounded every table, eager, excited, noisy, with a babel of tongues.

Something indefinable, irresistible, the fierce, baleful spirit that was abroad in that heated, noxious atmosphere, seized me also, and almost mechanically I planked down a louis upon the nearest roulette table. I staked it *en plein* on the single chance of Number 27.

I won it—36 louis; 720 francs; about £28—a handful of gold coins.

The same motive, an impulse I could neither comprehend nor explain, tempted me to leave my money where it lay—again 27 turned up, and again I won, but no more than the maximum, of course, 6000 francs.

"Monsieur is not fair to himself," whispered an obliging gentleman at my elbow. "You ought to have won 25,000 francs, but you see they only pay you six. I should advise you to try the trente-et-quarante table, where the maximum is just double, 12,000 francs. Monsieur is evidently in the vein."

I was, beyond all question. For moving up as this friendly mentor advised, I struck a series, a run of thirteen on the red, and when play closed for the night I had won a little over £5000.

Carefully buttoning up my easily gotten gains I hastened back to my hotel, a little nervous, perhaps, until I found myself safe within its sheltering portals. The hotel manager was good enough to relieve me of the responsibility of the cash, and I went off to bed, hoping for the rosy dreams of the successful gambler. I knew that I had made a small fortune, enough to bring me in, if properly invested, as much as my small pittance of pension from the State.

But I passed one of the most terrible nights I have ever known. I was tortured by the most terrible nightmare, by hideous dreams, pursued, hunted, chased all through the wilds and waste spaces of the world out into limitless abysmal space; whole troops of devils were at my heels, mad, relentless phantoms running me down to the death, grisly shapes that took the form of Calmuck Tartars, commissaries, croupiers, and at their head d'Acunha, the Portuguese half-caste, hounding them forward, halloaing and whoo-hooping them on. They were a pack of fierce, fiery fiends from whom I fled hopeless with slow leaden footsteps, in everlasting anguish, expecting momentarily to be run into and torn to pieces, yet still permitted, purposely to prolong my agonies, to go at large.

I thought my £5000 had been dearly bought when I awoke a wretched wreck, still torn and harassed by the distressing memories of the night. Had I been free to do so, I would have taken the very first train for Monte Carlo and travelled straight home to England. But a polite intimation from the authorities, a request that was really an order, invited me to remain in the principality until justice had been done to the thieves. I could not help myself, but if I had to stay, the tables should see me no more. I made a vow, entered into a solemn and binding compact with myself, that I would stick to my winnings; that one person, at least, of the many hundreds upon whom fortune smiles—for a short space—should hold on to the unusual and unexpected gains.

I kept my good resolutions all that day. So long as daylight lasted I could control the craving that was on me as strong as that of the drunkard or the opium-eater to taste the noxious pleasure again. Towards evening I fell—it was in that quiet hour just before dinner, when the rooms are comparatively empty, when the herd is feeding, and only a few habitués and one or two of the better sort of visitors come in in evening dress to try a little "flutter" before they dine.

I, too, tried my luck then, and found it distinctly adverse. It was the old story, old and familiar to all who are versed in the strange ways of gaming. I dropped my money, and, had I brought much with me, should have lost it all. But I was some five hundred pounds the poorer when I was compelled by want of funds from following the customary, the almost inevitable rule, with unsuccessful players, of trying to recover lost ground.

Here was a plain warning: to be satisfied with what was still left to me, but—again according to every precedent—I did not take it.

Nine o'clock saw me back in the rooms with a thousand pounds in my pocket and a lie on my lips to myself. For I told myself that I did not mean to play, that I only came to look on, and to bear me out in this transparent thinking I still wore my light covert-coat, showing that I was just walking through to see what people were at and how the game was played.

The shallow pretence did not last me long—within half an hour I had ventured a few coins, with varying luck, and presently I was again committed to the game, playing hard and high, and finding—

strange vicissitude of fortune!—that I was again winning considerable sums.

How long it would have lasted I cannot imagine. I seemed to have no control over myself, no power of independent volition. Play I must, and play as some secret voice told me. What brought me to an abrupt and sudden stop was the face of d'Acunha watching me from the other side of the table with a look that still haunts me, it expressed so many of the worst passions of our fallen human nature—"envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," all in their deepest and most concentrated form. Why this change? I had done him, knowingly, no harm, quite the reverse. As the reader is aware, I had saved him from spoliation, maltreatment, possibly murder. I could only look back in amazement and, still asking why, wonder whether the shock of the previous night's affray had unhinged his mind, or whether he was still suffering from the effects of the drug, which, as I believed, had been administered to him.

I had seen nothing of him the whole day. The answer to my inquiries was that he would keep his room, that he had been greatly upset by the attack made upon him, but that he was most grateful for my timely rescue and would thank me in person later on.

Yet here he was that same evening, eyeing me with most malevolent hostility! From his aspect he might have wanted my blood then and there. It might be pure jealousy, of course; for I had heard from the gossip that went round the table, and to which till now I had turned a deaf ear, that he had been steadily going downhill, that he had lost repeatedly, continuously, that his famous system had played him false, and that the blind chance had come to my side.

Yes; it was no doubt jealousy, unmitigated and overpowering; for next minute he was standing behind me at my elbow, and I heard his voice hissing fiercely in my ear: "You stole it from me! Stole it! Stole it! Now I know." I did not answer him. I had no wish to be mixed up in any *esclandre* in the rooms, so, stuffing my winnings in my pockets anyhow, without counting them, although I knew they must be more than double those of the previous evening, I left the Casino.

HE CLUTCHED THE ENAMELLED HEART NERVOUSLY IN HIS TREMBLING HANDS AND KISSED IT.

As before, I deposited my cash with the manager, and then, for the first time, as

we went through the notes, plaques, and louis d'ors, I made up my total plunder for the two nights to something near £13,000.

The stolid German cashier who made me out my receipt said nothing, but his eye twinkled as he swept the parcel into the cavernous depths of the safe, and I followed his thought that the money would soon take wings again. He called me back, however, as I turned on my heel.

"This is yours, Herr Major. Did you mean to keep that also? It can be nothing of very great value."

He handed me a curious bit of coloured enamel in the shape of a heart, blood-red in colour, with streaks of fine gold inlaid. It had the appearance of an amulet or charm, or a votive offering, such as one hangs upon a saint's figure or a holy picture.

"No; not mine. I never saw the thing till this moment. I can't have given it you—I——"

Then came a mad shriek of unutterable joy, and a hand from behind closed on the enamel.

"It is mine, mine, mine! He stole it from me—he robbed me of my luck, my life, my god!" The speaker was d'Acunha, and I could see that he was convulsed with intense excitement.

"You may have it for me," I said contemptuously. "Is it worth making all this fuss about, man? I tell you I never saw it before."

"I dropped it; lost it last night. It was that they were after, I am sure, although how they knew, who they were—— Forgive me, Major Innes, but all this has quite unhinged me. I fear I have used language which is unsuitable, but, but—I have suffered terribly since that attack." He clutched the enamelled heart nervously in his trembling hands, kissed it, talked to it, and behaved in such absurd fashion that he clearly valued it above measure.

I never got at the rights of it all. He told me next day, when he had recovered himself a little, that he had bought this precious amulet from some Russian soldiers who had got it in the sack of a Kirghiz town. Its properties of bringing luck to its possessors were firmly believed in by those who sold it, but they saw their advantage in taking a high price for it. My own belief is that d'Acunha stole it, and that the men who attacked him had followed him to recover it. Their failure at Monte Carlo has landed them in prison, but they are pretty sure to renew the quest when once more at large.

That the amulet brought me luck was an incontrovertible fact. At the first night's play I was in my covert-coat, and no doubt it had fallen during the affray into one of the pockets. It was still there on the second night, when I again wore the coat, but I did not do so during my unsuccessful play earlier in the evening. I believe d'Acunha again invoked its aid and with the same result, but he did not remain long in Monte Carlo after the trial of the would-be thieves.

For myself, I left at the very first moment. I did not tempt my luck again, although I had grave scruples about keeping my winnings. These scruples are not altogether silenced even now. But for the present I hold my £13,000 in good securities, safe and easily convertible should my conscience at some future time insist on restitution

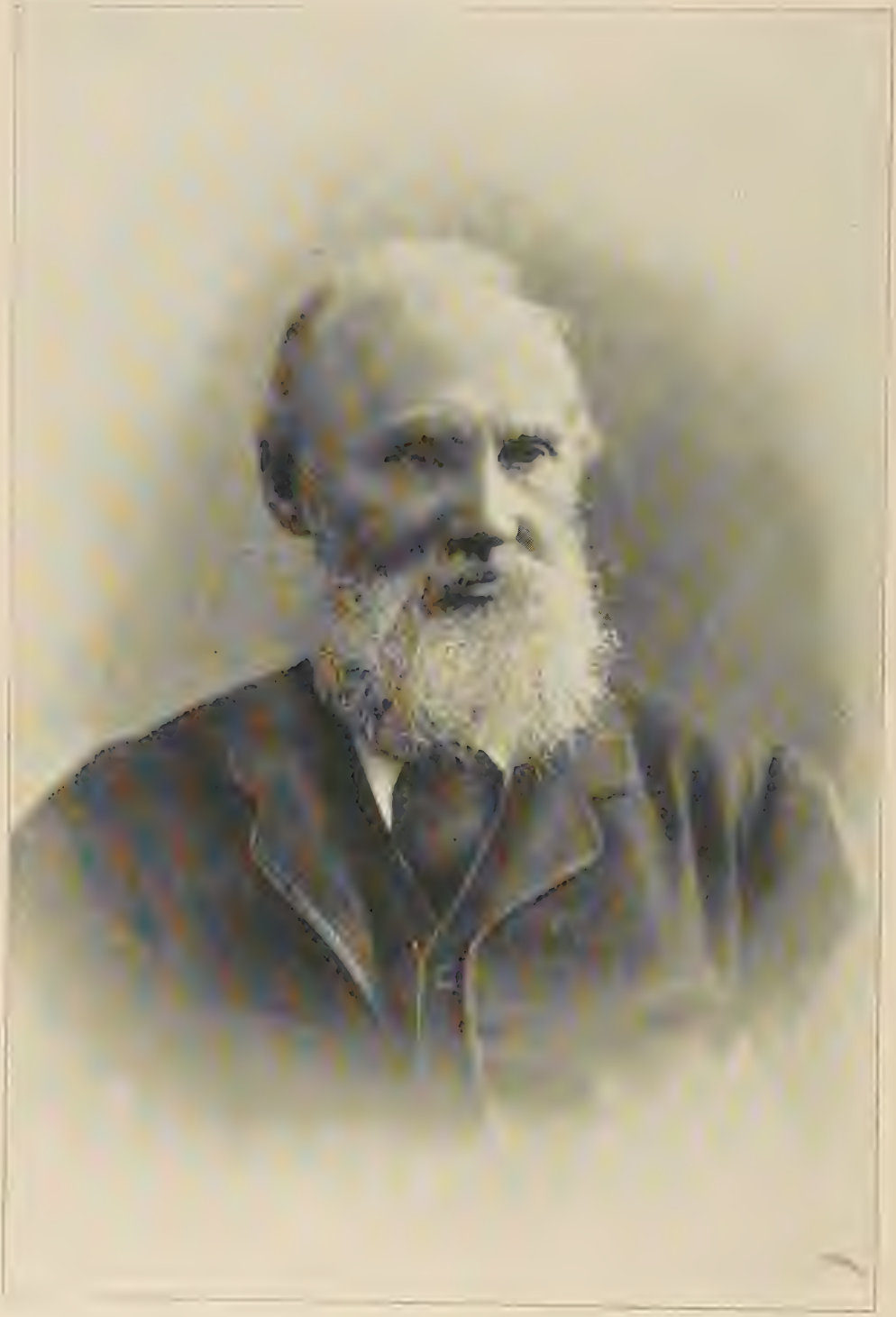


*Photo by Lafayette, Bond Street.*

LORD KELVIN IS SEVENTY-FOUR THIS MONTH.

LORD KELVIN, the greatest physicist of our time, will be seventy-four on the 26th of this month. He is a typical product of Scots-Irish parentage — the industry of the Scot being supplemented by the imagination of the Celt. Though he was only Second Wrangler, he has far outdistanced most Seniors. He has been Professor of "Natural Philosophy"—as Scottish Universities still call the class of physics—in Glasgow University (where his father was Professor of Mathematics) since 1846.

He made his first great success in practical physics in connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable, just forty years ago, while it is exactly half a century since he began his classic thermo-dynamic researches. Lord Kelvin—for Sir William Thomson passed into a Peer in 1892—combines in a very wonderful way the purely theoretical mathematician with the genius of the inventor. Like a wise man, he has retained his patents, and they have made him rich. His sounding apparatus and his compass alone must have brought him in a fortune, while he has brought his genius down to the scullery by inventing a water-tap.

He has told the story of his life in his arms, the supporters of which are a Jack Tar and Glasgow University student clad in the immortal scarlet gown of the north country undergraduate. Lord Kelvin has no children, so that his title will become extinct.

Another veteran Scottish professor is to the front, for Sir William Turner, who has held the chair of Anatomy in Edinburgh University since 1867, has succeeded Sir Richard Quain as President of the General Medical Council. Sir William is an Englishman by birth, but his long connection with Edinburgh has made him practically a Scot. He was knighted in 1886.

The death at Atbara of Major Urquhart, a gallant officer of the Camerons, has brought Mr. H. H. Champion, the Socialist, into public notice again. He has been very little heard of lately, for he has been living quietly as a journalist in Australia. Like his cousin, Major Urquhart, he has been a soldier, and comes of a race of military men.

His father, Major-General Champion, served in the campaign in Central India in 1858—Mr. Champion being born at Poona the following year. One of his uncles died of his wounds at Inkermann in 1854. This "brave, pious Champion," as Kinglake called him, was an enthusiastic botanist, several orders being named after him; and he presented his splendid collection of Eastern plants to Kew. Another uncle fell at Ghuznee in 1848. His brother was wounded in the Tirah Campaign.

Mr. Champion himself, who was at Marlborough when Dr. Farrar was Head Master, began life in the Artillery twenty

years ago, and took part in the Afghan War. He declined, as he once said, to look after the interests of bondholders in Egypt, and left the Army in 1882, the very year when his cousin, then Lieutenant Urquhart, got his first sniff of war in the Soudan.

After all, Mr. Champion turned his capacity as a fighter only from powder and shot to hard argument on the side of Socialism. He took part in the battle of the London dockers with great skill, and he fought a Scottish constituency for Parliament.

A striking case of inherited literary instinct is afforded by the little book on Perugia which Messrs. Dent have recently issued. One of the authors, Miss Margaret Symonds, is the daughter of the late John Addington Symonds; the other, Miss Lina Duff-Gordon, comes of a longer line of literary people. Her grandmother was Lady Duff-Gordon, the translator and traveller. She inherited her powers from her mother, Sarah Austin, who introduced von Ranke to English readers; while her

MISS MARGARET SYMONDS.

father was John Austin, the famous writer on jurisprudence.

The story of these remarkable women is told by Lady Duff-Gordon's daughter, now Mrs. Ross, of Florence, in her "Three Generations of Englishwomen." In view of her niece's present performance, Mrs. Ross would have to speak of four

*Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.*

MISS LINA DUFF-GORDON.

generations in any new edition of the book. The founder of the Duff-Gordons was a member of Lord Aberdeen's family, who was a Scottish judge, with the title of Lord Rockville.

The war in the Soudan has increased the fighting record of Colonel R. H. Murray, who leads the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders. Born in 1847, he joined the 72nd Highlanders at the age of twenty, and has served with them ever since. He went through the Afghan War of 1878-80, being severely wounded at Kandahar. In the Egyptian War of 1882, he acted as a Brigade-Major of Infantry to the Indian division, and in the Soudan Campaign of 1885 he was on special service as assistant to the Chief of the Staff.

The Cameron Highlanders, who made such a brilliant dash at Atbara, are commanded by Colonel Gordon Lorn Campbell Money. The names Murray and Money are readily mistaken for one another, but the two officers are quite distinct. Colonel Money joined the

Camerons in 1868 at the age of twenty. He served in the Soudan in 1884-86.

Two deaths in the peerage link two families that have otherwise little connection. By the death of the Earl of Strafford, and the succession of Sir Henry Byng, the Queen has had to find another Equerry in the person of Lord William Cecil. And scarcely was the appointment made than Lord William's brother, the Marquis of Exeter, died, to be succeeded by Lord Burghley, who is a youth of two-and-twenty.

Thus for the nonce we have only Tennyson's poem to keep us in mind of the "Lord of Burleigh." The late Marquis, though not so familiar to the public as Lord Salisbury, performed the duties lying to his hand as a country gentleman with great ability, and he

*Photo by Wyrall and Son, Aldershot.*

COLONEL MURRAY, COMMANDING THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

made such an impression on everybody around him that his death has caused great grief far beyond his own family.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street.*
MR. T. McKINNON WOOD,
*Chairman of the London County Council.*

Mr. T. McKinnon Wood, the Chairman of the London County Council, is the son of a Scot, and is married to a Shetlander. He was educated at University College, is a graduate of London University, and began his career on the staff of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He is now the head of a large business concern in the City.

The London Cart Horse Parade Society, which has had its annual turn-out sooner this year than usual, is really complementary to that good government of London which the County Council aims at. The president of this year, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, has done a great deal for the breeding of hackneys, and the Duke of Portland, who is a vice-president, is a keen lover of horseflesh, which fully justified his being Master of the Horse. Last year 781 horses were entered against only 596 in 1892. The turn-out this year may be bigger still.

The return of Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis) to the stage is the most notable event in the annals of the London playhouse that has been seen for some time. Mrs. Lewis bade farewell to the stage in 1867, when, as a girl of three-and-twenty, she married Mr. Lewis. She had been playing for sixteen years, and had made herself such a favourite that playgoers have lamented her going ever since.

There is a certain picturesqueness in her return to play in Stuart Ogilvie's drama "The Master," along with her daughter, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, who is already familiar to lovers of the theatre. Mrs. Lewis, it is needless to add, is the eldest of the brilliant quartet—Ellen, Marion, and the late Florence Terry. The third generation is represented on the stage by Miss Minnie Terry, the daughter of Mr. Charles Terry.

Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, the author of "The Master," has not been very successful in his plays, though he has had the distinction of having two pieces running at the same time in London—for one night at least, the last performance of "The White Knight" and the first of "The Master" taking place on the same evening. "Hypatia," which he did for Mr. Tree, was the most successful. "The Sin of St. Hulda," which was also in verse, was ambitious, but did not take with the public.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street.*
MRS. McKINNON WOOD.

# "VERY LIKE A WHALE!"

By H. S. C. EVERARD.

THE young gentlemen who adorn our back doors and bare walls with pictorial representations of various objects not infrequently deem it necessary or desirable to append thereto some descriptive legend such as "This is a dog," lest the work of art should be mistaken, say, for a church or for some other object remote from reality. It occurs to one that the illustrators of some mediæval books might in many instances have adopted this course with advantage, an idea which seems to have presented itself to some former readers of a quaint old work now before us, entitled "Ortus Sanitatis," and published at Strasburg in the year 1490. The volume is compiled chiefly from the German of J. von Cube, whose first edition appeared at Metz in 1475. Some of the manuscript notes in the margin of this particular copy are in French, in places not easy to read, and written probably about one hundred and fifty years ago. Others, again, are in English of a much earlier date; in fact, these are in a sixteenth-century hand, sometimes almost illegible, owing to the fading of the ink. The unassisted intellect would be unequal to the task of identifying many or most of the prototypes in the animal kingdom, therefore not without reason has the author of these English notes labelled, for instance, one picture, "A Kouckowe." One is instinctively reminded of the old man who said "Hush! I perceive a large bird in this bush;" and if the "Kouckowe," is not quite "three times as large as the bush," its proportions are sufficiently ample to cover vertically almost the whole foliage of the tree. "A fasant," depicted like the cuckoo, with upturned eyes and exceedingly devotional aspect, "a jeye," "a scorpion," "an egle," and others are also in evidence. From these remarks it will be gathered that the book is a treatise on Natural History; unfortunately it is in imperfect condition, title-page and some contents having been torn out. Like most ancient manuals of the sort, it deals with animals, birds, fishes, minerals, and, by way of conclusion, has a treatise on medical subjects. In the natural history portion, the scheme generally followed is first to describe the creature under notice, with quotations from authorities such as Isidorus, Avicenna, Pliny, Albertus Magnus; and then, under the heading "Operationes," to give the medical uses to which various parts of the animal may be applied. The middle-aged man of to-day will recollect that in the time of his childhood "physic" was nothing if not nauseous; indeed, amongst the less educated its efficacy was often supposed to be in direct proportion to that attribute. Yet no reminiscence of rhubarb, senna, castor oil, or black draughts can strike the imagination with one-half the disgust inspired by the awful recipes of the mediæval medico; for, as readers of old books well know, these are often utterly untranslatable, or rather unpresentable in any decent print to a reader of the present day. For the rest, the text of the book is Latin; it is not presented in such guise that he who runs may read; very much the contrary, for it is black-letter of the fifteenth century. Not that this in itself is much of a barrier to expeditious reading, but it is full of the abbreviations in common use at that period. These, while of course sufficiently familiar to the professional Jonathan Oldbuck, do yet tax the ingenuity of the

amateur, who, in the absence of one of the published keys, has to infer their meaning from the context.

With these introductory remarks we may glance at some reproductions of a few of

CAT AND CATABLEPA.

the pictures contained in it. Who, then, shall pronounce with authority on the subject of illustration No. 1? Our Frenchman announces "Ce sont nos chats," but the Latin text discourses of the cat and the "catablepa." This last beast cannot be described as altogether familiar; the best account of him, so far as the present writer is aware, being given by Ælian, who says "that it is like a bull, only more fierce and terrible of aspect, but with eyes not quite so large; they are bloodshot, never looking straight in front, but downcast towards the ground; hence its name (*κάτα, βλέπω*). It feeds on poisonous herbs; it has a crest-like mane, which it erects when angry. It then gives forth from its throat such abominable exhalations that the whole atmosphere round about is infected, so that other animals approaching are damnified exceedingly (*κακοῦσθαι σφόδρα*, is the apt phrase), lose the power of emitting sound, and fall into convulsions which are fatal. The beast is well aware of its own power, as also are other animals, who accordingly give it as wide a berth as possible." Pliny says it is found near the head of the Niger, and that it is very sluggish in its movements; that it is so is fortunate for the welfare of the human race, all of whom but for its downcast eyes would inevitably fall victims to it. Now it is abundantly obvious that this beast has but little in common with pussy, whose lithe and sinuous movements are the embodiment of agile grace. Why, then, do the twain flock together, seeing that they are not of a feather, or rather fur? though, to be sure, the description does not well correspond with the picture. It seems a puzzle "to find the catablepa." Perhaps the explanation lies in phonetics: "cattus" begins with the same letters; so do "catacomb," "cataract," and "cathartics," which would seem to do equally well in juxtaposition. Our author is great at etymology, and gives his authorities for the various derivations of the word "cattus," including the popular one of "catus," clever, cunning; and also "captura," because pussy captures mice. This is unconvincing, but he might have thought that in the multitude of guesses there was safety. Of excellent morals is pussy, and her modesty is considered worthy of note, though it must be owned that her austere virtue is not precisely the point that at once strikes the modern observer; but perhaps the race may have deteriorated. It is of a specially domestic nature, but bites, and like the lion is armed with teeth and claws, which, lion-like, it puts out and retracts at its pleasure. Its bite is painful, causing the body to turn green; but a plaster of onions and catmint will give relief. Also Rhasis says that wild cats are put to flight by the smoke of rue and bitter almonds; this seems somewhat inconsequent, but Rhasis was a wise Arabian physician of the ninth century, and his pearls of wisdom must be harvested with respect and gratitude. One might conceivably find oneself without a gun in some Highland fastness, face to face with a wild cat, if any now survive; and it is useful to know the right thing to do in the circumstances.

The flesh of the cat is of great use in curing the distressing ailment with which the men of Ashdod were afflicted on the occasion of the ark appearing among them—and it has other therapeutic uses. Our author is correct enough in mentioning Egypt as the habitat of the cat, whatever we may think about the "catablepa." The learned are of opinion that pussy was first domesticated in that country; and certainly Herodotus was struck by the extreme deference with which cats were treated. "If a cat dies in a private house," he says, "the inmates shave their eyebrows," and the departed was taken to Bubastis and embalmed. Diodorus Siculus remarks on the extravagantly devotional attitude of the Egyptians towards cats and ichneumons, which they fed with bread and milk, or with raw chopped-up fish from the Nile. A cat could no more be killed with impunity than a sacred monkey in India; indeed the historian relates "not from hearsay," but as a personal witness, the

CAMEL.

fate of a Roman who had accidentally killed one. Neither the entreaties of the magistrates despatched by their own King, nor the fear of the Romans availed to save the man's life from the vengeance of the populace, although the occurrence had been purely accidental. It has been argued that our word "pussy" is derived from the goddess Pasht, or Bubastis, to whom the creature was sacred. The Romans portrayed the Egyptian deity as having a cat's head, thus anticipating the strange pictorial efforts of Aldrovandus and others. Our author's illustration, then, may be taken to represent the source of the Nile, or Niger, or Tigris (an initial letter does not much matter). The rocks appear in terra-cotta; the summit green (probably grass); one animal sits partly in the water, (owing to exigencies of draughtsmanship), partly on a green surface; the other is on a yellow ground, which we may assume to be sand of the desert.

Of the camel we learn that it is misshapen, humpbacked, a slow mover, and unclean, for it divides not the hoof. "It avoids clean water, preferring to drink that which is turbid." No reference is made to the old tradition that it does this by reason of its appallingly ugly phsiognomy, which it cannot bear to see reflected in the crystal pool, but the reason given is quite as remarkable. "Every element is by so much the more nutritious in proportion as others are mingled with it." If then the camel does not find the water sufficiently muddy, it gives vent to horrible cries, and falls a speedy victim to madness and the gout.

By general consent the lion is the king of beasts. "Such is the haughtie courage of his high stomache that he accomteth himself without peere"; indeed his name, derived from the Greek, signifies as much. This is one of the things not generally known, but, as before remarked, etymology is a strong point with our author, who gives Isidorus as his authority. Other details are that the lion sleeps with his eyes open, but when he happens to be asleep on board a ship, that ship, so to speak, had better look out for squalls, for this is to be regarded as a sort of South Cone, indicating that the vessel is in jeopardy. The favourite haunts of lions are mountain-tops; when hunted, they obliterate their traces with their tails; and their bones are very hard, and almost destitute of marrow. But "notwithstanding

his primeness and his knowledge of life into the bargain," the lion flies at the sight of a mouse, and is equally terrified if he happens to step upon a piece of oak bark. The old tradition is given that the cubs are brought to life three days after birth, the roaring and hullabaloo made by the parents effecting this result.

The figure in the next Illustration scarcely suggests the Hercules with which one is familiar; he it is, nevertheless, in the act of slaying the hydra. The legend, according to Hyginus, was that the hydra was the daughter of Typhon; it had nine heads, and lived in the Lernæan marshes. "So poisonous was it, that men were slain by its mere breath; if any stepped across it while it was asleep, it breathed on his tracks, whereupon he died in great torments. But Hercules slew it, with the help of Minerva, disembowelled it, and dipped his arrows in the poison." Our author derives the word from "excetra" (a snake), because in place of one head which was cut off three new heads immediately grew. But in this particular instance he adopts a Euhemeristic interpretation, and says that the hydra was a spring, which on one outlet being dammed, gushed out in other

LIONS.

places, but that Hercules dried it up by means of fire. Another rationalistic interpretation, given by Palæphatus, is that Lernus was a king who fortified a small town called Hydra when he was at war with Sthenelus, King of Mycenæ. In the

HERCULES AND THE HYDRA.

town was a tower held by archers, of whom when one was killed by the fire hurled by the besiegers, two always succeeded to the empty place. Eurystheus sent Hercules to besiege the tower, which that hero burnt with the assistance of Iolaus; ultimately he sacked the town also, and destroyed the whole army of Lernus—whence the fable. The number of the heads assigned to the hydra varies with different authors, Virgil being the most liberal with fifty.

The basilisk was the centre of coil upon coil of superstition, and his malefic influence when he was in his prime was second to none. To begin with, there was a confusion of identity between him and the cockatrice: the latter, it is said, was produced from a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent. But the basilisk proper, "whereof such wonders are delivered," was a kind of serpent with a white spot on its head, like a royal diadem, whence its name, "the kingly serpent." Its eyes and general colour were black; at its hissing every other snake fled; it blasted all

herbage, split rocks, vitiated the air to such an extent that no bird could fly near it, and it killed mankind by its mere glance—in fact its distinguishing characteristic was that, whereas other noxious creatures kill by a bite or by touch, the mere presence of this small creature, which did not exceed a hand's-breadth in length, was sufficient to work this result. It is good to learn that this engaging reptile could not always carry all before it, for, on the grand principle of sympathies and antipathies, "a silly weazle" had a deadly power over it, "and overcomes them with its strong smell; but it dies itself withal, and so Nature for her pleasure hath the combat despatched." "If this be true it seems indeed wonderful," remarks Albertus Magnus with pardonable caution. Indeed the basilisk seems to have puzzled him not a little; for, on the one hand, he was loth to flout the authority of Hermes Trismegistus, on the other his own strong common-sense prompted him to a certain amount of wholesome scepticism. If a "weazle" was not available to wage this internecine war there was fortunately another method to which you could have recourse for the undoing of this enemy of the human race. By holding before your face a crystal vessel, and looking through it at the "kingly one," you neutralised his poison as regards yourself; nay, more, by a retroactive process, his own venom was often fatal to the basilisk. It is a comfort to think the creature had its proper uses, when these came to be understood. They were found to reside principally in the blood, which was black and viscous as pitch, but when dissolved became bright and clear; it had therapeutic properties, was a prophylactic against noxious spells, and insured success to petitions to princes and potentates, and even to the supernal powers. Our author adds that the egg from which the creature is hatched has no shell, but a skin sufficiently thick to withstand the most powerful blows.

BASILISK.

Of impossible monsters there is no lack in the literature of romance and folklore, but none the less are they interesting studies, save perhaps to severely practical persons. Possibly these vain imaginings may be dimly reminiscent of the period when Dinosaur, Pterodactyl, and Co. flourished on the face of the earth; it was reserved for literary ages to chronicle their warfare with mankind, with whom they were ever at enmity. One cannot read unmoved the Homeric battle with Grendel, in Beowulf, or fail to be interested in the Addanc of the Cave, slain by Peridur, in the Mabinogion, or in the grotesque monster in the Voyage of Maeldune, which could cause its bones to revolve with fearful velocity, while its skin remained still, and *vice versa*: perhaps even the griffin of our Illustration savours of the commonplace by comparison with this last. The griffin is a winged quadruped, we are here told, resembling a lion, but with the wings and head of an eagle, though it should be added that mediæval naturalists were by no means agreed as to the actual fact of his existence. In Asiatic Scythia are tracts of country abounding with gold and precious

stones, but dominated by griffins, whose fury transcends all belief. Thus not only are the natives "sair hadden doun," but the rage of the griffins acts as an effectual deterrent to would-be prospectors, whom they kill "on sight" as "awful examples" of the consequences which rash avarice is likely to bring in its train. Suetonius tells us that Caligula used to wallow and roll in heaps of gold. The griffin shared this peculiarity; it dug up the precious metal, and then gloated over it. Its talons must have been fairly well adapted to mining operations; they were like the horns of an ox, drinking-vessels

GRIFFIN.

were fashioned from them, and its wing feathers were of such strength and rigidity that they were made into most efficient bows. In size, says one authority, it was as big as eight lions, and so strong that after killing an ox, a horse, or a man in full armour, it was an easy task for it to fly away with the body. The one redeeming point about it seems to have been that it laid an egg which was an undoubted specific for any ailment under the sun. The Hippogriff of Milton and Ariosto was a winged horse whose sire was a griffin.

The central figure in the next Illustration is a swan, though one or two considerations seem to suggest that the artist did not study from nature; its feet are not webbed, for instance, and it will be apparent, generally, that it is of a type which suggests what in Anglo-German would be called a "very seldom bird" on the earth; rarer even than the proverbial black swan. The letterpress, however, is devoted to a description of the "Merillus and Meropes"—the latter is generally translated "bee-eater," but need not here detain us. "Merillus," etymologically speaking, ought to be the "diminutive" of "Merula," a blackbird, but the text has it, "that it is not much larger than a blackbird, in colour almost identical, but differing from it in feet and claws." A description of its pugnacious qualities follows, suggesting rather the starling, were it not for the use of the word "Merillus" aforesaid. Always on the look-out for victims, and predatory as a hawk, it bullies small birds unmercifully; nor is this all, for four will band themselves together, and "go for" a swan; number one will "invade" its head, two and three hustle it on each side, while number four attacks its breast and neck. Thus the swan, being an unwieldy bird, surrounded, "let, and hindered" by this stress of circumstances, is "taken captive and slain by the fowler." This description then seems to explain the abnormality of neck which first attracts attention; the unfortunate bird is so bamboozled and bothered by its pertinacious assailants, that it has very literally got itself into a knot as fatal as the hangman's noose.

Having some points in common with mankind, the dolphin was thought upon that account to be related to them, a sort of far-away cousin, in fact, if not, indeed, a nearer relation. Its plaintive and human moans were often heard, and—a less romantic statement — the noise of its snoring when asleep on the surface of the ocean. On the demise of a dolphin, which occurs at the end of a hundred and forty years, its fellows assemble, take it to deep waters, and bury it lest it should be devoured by fishes. This line of argument suggests difficulties; still, "ours not to reason why," but to accept a simple statement of fact. The young dolphins play about in schools sedulously guarded by two adults, of whom, if one

have the misfortune to die, the others, leaping on his back, preserve him from piscine attacks, "such love have they for one another." It will be observed from the Illustration that the dolphin has its eyes in his back and its mouth in front, thus, when it seizes its prey, it turns over like the shark. Their appearance in large numbers presages a storm; they have been known to succour shipwrecked mariners, and when themselves captured, give vent to dismal lamentations. Their love of music is a most prominent characteristic. Such are the main points set forth in our treatise; several tales are told by classical authors which serve to illustrate its peculiarities. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Animal Story-Book," tells, in the words of Pliny, how a poor man's son used to go to school, crossing every day from Baiæ to Puteoli on a dolphin's back. "Simo" used to be fed by the boy, for whom it used always to watch, and come when called. When the boy died, the dolphin "seemed to be heavy and mourn again, until, for very grief and sorrow, he also was found dead upon the shore." The first author of

MERILLUS AND SWAN

this tale, repeated by Ælian and Aulus Gellius, seems to have been Apion, who says he was an eye-witness. The fable of Arion is, of course, well known: how he prevailed upon the sailors, who were about to kill and rob him, to let him sing one

DOLPHINS.

more song, to a lyre accompaniment; how the melody attracted the dolphins, whereupon he leapt into the sea, and was safely carried by one of them to Tarentum. Not so familiar, perhaps, is the story in Athenæus of one Coiranus, who saw a dolphin caught in a net and about to be killed by the fishermen; he bought it and returned it to the water. In course of time he was shipwrecked, but was saved by a dolphin, when everybody else on board perished. But this was not all; for when in extreme old age he himself died, a shoal of dolphins appeared at the harbour, swam in procession along the shore near Miletus, and accompanied the funeral, as it were, in a parallel line, with every expression of woebegone grief and distress.

"Nature," says Jerome Cardan, "has provided a marine counterpart to every terrestrial animal. Thus a Triton corresponds to a man, a Nereid to a woman (for Nereids, unlike Syrens, are not mythical), sea-elephant to the elephant, and so on." This quaint but perhaps not altogether unnatural conceit, being universally received with unquestioning faith, led to the compilation of lengthy lists of

remarkable deep-sea fauna. Calves, hares, foxes, even peacocks, pheasants, partridges, quails, larks, and feathered fowls all and sundry finding their allotted places in marine zoology. Sir Thomas Browne, of course, was unconvinced, remarking in characteristic language "that all Animals of the Land are in their kind in the Sea, although received as a Principle, is a tenet very questionable and that will admit of restraint." None the less, it is amusing to turn over the pages of such a writer as Gesner, if only to glance at the pictorial embodiments of his ideas on the subject. It is to be remarked that there is no lack of credible eye-witnesses, testifying to the capture of sea-monks, sea-bishops, sea-lions, and other strange specimens — in fact, nearly a score of such well-attested cases can be traced. Only a very sceptical person, therefore, would think of asking, with Pilate, "What is truth?" Here, for instance, is a sea-lion. Our author passes it with little comment, merely noting that whereas a lion proper is "terrible," the marine variety is conspicuous for its gentleness, but in other respects he resembles his counterpart. Rondoletius, however, gives a much more circumstantial account, remarking that it seems but ill-adapted for a marine existence, and hinting pretty plainly that he had his doubts. They were, however, resolved, on appeal to Gisbertus, a doctor in Rome, "a man of precision in statement of matters of fact." Thus appealed to, he declared upon oath that to his certain knowledge such a creature had been caught not long before the decease of Pope Paul III.; upon the strength of which affidavit Rondoletius proceeds to a minute description, which appears to accord well enough with the present Illustration. Nevertheless, he seems still to have had his doubts, for he takes exception to various details in the picture of the sea-lion which he saw. Its feet were too long and not webbed, its ears were too open, and he did not believe it had scales, "for marine animals which breathe through lungs and have solid bones are not furnished with scales," but the fault lay with the artist, "who, while adding some details, had omitted others." A note in German states that the creature was caught in 1284, off the coast of Italy, that it cried like a human being, and that it was brought to Rome as a present to Pope Martin IV. Deprived of its natural food, however, and in uncongenial surroundings, it did not long survive its capture.

SEA-LION.

The religious and devotional requirements of the marine world were sufficiently provided for by "sea-bishops" and "sea-monks," whose existence is fortunately not a matter of mere inference, but is sufficiently attested by the actual capture of an ocean prelate of the first water, completely arrayed in what, without irreverence, one may be permitted to call a full suit of ecclesiastical toggery. An engraving of this marvel is to be seen in Gesner; it was caught in the fifteenth century, and sent to the King of Poland, but, like the sea-lion, it did not thrive in captivity, and was ultimately restored to its proper diocese. Mention is made of another ecclesiastical dignitary,

caught in 1531 "in Poland," but it is not quite clear to the present writer that the two captures may not refer to the same

SEA-MONK AND SEA-UNICORN.

animal, in all likelihood one of the seal tribe. The sea-monk or mer-monk of our Illustration may be regarded by comparison as a "common object of the sea-shore," for the "hinferior horder of clergy," in the nature of things, must be more numerous than their ecclesiastical superiors of episcopal rank. They frequently appear, as it were, at our own doors, and are often caught in the estuary of the Forth; their appearance, however, is regarded as of evil portent. The authority for this statement is Boëce; but we must remember, notwithstanding Sir Arthur Wardour's belief in him as a witness of credit, that Major and Boëce were dubbed the "Jachin and Boaz of falsification and forgery." Aldrovandus quotes an authority who says that in the Red Sea these creatures are caught, and that their hides are so tough that shoes made from them last fifteen years. Notwithstanding his tonsure and presumable piety, the monk of our Illustration, according to the letter-press, bears a character which belies his ostensible sanctity; certainly in his case "*cucullus non facit monachum.*" For it is one of his amiable peculiarities to frequent the shore, and by his antics and gambols to allure the unsuspecting stranger, whom he entices into over close proximity, whereupon he hauls him into the water, and devours him at leisure. The sea-unicorn, likewise, was a destructive beast, being able to penetrate a ship's side with its horn, sink the ship, and drown the people, on whom probably it battened.

Our last Illustration represents soles basking in the sun, a habit, it seems, to which they are much addicted, and one which supplies the derivation of the word, unless one prefers the alternative suggestion that they are so called because they resemble the sole of a shoe ("*quia calciamentorum soleis assimiletur*"). They are favourite articles of food, the liver in especial being particularly toothsome; they were much recommended by the faculty as a species of diet eminently suitable for invalids, and little likely to induce attacks of "the phlegm," "distemperature," "choler

SOLES.

adust," "black fumes," and other strange ailments which fell to the lot of afflicted mediæval humanity.

## THE GOLDEN ARROW.

THE Sheriff of Nottingham made formal complaint to the King of the wrong-doing of that most notorious outlaw and robber, Robin Hood. The phrasing of the complaint was most excellent, and it called upon the King to take urgent steps. The King's reply was brief and somewhat blunt. It was worded after this fashion: "A sheriff who is inadequate to the duties of a sheriff is like to incur our royal displeasure. Although your account of the outlaw is by no means wholly in accord with what we hear from other sources, it appears to be your duty to apprehend him and not to entreat us to perform that duty for you." When this was read out to the Sheriff, he shook in his shoes. 'Twas well, no doubt, to prate of duty, but did his Majesty (though fully informed) understand the difficulties? He, the Sheriff, had been most punctilious in the execution of his office, most instant, most industrious. So far as Robin Hood was concerned there had been no results, but was there not reason? If Robin Hood would but have played the game according to the rules his apprehension would have been a light matter. To the Sheriff's mind there was a certain etiquette between the law and the outlaw, and this etiquette demanded that the outlaw should have a permanent residence and no friends. It was simple; a child might have understood it; but Robin, it appeared, either had never grasped it or wilfully neglected the rules of the game. For he had no permanent residence; he might be in one part of Sherwood, or he might be in another part, or he might be many miles away. Again, he had friends. Not only had he behind him his band of followers—a band, the Sheriff acknowledged, of some importance—but also he had friends among those who were, as a rule, respectable and law-abiding citizens, who might reasonably have been expected to do their best to secure the outlaw's apprehension.

THE SHERIFF HIMSELF, AND A GOODLY FOLLOWING WITH HIM, WATCHED THE TORCH FADE AWAY.

The Sheriff had shrewd suspicions—and they were not ill-founded—that there were those of that class who actually so far forgot their honour and dignity as to serve as the outlaw's spies, duly apprising him when any danger arose or when any prize of especial value was like to be thrown in his path. And so far were they from assisting towards his apprehension that they actually gave refuge and hiding-place to him and his men when the pursuit was hard after them. The Sheriff had to his disgust found more than one instance of this, and in quarters where he would least have feared anything of the kind. Robin Hood was bad, bad every way, bad all through, but he had the trick of finding the best men and attaching them to him so that nothing could undermine their loyalty; and he had the trick of winning the help and sympathy even of those who should (according to the rules of the game) have regarded him with hatred and contempt.

The Sheriff shook his head sadly. The King was not reasonable. To revert once more to that question of a permanent residence, the nearest that Robin offered to this natural demand on the part of his pursuers was the caves of Sherwood Forest. He held, as it was said, the key of the caves. For a part of every year the caves formed his headquarters, and in time of stress they were his most usual resort.

But he held the key of them, and the Sheriff did not. The Sheriff had done his best. All knew, roughly speaking, where the caves were. One day when it was reported that Robin was away at Whitby, the Sheriff induced a forest-keeper to enter those caves by the offer of a large reward. Reluctantly the man yielded to the temptation of the bribe. Holding a torch high above his head, and with one hand on the knife in his belt, he made his way into the black mouth of the caves. The Sheriff himself, and a goodly following with him, watched the torch fade away with a dim spark in the distant gloom. The adventurer never came back. Days afterwards a party of ten voluntarily offered themselves to go in search of him and rescue him if need were. They also, with waving torches, vanished into the dark and hungry mouth of the cavern. They also never came back. And after that, neither by threat nor bribe, could the Sheriff induce another man to attempt to wrest from Robin the key of the caves. For it was shown and proved that Robin and his men were in very truth away from Sherwood at the time. Therefore at some spot within the caves a trap was set to take all that would explore them, or else Nature herself was in league with Robin, and had placed in the path some pitfall that only he had the wit to circumvent.

The Sheriff thought over these things. It must be confessed that his lot was hard. His enemy was far more difficult to take, in sober fact, than his friends would believe. And his friends were lukewarm; still worse, they were unjust. They imputed to some deficiency on his part what was really due to the ability ("devilish cunning" were the Sheriff's words for it) of his antagonist. But what a dream it was (and it would occasionally haunt the Sheriff) of one in authority pointed out even by the rabble as the man who took Robin Hood—brave fellow though he was—and preferred to some high place by the King for the same reason!

The Sheriff had learned wisdom by experience. Numbers—brute force—were powerless to overcome Robin. Times again and again such measures had been tried and had failed. No, against this devilish cunning must be pitted a deep magisterial sagacity. That also had failed, but had the last word in this respect been spoken? The Sheriff thought not. He, the Sheriff, had done some remarkably clever things, and they had produced remarkably little fruit. But the bag was not empty. There was still guile and stratagem to come. Only it was necessary to think.

And the Sheriff thought long and deep, with his head between his hands, after sundown, when the rest of his household were a-bed. When he also retired to rest, his sleep was illumined by most beautiful visions of the capture of Robin Hood!

"IF I MISTAKE NOT THAT IS ROBIN HOOD."

THE FOURTH ARROW SPLIT THE WAND CLEAN.

He had thought of nothing new. Indeed, he had reached that time of life when an ordinary man not only thinks of nothing new, but regards such thoughts in others as profane and indecent. But he had thought of a slight improvement on a trick which, at its first trial, had failed. But such an improvement!

Years before, the Sheriff, knowing Robin's audacity and how he prided himself on good yeomanry, had instituted in Nottingham an archery contest, offering as the prize a silver arrow. To some extent the event was as he had expected. Robin was present at the contest, and no man in Nottingham had been able to bend a bow with him, and he had borne off the silver arrow. At this moment the Sheriff had provided a dozen stout fellows to leap out on him and hale him to prison. But Robin, having realised the normal working of the Sheriff's mind, had provided fifty fellows, equally stout, in different disguises, to prevent this climax to a summer day's enjoyment. And though Robin answered the Sheriff's expectations by winning the silver arrow, he disappointed them by entirely neglecting to be taken off to prison.

It was on this aged and defective scheme that the Sheriff had now improved. He offered a greater prize—an arrow, not of silver, but of gold. He made it understood that the man who won it would have a fair right to reckon himself the best archer in the land. And, in case Robin brought his fifty men, the Sheriff was determined to provide two hundred. Four to one—that should be sufficient. At the perfection of every detail he rubbed his hands with an approving but solemn glee. There was only one essential point which he had omitted to notice—that Robin Hood never did the same thing twice in the same way.

* * * *

"'Tis pity," said the old Friar, as he opened the wine flask, "that to-morrow the gold arrow should be offered to the best archer in the land, and that the best archer in the land should not win it."

"And why should he not win it?" asked Robin placidly.

"Because at best we can muster no more than seventy men, and (my news is certain) the Sheriff will have two hundred men in waiting to take the winner if the award be just."

"Is that so?" asked Robin, and for some moments he pondered deeply. Then he spoke again—

"None the less must I win the golden arrow."

"Seventy to two hundred," said Little John, with his usual brevity.

"Nay," said the Friar; "if our master must needs win the Sheriff's prize, then I take it that the means are ready without such desperate fighting."

"You say rightly," replied Robin. "Against a dozen men fifty are good. Against two hundred men one is enough. For it is as well to trick as to overcome, so the end be the same. And this time I will take with me into Nottingham but one other man."

"I pray you," said Little John.

"Not so," said Robin, "for by your great stature you would be known to all; and, moreover, you are one that will never be content unless there be good fighting, and he that comes with me must never set an arrow to the string."

"I pray you, master," said Friar Tuck.

"Nor can I take you, good Friar," replied Robin. "I have no doubt of the skill and courage of you both, but here somewhat different is demanded. He that goes with me must be of about the same stature and figure as myself, and the love of good venison and good wine has given our worthy Friar a girth greater than mine. The man on whom my eye is fixed is Much, the miller's son. There will be but little for him to do, yet if he does it to the letter I promise you that we will drink the Sheriff's health to-morrow night."

"What is the plan?" both men asked eagerly.

And Robin unfolded it. It was indeed of the simplest.

* * * *

By the order of the Sheriff the archers that would compete for the golden arrow stood together in Nottingham market-

place on the following morning. Among them was Will of Mansfield, a stout yeoman, well known in the country-side for his skill with the bow. There was also a terribly suspicious-looking person. He held a ragged cloak tightly around him, but through its tatters one caught a glint of Kendal Green, and of the silver rim of a forester's horn. Moreover, there was a strange mixture of hesitation and assurance about him when he was summoned to give his name to the Sheriff. He spoke glibly, but—so far as possible—kept his face turned away. The Sheriff watched him narrowly.

"See," he said, to the captain of his men-at-arms, "that you follow that man closely when he appears on the green; he has disguised himself and found means to change his countenance, but if I mistake not, that is Robin Hood."

It was, of course, not Robin Hood, but Much, the miller's son, who followed the orders given him implicitly and never appeared on the green at all. Among the competitors in the market-place there was also one in the guise of a shepherd, who seemed old and feeble. Indeed, his appearance there would have excited some mockery had it not been that the man was so humble. He had not, so he said, the least expectation of winning the golden arrow; but he had loved archery in his youth, and could still bend a bow, though strength and sight were failing. If he took the fifth or sixth place, that would well content him.

With the absence of the supposed Robin Hood from the green, the Sheriff felt much like an actor who plays to an empty house. Still, the contest went on, and as everyone had expected, Will of Mansfield won the golden arrow. The second man was some way behind him. Third, but a long way behind, was the old shepherd. He had done better than he had hoped for himself, and seemed well content.

The Sheriff left the ground in disappointment, but with the intention to plan out at once a scheme even more sagacious for the discomfiture of Robin.

And Will of Mansfield, proud of his victory, took with him a great company to drink his health at the Bush, and among them he had the generosity to include the old shepherd.

In his cups the shepherd grew first garrulous, then boastful, then offensive. In his garrulous state he told long stories—family histories of no interest that made his hearers angry. When he grew boastful, he told of the exploits of his younger days—said that he carried the savings of twenty years in his pouch, and that these were no light matter. Finally, in the offensive stage, glaring angrily at Will of Mansfield, he spoke of luck in archery. "Had I," he added, "the choice of mark and distance, the golden arrow would have fallen to me this day."

"Say you so?" said Will good-naturedly. "I will stake the golden arrow against its value if the pouch of which you boast holds so much, and you shall choose both mark and distance. Methinks what I have done once I can do again."

First, with great gravity, the shepherd showed that his purse was as good as his story of its contents; then the whole company went back to the green.

There the shepherd chose out a very thin wand of willow, and peeled it carefully. He set it up, and marked out the distance, amid a roar of laughter. Hardly could one see the thin line of white against the green beyond.

"'Tis the merest fooling," said Will; "but I will not go back from my word. The choice of mark and distance lay with you. Which of us shall take the first part in the farce?"

"You," said the shepherd, "shall loose six arrows at the mark, and then I will loose six. Then, if neither has hit, we will bring the mark nearer and shoot again."

Will's arrows all missed, the fifth by no more than a hair's-breadth. He shrugged his shoulders and stood aside for the shepherd.

The shepherd's first arrow missed. The second grazed the wand. There was a loud outcry. "A lucky chance!" all said. The shepherd, who had grown very quiet, said nothing. He waited until the slight breeze which had sprung up had died

down again. Then, with the utmost care he aimed and loosed his third arrow. It missed. But the fourth arrow split the wand clean.

"Gladly," said Will of Mansfield, "do I give up to you the prize, for such archery have I never seen in my life before. At the tavern, just now, I thought that you spoke somewhat loudly of your merits, but now I own that you had justice."

"Nay," said Robin—for of course the supposed shepherd was none other than he—"no man should speak well of his own merits save by way of a trick to provoke a match, and in truth that was all that I had in my mind. For I had sworn that I would win this same golden arrow."

"It is yours," said Will, "but tell me, since in archery you are my master, how came it that you did not win at the first, while the Sheriff stood by and watched us?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Your name, then; at least your name."

"Nor that either. Yet shall you learn both, and from the Sheriff himself."

"How so?"

"Go to him and tell him of my challenge, and of the mark and the distance and the shooting. Moreover, tell him how I won the golden arrow because I had sworn that I would win it, and how I now give it back to you for pure good fellowship."

Will protested, but the shepherd would have his way, and after draining another cup at the Bush, slipped away from the company.

Will had no difficulty in getting speech with the Sheriff when once he had mentioned on what matter he came. The Sheriff sat in a great carved chair, and Will stood before him and told his story. The Sheriff listened intently, and said no word until Will had finished.

Then he blazed forth—

"Fool! Dullard! Know you not that there is but one man who can shoot like that, and that that man is Robin Hood? I had all in readiness to apprehend him at the contest, but by his disguise and his poor shooting he deceived me. Had you but taken him and brought him before me, you might have asked of me anything that you would, and I would have given it. Fool! Out of my sight! Nay, stay! which way went he?"

Will could not tell. In sooth he would not have told even had he been able.

But the Sheriff and his men rode forth, some in one direction and some in another, hunting by every road and path for one habited as an aged shepherd and armed with a bow. At dusk they were still searching in Sherwood. And, as ever happened, those there that searched for Robin found him not.

# IN MY LIBRARY.

By CLEMENT SHORTER.

Thackeray's Works: a New Edition. "The Potentate." The Shakspere Boom.

WHEN is a biography not a biography? That is a problem to which one is introduced by Mrs. Ritchie's new edition of Thackeray's works. "My father never wished for any biography of himself to be written," she says, "and for this reason I have never attempted to write one." Perhaps this is not quite accurate. Anthony Trollope stated in his little sketch of Thackeray that the latter had contemptuously referred to some biography of his time, and had begged that nothing of this kind of thing should come out concerning himself. I rather fancy that Mrs. Ritchie, in conversation with friends, has more than once endorsed that view, and has, indeed, sometimes seriously considered whether she was entitled to take her father's utterance as literally as she has done.

In any case, it does not much matter now. To the new edition of "Vanity Fair"* Thackeray's daughter has contributed fifty-four pages of biographical matter, all of it of the most interesting and fascinating character. There are to be thirteen volumes of this new edition, which is called the "Biographical Edition," and it may be presumed that each of these will contain the same amount of biographical matter as the one of them to hand. In this case we shall have a biography of seven hundred pages—a biography exceeding in its actual number of words the whole of "Vanity Fair." For my part, as I have already a beautiful library edition of Thackeray's works—an edition far nicer to read than the new one—I shall probably cut out Mrs. Ritchie's introductions from the new edition and bind them together. How, then, will it be possible to say there is no biography of Thackeray?

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, however, is herself so charming that one can readily forgive her this pretty inconsistency. No writer of our time has a pleasanter gift of reminiscence. Her style is worthy of her father's daughter, and many of us must regret that she does not continue to write stories as admirable as "Old Kensington" and "The Village on the Cliff."

One whom it is possible almost to hail as a new woman-writer has come upon the scene with "The Potentate."† The author, Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson, has already written many short stories, and published at least two previous volumes, but this, I think, is her first book of any length, and it is certainly an admirable one, displaying possibilities far superior to anything indicated by her earlier stories. The influence of Walter Pater is marked

* "Vanity Fair." By W. M. Thackeray. With a Biographical Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith and Elder.)

† "The Potentate." By Frances Forbes-Robertson. (A. Constable and Co.)

*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

MISS FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON, AUTHOR OF "THE POTENTATE."

in the style, and the influence of Machiavelli in the historical surroundings. Everard Val Dernement and his defiance of Duke Cosmo, with the love-incidents supplied by the picture of Pilar Maruri, furnish forth a story more dramatic, more poetical, more altogether new than anything that a woman writer has given us since Miss Olive Schreiner wrote "The Story of an African Farm."

Scarcely a day passes which does not produce some new book concerning Shakspere; there is, in fact, an extraordinary revival of interest in everything which relates to the great poet. For the ignorant person, Brandes's two handsome volumes make good reading. They form an entertaining biography of Shakspere. The book should be qualified by a study of Spencer Baynes's articles on Shakspere, by Edward Dowden's "Shakspere's Mind and Art," and by Sidney Lee's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography." In addition to these contributions to the subject I think I have received no fewer than twelve books within the year, one of them demonstrating that Shakspere was a Puritan, another demonstrating his sympathy with the Essex revolt, one called "Shakspere the Boy," and so on, and best of all, perhaps, that "Diary of Master William Silence," which we owe to Dr. Madden.

Now we have a volume of Shakspere's Poems,* edited by Mr. George Wyndham, and Mr. Wyndham's introduction will have to be taken count of by all intelligent students of the poet. The general effect of the books that I have named is calculated to impress one not that we know very little of Shakspere, but that we really know a great deal. Mr. Wyndham's introduction throws still another side-light upon Shakspere's life. "The principal world in which Shakspere lived," he reminds us, "was that of the company of actors to which he belonged." "We are apt to reconstruct this theatrical world," he says, "in which he had his being, fancifully: from his plays rather than from the plays of his contemporaries, and from the few among his plays which are our favourites, just because they differ most widely from theirs. But this world of everyday effort and experience was not altogether, as at such times it may seem to us, a garden of fair flowers and softly sighing winds and delicate perfumes, nor altogether a gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions; it was also garish, strident, pungent; a Donnybrook Fair of society journalists, a nightmare of Gillray caricature." Acting on this theory, Mr. Wyndham has thrown a considerable measure of light upon the life of Shakspere's time, and upon the way in which his contemporaries regarded him. He has, in fact, given us a most impressive piece of Shaksperean criticism.

Another volume to be added to the literature of Shakspere comes to me all the way from San Francisco. It is called "Idle Hours in a Library,"† and the author, Mr. Hudson, is an American Professor of English Literature. A large part of the book is occupied by the subject of London life in Shakspere's time. Although I have read many books on the subject, I have never seen so excellent a presentation of what London was really like in the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth. Mr. Hudson has been a great student of the plays of the period—plays which treat of social conditions, even more than Shakspere's own works do, and the result is a most interesting book—a book which should have no difficulty in obtaining a public and a publisher in England.

* "Shakspere's Poems." Edited by George Wyndham. (Methuen and Co.)

† "Idle Hours in a Library." By William Henry Hudson. (William Doxey, San Francisco.)

# THE BROTHERHOOD OF PITY AT FLORENCE.

By JANET ROSS.

The History of a Noble Charity, told by Mrs. Ross, who is well known in literary circles as the author of "Three Generations of Englishwomen" and "Early Days Recalled," the former being the life of her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, all famous in the world of letters. The mother of Mrs. Ross was Lady Duff-Gordon, who wrote "Letters from Egypt" and a translation of "The Amber Witch." Her grandmother was Sarah Austin, known to fame by her translation of von Ranke's "History of the Popes" and her "Studies in German Literature." Mrs. Austin's mother was Mrs. Taylor, of Norwich, who was herself a vigorous writer, and whose husband had anticipated even Carlyle by introducing German literature to the English public. Mrs. Ross resides at Florence, in the house rendered famous as the scene of the story-telling in Boccaccio's "Decameron."

MOST visitors to Florence have seen the brethren of the Misericordia bound on some mission of mercy, gliding silently, like black ghosts carrying a black catafalque, through the city. All heads are uncovered as they pass, and the most ribald and uncouth carter draws his mules on one side to give more room.

No wonder the Florentines are proud of their Confraternity, the finest charitable institution that ever was founded. Anyone can give money, but the brethren give personal fatigue, and are often exposed to infection. No winter snow or burning summer sun stops the devoted band. Three times a day the bell of the Misericordia Chapel, in Piazza del Duomo, rings to call those whose turn it is to carry sick poor to the hospital. Ten brethren usually go with each litter, under the orders of a Capo di Guardia, who is distinguished by a bag tied round his waist. This contains brandy, cough lozenges, and the key of a drawer under the litter in which is a drinking-cup, a stole, a crucifix, the ritual, and some holy water, in case the sick person should die on the way. The long dress and the cowl with two holes for the eyes are of black cotton, and black gaiters are worn, so that the brethren may not be recognised by the colour of their trousers. The cowl may only be thrown back outside the city gates and in certain specified streets; if it rains hard or the sun is powerful, a black felt hat is worn over it. Four brethren carry the litter, which weighs about 180 lb., and the reserve men keep one hand under the poles in case a bearer should stumble or fall. A slight tap on the pole is the signal for changing bearers, which is so skilfully done that the sick or wounded are never shaken. As they relieve the others, the fresh men say: "May God reward you!" The answer is: "Go in peace!"

If they have to go a long way, sixteen brethren are told off for service, and should the case be a very bad one, a brother walks on either side of the litter, as shown in the Illustration, to watch the invalid's face or feel his pulse.

When the house-door is too small to admit the litter, the Capo di Guardia and six brethren go to the sick-room. Tenderly and carefully they carry the invalid on a thick quilted coverlid to the litter, and the arched top is opened against the street, so that curious passers-by should not see the sick person. Before leaving the room, the Capo di Guardia leaves a small sum on the table, in obedience to a legacy left

for that purpose to the Confraternity by two pious citizens long ago. If the invalid is the bread-winner, or the poverty of the family evident, the Capo di Guardia begs the brethren to do yet another charity, and holding his hat together like a bag, goes from one to another to collect alms. He asks the sick person whom the money is to be given to and, without counting, pours the contents of his hat into their hands. The members of the Misericordia take it by turn to go at stated hours to the houses of sick people to change their linen or beds, or to sit up at night with those who are too poor to pay a nurse. In maladies like rheumatic fever, when the slightest touch is agony, they are often called to rich folk to lift an invalid—so gentle and sure from long habit is their touch. No member is allowed to accept anything — money or food—save a glass of water, in any house.

Someone is always on guard at the Misericordia Chapel, and if an accident occurs a message is sent there to call a litter. Then the great bell of Giotto's Tower, just opposite the chapel, is tolled in a peculiar way—twice for an accident, three times for a death—to call the brethren who are on the list for that day.

Twice it has happened to me that a shopman has left his wife to serve the clients in the shop, while he hastily threw on his cloak and tore out of the door. The first time, being new to Florence, I thought the man had gone mad. My face, I suppose, showed surprise, for one of the customers said, "Eh, Signora, don't you hear the bell?—an accident."

A member of one of the oldest and most noble families of Florence told me some of his experiences with the Misericordia. A typical case was one evening in the old Ghetto, now destroyed. A poor woman on the eve of her confinement was lying in the room where her husband, his brother, and two children were ill with typhoid fever, and the Misericordia had been called to take her to the hospital. She lived on the ninth storey of the tower of the old Tosa Palace, up a precipitous and narrow staircase with many turnings. The question arose how to carry her down in safety, and was solved by my friend, who crept under the quilt, which was held by four bearers. On hands and knees he went backwards down the long staircase, with the poor woman resting on his back. It took nearly half an hour to reach the litter in the street, and my friend was stiff for many days afterwards. He stood godfather to the baby boy, who came into the world three hours after the woman reached the hospital, saw to the child's education, and made a man of him.

According to tradition, the Misericordia was founded in 1240, when Florence supplied the world with cloth, so that many porters were employed to carry the bales from the weavers to the dyers and thence to the merchants' warehouses. The men used to take refuge from summer sun and winter wind in some unused cellars belonging to the Adimari, in the Piazza del Duomo. (All Florentines will tell you that some shelter is absolutely necessary against the wind which always blows round and round the cathedral in hot pursuit of the devil, who, being clever and utterly shameless, eludes his enemy by slipping in at one side door of the Duomo and out at the other.)

The porters were much given to cursing and swearing, which, to this day, is a well-known Tuscan vice. One Piero Borsi, an old and devout man, was scandalised by his companions' blasphemous talk, and proposed that everyone who took the names of God or the Holy Virgin in vain should be obliged to put a crazia into a box by way of penance. They all adhered to this idea, and, as an old writer quaintly says, "much time having passed in this devout exercise, and large sums being accumulated," old Piero suggested that six litters should be made, one for each quarter of the city, that every porter should undertake for six days in the year to carry the sick to hospital and to go to the aid of those who fell from scaffolds, were murdered, drowned, or hurt in the streets. For every journey they were to receive a giulio. This proposal met with universal approbation, and was carried out

Count L. Passerini, in his exhaustive work on the charitable institutions of Florence,* ridicules the old tradition, quoting the learned and saintly Archbishop Antonino of Florence in support of his opinion that the Misericordia was an offshoot of another confraternity, the Laudesi of Or-San-Michele, founded in 1292. He believes that the separation took place in 1326, during the pestilence which broke out in the city, owing, old writers say, to the many unburied corpses of the soldiers who fell at the battle of Altopascio, whereby the air was corrupted. So many people died that the Republic forbade the tolling of the passing bell or the publication of the number of deaths.

In 1340 there was another outbreak, which chiefly attacked the very poor. Then came the great plague of 1348, so eloquently described by Boccaccio. The historian Giovanni Villani died of it, and his son Matteo reports that three persons perished out of every five. Palmieri says: "Igneus vapor magnitudine horribile boreali moveus regione, magno aspicietinui terrore per cœlum dilabitur: et quidam scribunt hoc eodem anno quosdam bestiolas multiplicato munero in Oriente e cœlo cecidisse, quarum corruptio et fœtor pestilentiam intulerant."

Florence was strewn with corpses, and no sound save the measured tread of the brethren of the Misericordia broke the silence of the streets. They behaved like heroes, buried the dead, took charge of the orphans, and distributed food and clothes to the needy. The gratitude of the Florentines was shown by the large sums bequeathed to the Confraternity, amounting to 35,000 golden florins.

In 1363 the plague once more decimated the unfortunate city, and Matteo Villani, like his father before him, died of it, as did the valorous soldier, Pier Farnese, who was buried with great pomp in the Cathedral. The Misericordia again braved infection, and earned the gratitude of their

THE BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN TO HOSPITAL.

* Storia degli Stabilimenti di Beneficenza e d'Instruzione Elementare Gratuita della Città di Firenze, da Luigi Passerini.—(Le Monnier, Firenze, 1853.)

fellow-citizens. Those were the days when, as Dante says, Florence—

> Was chaste and sober,
> And her citizens were content
> With unrobed jerkins.

A story Count Passerini quotes goes to show how conscientious men were. A certain Florentine, Neri Boscoli, left a large fortune to the Confraternity. He had been a banker in Naples, and bore an evil name as a usurer. So the captains of the Misericordia hesitated about accepting a legacy stained with the tears of many poor families; and they called the first theologians of Florence together to advise them. Unanimously the holy men decided that the captains might accept the legacy for so charitable an institution—what had been taken from the poor would thus be given back to them—but that they ought to return to any who could produce absolute proof the amount that Boscoli had extorted by exorbitant usury. This was done, and all men were satisfied.

Besides exercising charity, the Misericordia were before their age in ideas of municipal government. A century and a half before any such thing was thought of in other European cities, the captains met together on Feb. 20, 1407, and decreed that their notary should take exact note—"in a large book to be made for the purpose"—of every child born in the city, and of every person baptised in San Giovanni. Till then the priest had kept a primitive register of the number by dropping a black bean for every male baptised, a white for every female, into a box, whereby mistakes often arose. Unfortunately the old books of the Confraternity perished in the great inundation of 1557, when the Arno did so much damage.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Florence was visited at frequent intervals by the plague, and when reading the accounts of the old historians one wonders that the human race was not exterminated. The Misericordia continued to exercise their charitable mission until they fell a victim to the intrigues of a Medici. Cosimo di Giovanni de' Medici was Camarlingo, or overseer of the Confraternity of Santa Maria del Bigallo, which had once been famed for good deeds and enriched by large legacies. But maladministration had ruined their patrimony, and odious comparisons were drawn between the two institutions. So, in 1425, Cosimo induced the Signory of Florence to order the fusion of the Misericordia with the Bigallo, and took care that the latter should be paramount in the management, especially of the funds. Abuses of all kinds crept in, the treasure which had been left for the benefit of the poor was squandered in banquets and festivities, and the Misericordia soon ceased to exist. But the memory of their self-sacrifice survived in the hearts of the people, and a small incident sufficed to resuscitate the noble charity. Filippo Tornabuoni, in his diary, relates that in 1480 a man dropped down dead in Via S. Francesco (probably of the plague which had broken out in Florence in 1479). For days the corpse lay festering in the street, until a citizen took it on his back to the palace of the Signory, and throwing down his load at the feet of the Gonfalonier, said: "This comes of you and your predecessors not seeing that the old laws and customs be observed." Whereupon it was determined to reconstitute the Misericordia, and the captains of the Bigallo, all citizens of high repute, met and drew up statutes, which exist, with little change, to this day. They commence: "Inasmuch as Our Lord Jesus Christ, besides a number of the Apostles, instituted and ordained seventy-two disciples, who were charged to go with charity into the world, preaching and disseminating His doctrine, we order that the aforesaid number of our Confraternity and company, seventy-two, shall go into our territory of Florence, practising the work of mercy and charity; especially shall they bury the poor and miserable dead, without retribution or guerdon, doing this solely for the love of Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for the love of us."

Besides the seventy-two Capi di Guardia, thirty of whom belong to the priesthood and forty to the laity, there are some

hundreds of Giornanti (day-workers), Stracciafogli (paper-tearers), and Buonevoglie (well-intentioned), who have no voice in the management of the Confraternity.

The Giornanti are bound to serve one day in every week, or if they cannot do this, to sleep one night in the week at the Misericordia, where there is a room with four beds. They go there at 10 p.m., and cannot leave until five in the morning, when the first mass is said.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA ASKING ALMS.

The queer name of Stracciafogli comes from the old custom of their tearing up paper slips when they had one hundred. A slip was given to each man after he had accomplished a journey, but they are only expected to do four during a month. No apprentice is admitted into the Confraternity without his master's consent, nor any youth under age save by his father's wish No servant in livery can belong to it, nor can any barber, hairdresser, coachman, cobbler, seller of fish or of salt meats and sausages, or any person following a trade which is considered mean or vile. No man can be of the Misericordia who has been condemned in a court of law, or is notoriously an evil liver. Characteristic of the Italian passion for regulating everything are the innumerable laws and regulations laid down for the conduct of the brethren, and the pains and penalties for their non-observance.

There are six captains and six counsellors, eight conservators (not including the King and the Archbishop of Florence, who hold that rank by virtue of their position), a provider, a chancellor, a secretary, an overseer, and two visitors of sick brethren of the Confraternity, who distribute certain alms on the certificate of the doctor of the Misericordia. The daughters of the Capi di Guardia can compete for dowers, which are given every year, and if any of the seventy-two brethren fall into poverty they are given a small stipend every month. Save the conservators, who hold their office for life, the others change every four months, and all are chosen by lot from the seventy-two Capi di Guardia. A small annual payment gives them a right to be buried in the cemetery of the Misericordia (unless the family object), and to fifteen masses for the repose of their souls. When a Capo di Guardia dies his place is filled by the Giornante who has the longest service; he is in turn succeeded by the Stracciafoglio who has shown most zeal and charity.

Soon after the Misericordia had been reconstructed the plague broke out again. Bad in 1495, it was worse in 1498, when the Republic gave the Confraternity full powers to do what seemed best to them to prevent the spread of the disease. But for ten years it lingered in and around the city. The Confraternity established several hospitals, and in one,* near the old gate of

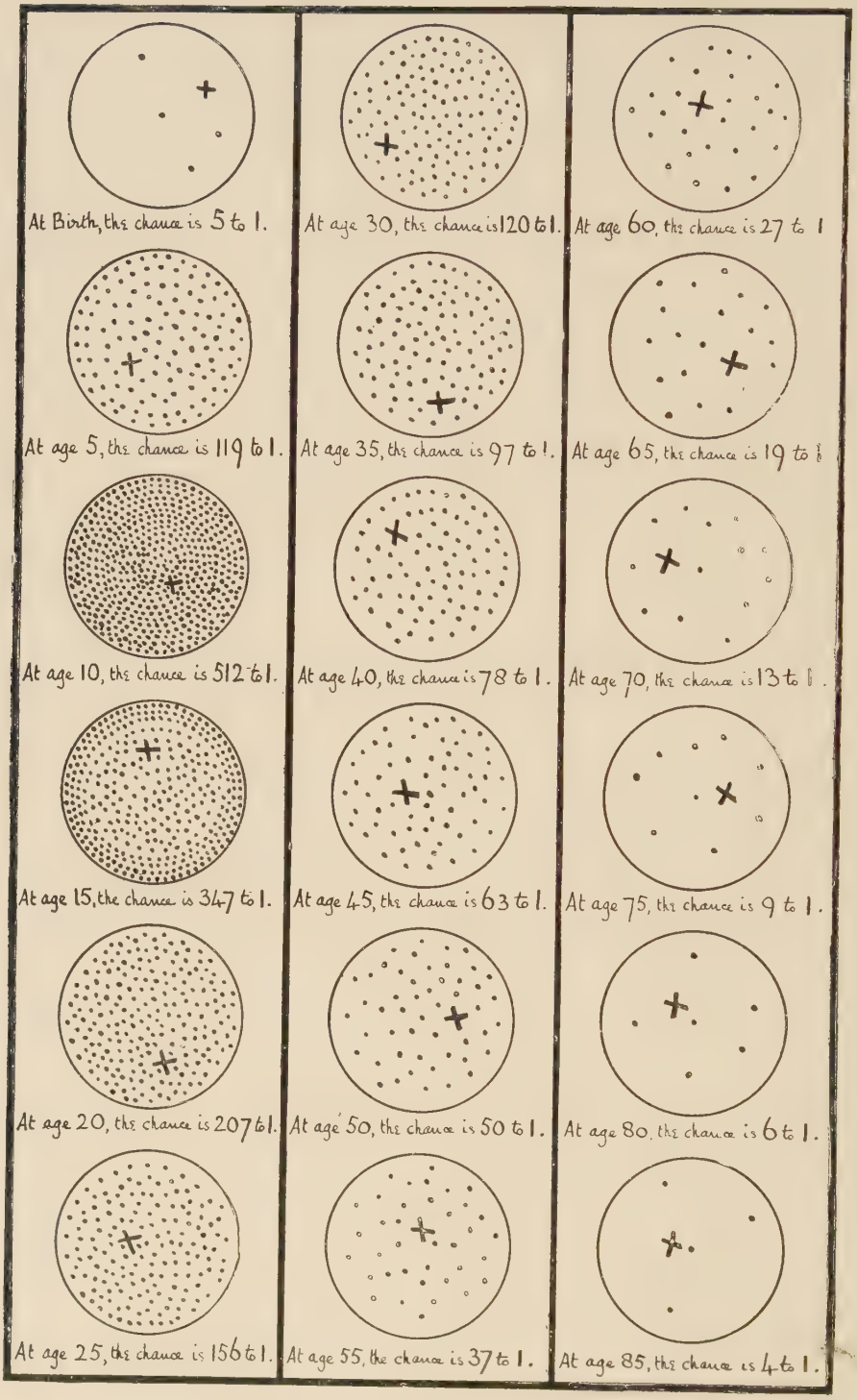
* Now Montedomini, or the poor-house of Florence.

Justice, a certain number of brethren shut themselves up with the sick and did all the nursing themselves. Between 1522 and 1528 the plague was worse than ever; sixty thousand people died, and Benedetto Varchi, Bernardo Segni, and Scipione Ammirato all bear testimony to the heroic self-devotion of the Misericordia. In 1630 there was another outbreak of the plague, and the Misericordia had so much to do that the bearers of a litter were reduced to two brethren, while another walked in front ringing a bell to warn passers-by to get out of the way. They abolished the ordinary mattresses in the litters and used hay or straw, which was burnt after every journey.

In 1633 came another wave of infection, which, however, soon spent itself. Pious people said thanks to the Virgin of the Impruneta, who was brought down from her hill into Florence. Others attributed the cessation of the sickness to the strict system of isolation insisted upon by the Misericordia. This was the last plague in Florence, and in the archives of the Confraternity still exist the curious old books containing the names of those who were taken to the various hospitals or to the cemeteries, the deliberations of the chiefs, the sums spent in charity, and lists of things found in plague-stricken and abandoned houses.

The Misericordia has had various residences. The beautiful Loggia, opposite the Baptistery, was built for them by Orcagna, but fell to the Bigallo when the first-named confraternity, in 1523, took a house belonging to Tomaso Ginori. Then the Signory gave them the Church of St. Christopher in the Corso degli Adimari, where they remained until 1575, when the Grand Duke Francis I., "in order that so exemplary a work, which brings such honour to the city of Florence, should not be hid, but stand in a conspicuous and visible place," bestowed on them the building where the Court of Trustees used to assemble on the Piazza del Duomo. Here the Misericordia still meet, and it is like suddenly stepping back several hundreds of years to attend the gathering and starting of the brethren on their charitable missions. The whole place is neatness and cleanliness itself, and in the little church is a most beautiful altar-piece by Luca della Robbia, brought from the old abbey of Rocettini early in this century. A more gracious and lovely Virgin was never fashioned by the great artist, and the Holy Child has much the same wonderful expression that Raphael has given Him in the famous Dresden picture, the Sistine Madonna. A halo of cherubim surrounds the Madonna, and a saint stands on either side. In the secretary's room hangs a curious picture by Cigoli of the Piazza del Duomo during the great plague. There are also two works in marble by Benedetto di Majano in the oratory, a Madonna and Child and a St. Sebastian (the patron saint of the Confraternity), which are worth seeing.

But the most interesting painting done for the Misericordia when they assembled in the Bigallo is, perforce, still there—a fresco, attributed to Giottino, of Charity, with the city of Florence at her feet. She stands erect, robed like a nun, her head crowned with a mitre bearing the mystic Thau in the centre and the words "Misericordia Domini" round the edge. Her hands are folded in prayer, and the mantle which hangs from her shoulders is ornamented with five medallions on either side representing various works of charity and Latin mottoes in praise thereof. A multitude kneel at either side, the men to the right, the women to the left. Interesting for the dresses and the representation of ancient Florence with the first circle of walls, this fresco would be invaluable if there existed any key to the kneeling personages, for they are indubitably portraits. It has been injured by restoration, and many of the words are illegible or mere nonsense. The date, which with the inscription has been entirely repainted, is MCCCXLII., but Sandini, who wrote the history of the Misericordia in the last century, gives it as ten years later. In our own days, when cholera devastated the fair city of Florence in 1855, the brethren of the Misericordia showed a courage and self-sacrifice beyond all praise.


At Birth, the chance is 5 to 1.
At age 30, the chance is 120 to 1.
At age 60, the chance is 27 to 1
At age 5, the chance is 119 to 1.
At age 35, the chance is 97 to 1.
At age 65, the chance is 19 to 1
At age 10, the chance is 512 to 1.
At age 40, the chance is 78 to 1.
At age 70, the chance is 13 to 1.
At age 15, the chance is 347 to 1.
At age 45, the chance is 63 to 1.
At age 75, the chance is 9 to 1.
At age 20, the chance is 207 to 1.
At age 50, the chance is 50 to 1.
At age 80, the chance is 6 to 1.
At age 25, the chance is 156 to 1.
At age 55, the chance is 37 to 1.
At age 85, the chance is 4 to 1.

No. I.—THE CHANCE OF LIVING "ONE YEAR MORE" AT THE EIGHTEEN AGES MENTIONED.

A MAN'S CHANCE OF LIFE.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# A MAN'S CHANCE OF LIFE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

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*Thou art a little soul bearing about a corpse.*
—EPICTETUS.

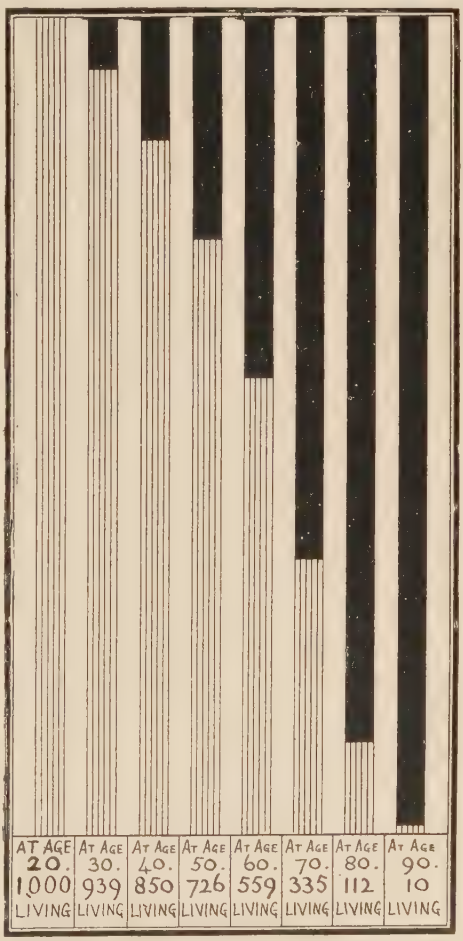
THE famous Stoic philosopher born eighteen hundred years ago was content to express his curt opinion, just quoted, of the disciples who respectfully received from their master this pithy definition of themselves. Epictetus did not tell his disciples how long they were to be encumbered by their load; perhaps Epictetus did not know.

Modern learning is more precise than the old as regards the time-qualification omitted by Epictetus from his definition of a man, but one may doubt whether the past eighteen hundred years have added anything of worth to the healthy and practical moral philosophy of Nero's favourite servant. Omitting the discussion of this doubt, however, we will assume that after a lapse of these eighteen centuries Epictetus now wishes to add to his words the time-qualification already alluded to as an omission from his pregnant definition of a man—*videlicet*, that Epictetus, using one of his disciples as a present-day medium, intends to examine a man's chance or expectation of life in the conditions now existing in this country and to acquaint us with the results of his inquiry.

There is an old rule for finding the length of one's future lifetime, if one's age be between 12 and 86. Here it is—

> Subtract your age from 86, divide the remainder by two, and the result is your future lifetime.
>
> *Example:* A man aged 40 subtracts 40 from 86, gets 46 as the remainder, divides 46 by two, and the result, 23 years, is his expectation of life.

This old rule reads like one of those schoolboy you-tell-me-and-I-tell-you puzzles for getting at a person's age, but it was invented by that most eminent mathematician de Moivre, who in 1685 emigrated from France to London, where


AT AGE 20. 1,000 LIVING
AT AGE 30. 939 LIVING
AT AGE 40. 850 LIVING
AT AGE 50. 726 LIVING
AT AGE 60. 559 LIVING
AT AGE 70. 335 LIVING
AT AGE 80. 112 LIVING
AT AGE 90. 10 LIVING

No. 2.—THE CHANCE OF LIFE FOR MALES AT AGE 20.

*The striped columns show, for one thousand men aged 20, the numbers who respectively survive to ages 30, 40, 50 . . . . 90. The black encroachments show the gradual extinction by death, from ages 20 to 90, of one thousand men aged 20.*

he taught mathematics, became a friend of Isaac Newton and a Fellow of the Royal Society. De Moivre was a most ingenious and original mathematician, whose reputation attained the highest level prior to his death in 1754; imagination was linked to his logic, and controlled by it, and this happy mingling of two qualities which are not often found united has made the name de Moivre immortal.

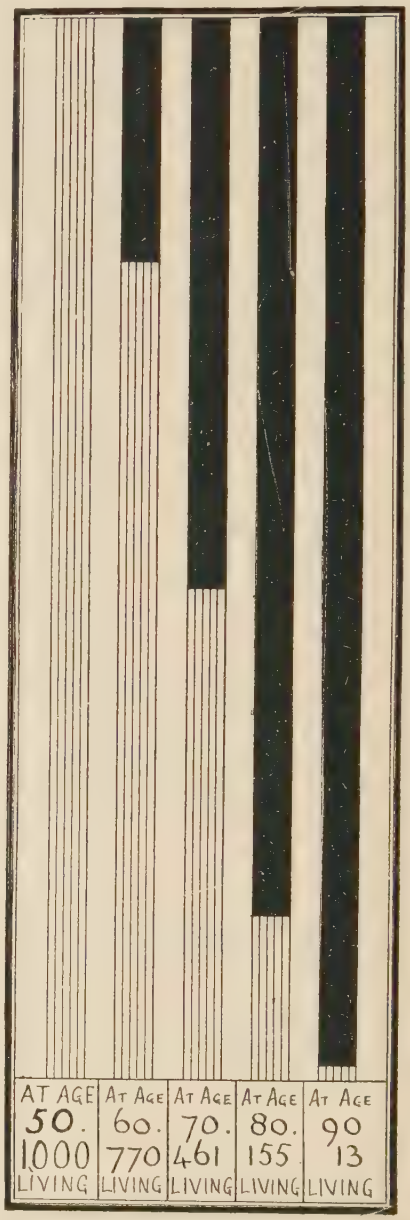
But this old rule just shown, which is called de Moivre's hypothesis, is not sufficiently correct to be of use now. It was very useful in the early days of the science of life-contingencies, but it embodies an assumption of the nature of a uniform activity on the part of the remorseless old man with the scythe, which has caused de Moivre's hypothesis to be discarded in favour of the more exact knowledge that has been gained by actual observation of facts and by clever treatment of the results so obtained.

The Frontispiece of this article shows in diagram form the chance of a male surviving one full year from each of the ages mentioned in the diagram. The dots are the units which make up the life-chance, the black cross means death, and the circle stands for the certainty of either surviving one year from each age, or of dying within the year—you must do one thing or the other.

It is rather interesting to glance down the three columns into which No. 1 is divided, and to notice the quick growth of the chance of life, from Birth to its maximum at age 10, and the gradual lessening of the chance of living "one year more" from age 10 to age 85.

For convenience, I have in No. 1 singled out every fifth age, but it may be useful to supplement the information there given by saying that age *eleven* is the age when the chance of living one year more is the greatest throughout the whole of a male's life; at age eleven the odds in favour of a male surviving one year are 564 to 1—a chance much better than those "certainties" termed by fat-faced raucous racing men "a moral."

There is great consideration shown by No. 1 to men of all ages. Look at it where you will, be your age anything from babyhood to advanced age, you will always see that your chance of living one year more is greater than your chance of not living one year more. Even at age 85, the




No. 3.—THE CHANCE OF LIFE FOR MALES AT AGE 50.

*The striped columns show, for one thousand men aged 50, the numbers who respectively survive to ages 60, 70, 80, and 90. The black encroachments show the gradual extinction by death, from ages 50 to 90, of one thousand men aged 50.*

chance that a man will live to 86 is four to one in his favour, and at age 80 his chance of living one year is actually greater than the chance of a babe attaining his first birthday.

We may, moreover, go beyond the age-limit of diagram No. 1 [age 85], and still find this chance of living one year to be greater than its opposed and complementary chance. At age 90, the chance of surviving one year is represented by odds of 11 to 5 in favour of the event; at age 95, the chance of living one year is still greater than the chance of dying within the year, the odds in favour of living being 7 to 5; not until age 99 is reached does the chance veer round slightly in favour of death, and at age 100 the chance of living one year is 4 to 5, or not much less than a level chance.

But some of Epictetus's little souls may not be satisfied with their excellent chances at all ages of continuing here for at least *one year* more. Anticipating this sense of discontent, I have extended the term from one year to ten years, twenty years, thirty years, etc., and in diagram No. 2 we see the chances of a man aged 20 living to ages 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, and 90. Similarly, in No. 3, we see the chances of a man aged 50 living to ages 60, 70, 80, and 90. These two diagrams are shown by way of illustrating, at two specimen starting-ages, the continual conflict between the life-chance and the death-chance, in which, however, the descending black of the death-chance is seen to gradually wipe out the ascending stripes of the life-chance. A more complete statement for these and other ages is now given—

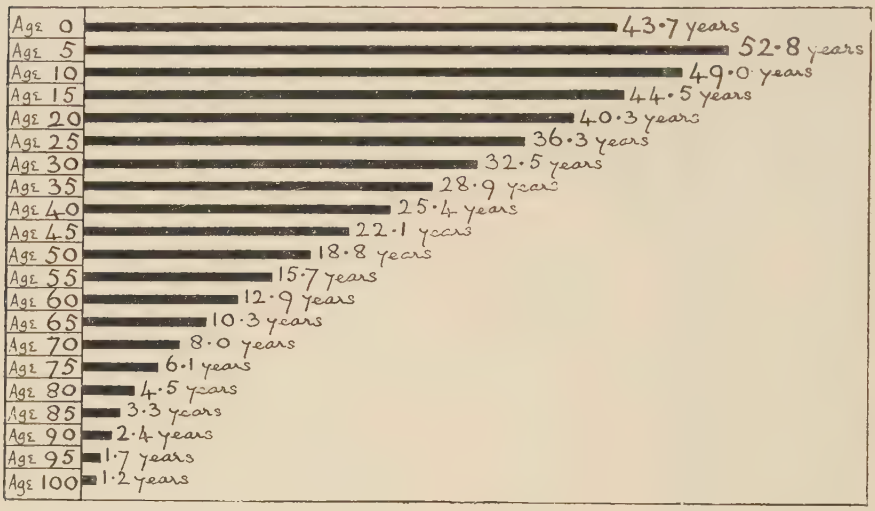
| | Live 10 Years More | Live 20 Years More | Live 30 Years More | Live 40 Years More | Live 50 Years More | Live 60 Years More | Live 70 Years More |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 20 | (Men 939 | Men 850 | (Men 726 | (Men 559 | (Men) 335 | (Men, 112 | (Men 10 |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 30 | 904 | 773 | 595 | 357 | 120 | 10 | — |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 40 | 856 | 659 | 394 | 132 | 11 | — | — |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 50 | 770 | 461 | 155 | 13 | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 60 | 599 | 201 | 17 | — | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 70 | 335 | 28 | — | — | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 80 | 85 | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Men Living at Age 90 | 4 | — | — | — | — | — | — |

This little tabular statement is worth looking at rather carefully, for it contains a condensation of some interesting results I have worked out from the current Life Table for England and Wales, as regards the chances of males at ages 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, and 90, living for ten years more, twenty years more, thirty years more, etc. A man's chance of life has not, I believe, been dealt with in this way—at any rate, not popularly—and, as Epictetus wishes his lucidity of expression,

evidenced by his opening remark, to be maintained throughout this time-qualification of that remark, I will amplify some of the statements contained in this little table.

For example, and referring also to diagram No. 2, as regards 1000 men as it is, is, of course, not nearly so great as the 16 to 1 chance in favour of a man aged 20 living to age 30, which we have just been looking at.

Glancing at men aged 70, we see that only 335 per 1000 live ten years more, *i.e.*,




No. 4.—A MALE'S EXPECTATION OF LIFE, AT EVERY FIFTH AGE THROUGHOUT LIFE.

aged 20, we see that 939 of them "live 10 years more," *i.e.*, to age 30; that is, 94 per cent. live to age 30 and 6 per cent. do not, so that the chance at age 20 of living to age 30 is not quite 16 to 1 in favour of living. Similarly, 559 out of 1000 "live 40 years more," *i.e.*, to age 60; so that the odds in favour of a man aged 20 living to age 60 are 56 to 44, say 5 to 4, in sporting phrase. Again, as only 10 out of the 1000 "live 70 years more," *i.e.*, to age 90, the chance of a man aged 20 attaining age 90 is only 1 in 100, or odds of 99 to 1 against him.

We may take the facts illustrated by diagram No. 3, which are also contained in the little tabular statement we are examining, and look at the chances for men aged 50. We see that 770 per 1000 of these men "live 10 years more," *i.e.*, to age 60; therefore we may say that the chance of a man aged 50 living to 60 is represented by odds of 77 to 23, or about 7 to 2, in favour of the man aged 50 living 10 years more. This chance, favourable to age 80; this means that 34 per 100 live the ten years and 66 per 100 do not, so that the chance at age 70 of a man living to age 80 is represented by odds of 2 to 1 against him.

As for men aged 90, we see from our little tabular statement that of 1000 men alive at age 90, only four live to age 100. Thus, at age 90, the chance of living ten years is very small, it being represented by the long odds of 249 to 1 against the man—quite an outside chance.

I now leave this part of the subject and invite attention to diagram No. 4, which shows a still more extended view of a man's chance of life than those we have been considering. Here, in No. 4, we have a male's Expectation of Life, the average future lifetime, at every fifth age, from birth to age 100. The maximum in diagram No. 4 is at age five, 52·8 years, but including all ages [not merely every fifth age] the maximum expectation of male life is at age three, when 53⅓ years of future lifetime is the average time allotted

to each little soul aged three years; almost too much for him—is it not?—when one thinks of all the many ways there are for the little man to go wrong during those 53⅓ years of his future life.

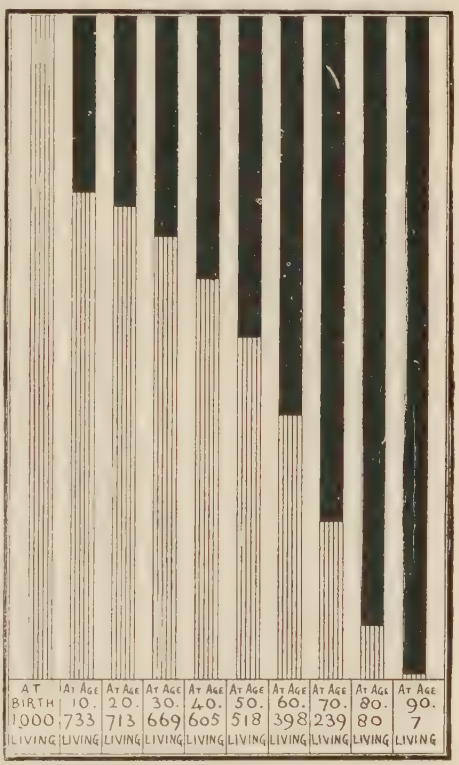
This No. 4 diagram, with its symmetrical decreases of future lifetime, so kindly gradual that one looks at them with a not unpleasant sense of their meaning, suggests, as worth some notice, the consideration of a question which of late years has entered largely into the popular mind—old-age pensions. The working period of life is usually considered by statistical economists to end at age 65, and age 65 is, more often than not, taken as the age at which a pension shall commence. I have had a good deal of experience in computing rates of premium for pension funds of various sorts, and the practical difficulty which renders the free-and-easy dealing out of old-age pensions unattainable, without a considerable accumulation of money during the earlier part of life, is the fact that a great many more people attain age 65 than is commonly supposed. Here are some rather striking facts which illustrate my point—

| Of 100 men at age | Attain age 65. | Die before age 65. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 25 | 46 | 54 | 100 |
| 30 | 48 | 52 | 100 |
| 35 | 50 | 50 | 100 |
| 40 | 53 | 47 | 100 |
| 45 | 57 | 43 | 100 |
| 50 | 62 | 38 | 100 |
| 55 | 70 | 30 | 100 |
| 60 | 81 | 19 | 100 |

We see that, even at age 25, nearly one-half the men then living do attain age 65; and, as we go a step or two farther, we see that the number per cent. of men, at various ages, who attain age 65 rapidly increases to the large number of 81 per 100 living at age 60 who live on to age 65. This plain statement of fact, which actually applies to male life in England and Wales, should be digested by those persons who vainly imagine that "old-age pensions" at age 65 can be manufactured and distributed with almost as much ease as various socialistic theories are made and given away.

Moreover, when one gets to age 65 the average man lives an unconscionable time from the point of view of the unfortunate actuary who has to try to perform, in finance, the feat of making a short blanket cover a long man: the average future lifetime of males at age 65 being 10⅔ years.

These pieces of information about men living to age 65, and living after age 65, may be useful as suggesting in a popular way how great are the financial difficulties


AT BIRTH 1,000 LIVING
AT AGE 10. 733 LIVING
AT AGE 20. 713 LIVING
AT AGE 30. 669 LIVING
AT AGE 40. 605 LIVING
AT AGE 50. 518 LIVING
AT AGE 60. 398 LIVING
AT AGE 70. 239 LIVING
AT AGE 80. 80 LIVING
AT AGE 90. 7 LIVING

No. 5.—*Showing the gradual extinction by death, from birth to age 90, of one thousand males born.*

in the way of free old-age pensions—to say nothing about the ethics of this question.

I end this short account of a man's chance of life by showing diagram No. 5, which illustrates the gradual extinction by death, from birth to age 90, of one thousand males born. At age 90, there are still seven old men left out of the original thousand, and the last of these hangs on until age 103-104, at which age, Epictetus asks me to say, this one remaining soul is happy freed of its load.

SPRING FLOWERS: DOROTHY, DAUGHTER OF FREDERIC SHERLOCK, Esq.
By G. Hillyard Swinstead, R.B.A.

THE suggestion took me by surprise.

"I don't want to marry," I said feebly.

"It will be an excellent thing for you," rejoined my father, frowning.

"What is she like?"

"How should I know?" he responded testily.

"Yes, but——"

"Douglas, you're a fool."

I stretched myself out in my arm-chair and meditatively lit a cigarette. The governor went to an escritoire in the corner of the room, and, unlocking a drawer, drew from it a little black clay pipe, which he filled with shag from an envelope in his pocket-book. This pipe was always kept carefully locked up lest the servants should see it.

"Lord Starlington's name is a household word," he went on. "His family is one of the oldest in England. To be connected with such a family means"—he waved a hand—"means everything."

I blew a ring through a ring, and said nothing.

"When his Lordship mentioned the matter to me, I admit I was astounded. Such condescension!"

"Hang his condescension!" I muttered. I have not my father's reverence for the titled.

"I am a self-made man," he went on. "I admit it. I can give you money, but not position. Here is your opportunity of gaining for yourself what I cannot offer."

"Lord Starlington is in Queer Street, isn't he?"

"That has nothing to do with the

matter," replied my father with decision. "His social position is irreproachable."

"What does the girl say?" I asked listlessly. "Is she agreeable?"

"I don't suppose she has been consulted," replied my father indifferently. "I have no doubt Lord Starlington has brought her up properly."

"But just suppose she declines?"

My father lit his pipe. He is the kindest-hearted man in the world, but he allows himself some latitude in speech.

"The first duty of children is to obey their parents," he said sententiously; "and if they refuse, force should be employed."

"If I decline, will force be employed?"

"Certainly," he replied, with the utmost promptitude.

"I think I can see the whole scene," I remarked with undisturbed equanimity. "My bride will be dragged up one aisle screaming violently, and I shall be forced up the other. We will meet at the top to be married. Probably you will hold a revolver to the parson's head."

My father had opened his mouth to reply when the butler came in. He had hardly time to hide the pipe behind his back.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"A young gentleman for Mr. Douglas."

I rose to leave the room.

"Now mind, Douglas," said my father. "I am in earnest. Unless you do what I wish, I cut you off without a shilling."

I went into the library, where I found a small boy in a large white collar and an Eton suit ensconced in an arm-chair, sucking the head of his cane.

"Good evening," I said, a little surprised, for I did not know the youngster.

"Good evening," he replied affably. "Are you Douglas Hardy?"

"That is my name."

"My sister asked me to call."

"Your sister?"

"Yes; Eva."

"What is your name?"

"I am Lord Hector Vandyken Cyril Horsden."

"A son of Lord Starlington?" I queried.

He nodded.

I looked at him in silence for a little. "What can I do for you?" I asked after a pause.

"Eva wants you to meet her to-morrow at ten-thirty at the New Gallery."

"I haven't the pleasure of your sister's acquaintance," I answered a little stiffly.

"Oh, it's all right," he replied reassuringly. "I expect Eva knows what she's about."

"What does she want with me?"

He looked up at me frankly. "She didn't tell me," he said, "but I've got an idea." He nodded sagely.

"Will you tell me?" I asked curiously.

He seemed rather doubtful. "I don't know whether I ought," he replied.

I offered him a cigarette, in the hope of softening his obduracy. He selected one, and immediately relented.

"Eva's been in a deuce of a stew for the last week," he said confidentially.

"What about?"

"The governor wants her to marry some howling cad, and she declares she won't. There's been the devil of a row."

"Oh, indeed."

"I expect she wants to consult you about it."

"Yes, but I don't know her."

"Oh, that'll be all right," he said indifferently. He jumped up and began to prowl round the room, looking at the school and 'varsity photos with which the walls were covered.

"What school's that?" he asked.

"Oh, that's Eton."

"It's a beastly low hole," he remarked cheerfully. "I am at Harrow." Then after a pause, "Did you get your blue?"

I nodded.

"Any fool can get it," he said pleasantly. "I haven't got mine—yet. By the way, are you any relation to the Hardy who played for England last week?"

"The same person," I replied modestly.

He turned round to stare at me.

"I expect Eva saw your name in the papers," he said, after a pause. "Probably that's how she heard of you."

"But what does she want?"

"I expect she wants you to pound the howling cad."

"What makes you think that?" I asked, looking serious.

"She said something about appealing to your chivalry," he returned abstractedly. He was examining a cricket bat that he had unearthed. "I don't think much of it," he said at length, and put it down. "It's too large for me."

Then he turned and shook hands. "Good-bye. I'll tell Eva you'll be there."

tell Eva you'll be able to thrash the brute. Ta-ta."

The next day, punctually at the hour named, I paid my shilling and was permitted within the turnstile of the New Gallery. I had then to purchase a catalogue and to hunt through the pages for the picture mentioned

At length I discovered it—No. 97, in the West Room. Thither I bent my steps.

"WHAT DOES THE GIRL SAY? IS SHE AGREEABLE?"

"But I sha'n't know your sister, even if I see her. Will you be with her?"

"Not me," he responded with emphasis, "I am going to play footer to-morrow." He fumbled in his pocket. "What a jolly fat-head I am!" he went on, producing a scrap of paper, "I forgot that Eva wrote down where you were to meet her. Here it is."

He handed me the slip, and I read, "Before Watts' 'Sir Galahad.'"

"All right; I'll be there."

He went to the door and then came back. "May I feel your muscle?" Having done so, he nodded approvingly. "I'll

At the first glance I thought the room was empty, but, looking again, I discerned a female form leaning back with closed eyes on one of the cushioned ottomans in the centre of the hall. I glanced at the painting before her. The knight in armour gazing into the distance, with the white horse pawing at his side, could represent no other than the knight I sought.

I approached. The lady, who, I noticed, was young and pretty and the possessor of a very charming complexion, did not seem to hear my footsteps. Her lips were moving rapidly as if she were rehearsing to herself words she had learnt by heart.

I passed near her and then coughed gently. She opened her eyes, looked at me vacantly for a moment, and then closed them again, her lips moving afresh. I glanced round; there was no one else in the place.

"Excuse me," I said, raising my hat. "Are you Lady Eva Horsden?"

Her eyes opened, and she sat up with a jerk. She certainly was remarkably pretty.

"Yes, I am," she replied; "but you aren't Mr. Hardy."

She made this assertion with the utmost positiveness.

"That is my name," I answered, a trifle aggrievedly.

She seemed a little bewildered. "I beg your pardon, but you are not what I expected."

"In what respect?" I ventured, with some eagerness.

She looked at me, and then she turned her head away.

"You are so very——"

"Yes?"

"So very young."

"Oh," I ejaculated annoyedly. "I am so sorry," I added, after a pause.

"It's not your fault," she conceded, a little grudgingly.

I looked at her. She had lovely eyes, and I liked the way she did her hair. A silence intervened which I felt I must break.

"You sent for me, Lady Eva."

"Did I? I mean, yes, of course."

She was silent again, casting little side-glances at me from time to time.

"It will be a great help," she observed at length, in a little burst, looking everywhere but in my direction, "if you have guessed why I asked you to come here. Have you?"

I shook my head.

She tapped her toe on the floor impatiently. "I think you might have guessed," she said, with reproach in her tone.

"Of course I have some slight suspicion," I said hastily, for I feared my lack of acumen had lowered me in her estimation.

"What is your suspicion?"

"I would rather not say," I faltered lamely, not having the slightest idea.

She looked at me with scorn. "You make it very hard for me," she said at length, "but that," and her face assumed a martyr-like expression, "I must expect."

"Not at all," I murmured confusedly.

"Life is very difficult. My father is very cruel. He says terrible things to me."

I could only shake my head sorrowfully.

"Death would be sweet." She fumbled for her handkerchief.

"You are in trouble?" I ventured.

"In the deepest distress!"

"Can I help you?"

She turned a sorrowful face towards me. "I have sent to beg you to have mercy on me." She held her hands out appealingly. "You are a man and strong. I am a woman and weak. Oh, have pity! Don't urge me to extremities."

"Bless my soul——" I began.

"Oh, listen to me!" she implored. "If you are a man, you will not allow a wretched girl to be sacrificed for your sake. Don't let me be led a reluctant victim to a lifelong misery. Decline, I pray you, to have anything to do with this wicked bargain."

"My dear Lady Eva——"

"Don't harden your heart against me. If you only knew what I have had to endure! I cannot hold out against my father's wishes, for I am not strong enough. It is to your chivalry I must appeal, your——"

"If you would allow me——"

But she would not allow me.

"Are you a man?" she cried.

"I have been told so," I interjected, getting a little flushed and angry.

My reply to her query seemed to disconcert her.

"If you ever had a mother," she began again after a little thought, "I would beg of you for her sake to listen to me."

"I could listen all day," I replied, for she looked so bewitching standing there in a tragic attitude.

She stopped suddenly, as if she had forgotten what came next. Turning her

back, she referred to what seemed a roll of manuscript. Then she began again rapidly.

"You must see the difference between us. You must see that our union would mean lifelong misery, not only to myself, but to you. How could I associate with your friends? Your aspirations are so different to mine. I have lived in an atmosphere of culture. Matthew Arnold is my favourite author. You probably have not heard his name. Think, I beg you, of the agony which it would be for me to live with one who, though no doubt honest, sober, and industrious, is yet uneducated and illiterate. What shame I should feel!"

I could only put up my eye-glass and look at her in wonderment.

"Believe me," she went on passionately, "a working-man allied to a gentlewoman would lead a life of misery. He would have to give up his pipe, his glass of beer. He could not be permitted to beat his wife. In these circumstances had we not better—part?"

"I will do anything you wish," I said briefly, for fear she should start off afresh.

"You will let me off this hateful marriage?" She caught my hand, and I thought was going to kiss it. I withdrew it hastily.

"Certainly." She drew back and looked at me, drawing a long breath.

"You let me off very easily," she murmured.

"I do not want to marry you," I responded bluntly, being irritated.

"You are very frank." She spoke as if she was offended.

I was ashamed of my rudeness. "I make it a principle," I said with an air of great virtue, "never to desire to marry a lady to whom I have not been introduced."

"Oh, indeed!"

"When I make your acquaintance, your resolve to decline my suit"—I lowered my voice to a whisper—"will probably break my heart."

"Oh, I hope not," she answered impulsively.

I shook my head mournfully. "I fear so."

"I expected you to be quite different," she began again after a pause. "You do not look in the least like an artisan. Of course, our marriage is out of the question, and I am glad you see it. But really one might imagine from the way you speak that you had been quite fairly educated."

"With the aid of a dictionary I can spell," I responded, with an air of modest pride; "and once I knew the multiplication tables."

She looked at me again. "You might be taken for a gentleman."

"Not really?"

She nodded. "You are quite good-looking."

"You are trying to flatter me!"

"Not the least. But let me tell you what I want you to do." She came close and placed her hand on my arm. It was very pleasant to feel her touch.

"My father told me I must marry you, that it was absolutely necessary. He was so cruel and cross that I said I would."

I turned and faced her. "How noble of you!"

"What I want you to do," she went on, "is to save me from my promise. If you refuse to marry me I can't fulfil my pledge. Can I?" Her eyes sparkled with delight at her own cleverness.

"Certainly not," I answered stoutly. "It takes two to make a marriage."

"Will you do this?"

"I will do anything you ask," I answered, but with a sad heart.

"It won't matter to you, and it means so much to me."

"You love someone else," I cried with a sudden jealousy.

"Oh, no," she answered hastily.

"I will do what you wish," I said after a long pause, "though it means perpetual exile."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her eyes opening.

"I am in a similar position to yourself. My father has threatened that if I do not marry you, he will cast me adrift."

"Oh dear," she sighed.

"But what do I care!" I went on. "Rather than bring tears to your eyes

I will willingly bear poverty and—and starvation."

"How good of you!" Again she looked at me with a long, searching glance, and then her eyes wandered to the picture before her.

"Your hair is the same colour as Sir Galahad's," she observed abstractedly. "It is rather a pretty colour—the picture's, I mean."

The room was no longer empty. I proposed we should stroll round the gallery.

"Are you very quick and intelligent?" she asked suddenly when we had gone a few steps.

"I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"I mean, could you learn things, pick up the conventions of polite society and so on?"

"It would depend on the teacher."

"If I were the teacher?" Her eyes were cast down, and I thought a slight blush rose to her cheek.

"I am certain of it," I began enthusiastically.

"What school were you at?"

"Eton."

She turned on me with a quick look of inquiry. "Are you sure?"

"They told me that was its name."

"My brother Horace was there. Did you know him?"

I thought. "Did he have red hair?"

"He has auburn hair," she rejoined stiffly.

"Oh, I remember. He was my fag."

"Then you are properly educated?"

I shook my head. "I shouldn't like to say that. You see, I went to the 'Varsity afterwards."

"I hope you are not making fun of me," she observed, eyeing me with some severity.

"Certainly not," I replied with great fervour.

"They certainly told me your father was a working-man."

"So he was," I answered; "but that was when he was a young man."

"I see," she said ponderingly. "And now I suppose he is very rich?"

I nodded.

"How stupid of me! I quite thought you would be an artisan, too."

We wandered onwards without speaking for awhile.

"What is to be done?" she cried at length, with a little sad gesture. "I cannot bear to think of your starving."

"Don't mind me," I responded gallantly.

"But I do. I am sure I could like you so much—as a brother. And it is so dreadful to think of one's brother not having enough to eat."

"I daresay I could get a situation."

"But even that is so dreadful!"

Again we were silent.

"It is lucky we have not been introduced, for I am afraid I should fall in love with you," I said with a sigh; "and that would make matters so much harder."

She flushed a little, but did not answer. We strolled along pensively.

"But what I feel most," I said, "will be the unpleasantness to you if I—refuse you."

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly.

"What will your female friends say if they knew I had rejected you? Women are so ill-natured."

She glanced at me with a startled look in her eyes.

"I never thought of that. Sophie Varrant, for instance——" She stopped abruptly, and thought deeply.

"What *are* we to do?" she asked at length.

I shook my head. "It beats me."

"I think you ought to suggest something," she said petulantly. "I will *not* have horrid remarks made about me by—people."

"Perhaps if I were to—die suddenly," I began darkly.

"Oh, no, no!" she answered with a little shriek.

"The only other course," I said mournfully, "is for us to marry."

"Oh!"

I ventured to glance quickly at her. Her cheeks were very red.

"In that case you wouldn't have to

starve?" she observed after a prolonged pause.

"That is so."

We made the circuit of the room in silence.

"Shall we take that course?" I murmured at length.

"There is nothing else to be done—is there?"

I took her hand. "If we were only introduced, I should not know what to do for joy."

"There is Lady Margetson and her five daughters," said Eva, withdrawing her hand from mine. "Do you happen to know any of them?"

"Oh, yes. I know them all."

"Couldn't you——"

I was at Lady Margetson's side in a second. "Lady Margetson," I said abruptly, forgetting to greet the five young ladies, "will you be kind enough to introduce me to Lady Eva Horsden?"

"Please do," said Eva, who had followed in my wake.

Lady Margetson looked utterly bewildered.

"Introduce you?" she asked amazedly.

"Yes, please," we replied in unison.

Very much astonished, the good lady ran through the formula.

"Lady Eva, may I introduce to you Mr. Douglas Hardy?" Eva bowed graciously. "Lady Eva, Mr. Hardy."

Eva and I shook hands, and inquired after each other's health.

"Thank you so much," said Eva sweetly, turning to the astonished six. "We were so anxious to be introduced because, you see, we are engaged to be married."

We nodded to the little crowd and went out gaily into Regent Street.

Of course, I haven't eyes in the back of my head, but I know quite well that these six ladies stood transfixed with startled faces and protuberant eyes till we had disappeared from their sight.

"LADY EVA, MR. HARDY."

# MONARCHS AT HOME:

## THE TSAR AND TSARITSA OF RUSSIA.

IF there is one monarch in the world of whom all sorts of silly notions are rife and any amount of ridiculous reports paramount, it is his Imperial Majesty the Tsar of all the Russias. If one were to pay any attention to all these rumours, then the Emperor could only be pictured as a sort of State prisoner; an inhabitant of palaces of dazzling magnificence, but hedged and guarded by lines of soldiers armed to the teeth, and detachments of detectives lynx-eyed and ever active; while, should his Majesty venture outside, his life would not be safe unless accompanied and surrounded by a small-sized garrison. This state of things *may* have prevailed in Russia, and not so many years ago! But the present conditions are altogether and entirely different; the occupant of the throne can walk down the streets of the capital and brush the sleeve of aristocrat or serf in walking without fear of assassination or molestation from either. Of course a certain amount of necessary precaution must always be observed in immediate proximity to any sovereign; it cannot be relaxed even with regard to our own Queen—most respected and revered of European monarchs though she be; and so an extra amount of vigilance is required when it is in connection with the ruler of a people sections of whom have made themselves a terror and a scourge.

That Nicholas II. can enjoy more freedom of action and manner than could his predecessors is a matter of great thankfulness, and that this is but the commencement of a new and better state of things, a more complete understanding of the people by their Tsar, and the Tsar by his people, all will devoutly wish. A little incident which occurred immediately subsequent to the accession of his Majesty did much to prove how anxious he was to inaugurate a pacific reign. A number of students (and these have often proved the ringleaders of disorder and sedition) absolutely refused to take the Oath of Allegiance customary on such occasions. In refusing, they were perfectly aware of the nature of the punishment invariably accorded such acts, and awaited with what fortitude they could muster the decree of banishment to Siberia. The Tsar, however, heard of the incident, and at once said: "If they refuse to be my loyal subjects, let them leave Russia within twenty-four hours, and live elsewhere until they have acquired another nationality; then they may return, if they please, and finish their education." So astonished and impressed were the students at the Tsar's clemency that they took the Oath of Allegiance forthwith! This, and the liberation of some thousands of prisoners who had been doomed to the dreary Siberian mines, was indeed a promising beginning for both the youthful monarch and his people.

With the details of the pathetic death of Alexander III., the betrothal of the heir and Princess Alix of Hesse at the bedside of the dying monarch, and the marriage immediately after his demise, all the world is conversant, and many will call to mind how long and faithfully the young Tsarovitch had waited for a union on which he had always set his mind. For seven long years had he proved the sincerity of his love and the determination of his character, and though one suitable Princess after another had been named by his father and his advisers, and though he had been sent on a long

tour in order that he might forget, he still remained true to his first love, and in the end overcame opposition of every sort, the marriage taking place in the private chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg on Nov. 26, 1894. Since that time their Majesties have resided either at this Winter Palace or in one of the Summer Palaces adjacent to the capital.

St. Petersburg cannot well be described as a healthy city, for it is situated on low and marshy ground, and is often partially inundated by an overflow of the Neva, on the banks of which river it stands. But it certainly is imposing, having a number of magnificent palaces and public buildings, nearly all of which are seen to great advantage by reason of the large open spaces with which they are surrounded; and it is, moreover, highly picturesque by reason of the numerous islands in the river, on which the mansions of the wealthy are built, round which are gardens of extreme beauty. Viewed from the citadel, the visitor cannot but come to the conclusion that St. Petersburg can scarcely be outvied by any other Continental city. The Emperor's palace — known as the "White" or "Winter" Palace—is one of the finest in Europe, and is further remarkable for taking only fifteen months in building; a former one, which stood on the same site, having been burned down in 1837. The building is of enormous size, having apartments almost without number, the majority of which are very spacious. Some idea of the capacity may be obtained by the fact that some thousands of persons can be comfortably accommodated beneath its roof. Massive columns support the façade, and the many arches and pediments are richly carved, while beautiful statuary surmounts the whole.

THE KREMLIN, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION AND THE GRAND HALL OF ST. GEORGE.

The Kremlin is the citadel of Moscow, and includes within the two miles of embattled walls that surround it palaces, arsenals, monasteries, and churches. Here, in the Cathedral Church of the Assumption, the Tsars are crowned, and here, in the great Hall of St. George, they make their most solemn proclamations.

The principal entrance faces the Neva, and here we enter, ascend the Carrara staircase, and view some of the splendour amidst which the Emperor and Empress move when in residence. Of course, this being

a State palace, their Majesties are only here for the season. Then a series of magnificent receptions, Drawing-Rooms, balls, and dinners are given, amidst scenes of unexampled grandeur and dazzling magnificence. The State apartments are thrown open en suite, the chief of these

THE TSAR AS A BOY IN MILITARY UNIFORM.

being the Nicholas Hall, the Pompeiian Gallery, the Malachite Hall, the Armorial Hall, the Golden Hall, and St. George's Hall. The first-named hall takes its appellation from the first Emperor of that name; a life-sized portrait of him is a conspicuous feature on one of the walls. The entire hall is one glitter of gold decoration, marble, and tapestry, further enhanced by the massive sideboards whereon some extremely rich gold plate is profusely displayed. This, of course, is only mounted for State ceremonies. The Golden Hall is entirely in Byzantine style, and contains, amongst much that is worthy of notice, a very beautiful statue of the consort of Nicholas I., sculptured by Winchman, and a fine marble chimneypiece representative of a temple. The St. George's Hall contains the imperial throne, which is a costly erection, approached by a flight of steps, at the top of the room immediately facing the principal entrance; the dimensions of the Hall are splendid, one hundred and forty feet in length and sixty feet in width; the concave ceiling is richly decorated in gold and white, and the supporting Corinthian columns down either side are fluted in white with gold capitals. A double row of graceful candelabra effectively light up the whole.

The Russian Court, military, and Ministerial dress is costly and rich in the extreme, and this richness is carried out even to the liveries of the servants, their scarlet coats being literally ablaze with gold. It is a fact that no Court in the world presents such a picturesque and magnificent appearance as does that of Russia; at any function, therefore, the show is brilliant, but more especially, perhaps, at a ball, when the rich evening toilettes of the ladies, enhanced by jewels of priceless worth, add much to the already brilliant effect. The Russian dances are of a very stately description, and both the Emperor and Empress take part in them very thoroughly. The aspect of the Armorial Hall, where the supper is often laid, is grand beyond all description. This meal is not partaken of standing, as at the majority of the Courts, but the guests sit down at the long rows of tables. A procession is formed, which is headed by his Imperial Majesty and the most distinguished lady present, and the room is then entered in the order of precedence. Of course an immense quantity of plate is displayed; this, and the china that is also used, are noted throughout Europe for their richness and beauty. There is one

service alone, capable of dining five hundred persons, that is composed entirely of the purest silver overlaid with gold. Added to all this, the use of a variety of the choicest fruits and the rarest of flowers, amongst which orchids figure largely, makes the scene one of the most gorgeous magnificence. During the evening a State progress through the suite of rooms is made by the imperial personages and the chief officers of the household, the guests forming up into a long avenue on either side. One special feature is that two or three of the largest halls in the Palace are on the occasion of a ball fitted up as a huge conservatory; palms, exotics, ferns, banks of flowers, and even fruit-trees being transplanted thither with the most marvellous effect. Electric light is carried throughout, and glows down from myriads of globes of a variety of colours. In this veritable fairy-land hundreds of seats are placed for the convenience of the guests between the dances. It would be utterly impossible to mention the rare works of art to be seen in this palace, comprising paintings, statuary, collections of jewels, antiquities, and curios of every description. Everything is of Oriental magnificence, and to see it all the eye must weary of the continuous dazzle.

THE TSARITSA AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

Away from these State rooms though, the private apartments of their Imperial Majesties will be found to present quite a different aspect; it goes without saying that everything in them is of a costly description; but after the gorgeous appearance of the State saloons, these appear unmistakably plain. They have a very English look, too; in fact, they were fitted by an English firm at the time of the imperial marriage, and this is carried out even to musical instruments, for there is a piano in the imperial apartments by Steinway and Sons, of London, and others by the same maker in the summer palaces. Both the Emperor and Empress had been much in England, and had admired the arrangements of English households. Many things that they had seen here have been copied in their Russian palaces, and they even speak the language to a great extent. Her Imperial Majesty did not commence to learn Russian until about the time of her betrothal, and so of course it does not yet come so naturally to her as either German or English. I may say that both their Majesties are good linguists, the Empress especially speaking five languages fluently in addition to Russian; still there is a strong predilection for English, and it is very much used in the Court.

When an Emperor owns such a prodigious number of palaces as does the Tsar Nicholas, it is of course an impossibility to say much about any particular one; but one that would strike the visitor as

especially worth seeing would be the capacious building at Peterhof, which was commenced by Peter the Great in 1702. The interior contains a rich and rare display of art treasures, but what most charms the eye are the beautiful grounds by which the Palace is surrounded; they are upwards of two thousand acres in extent, and splendidly laid out in gardens, while the presence of a large number of fine fountains and water displays adds much to the beauty. The fountains known as "Adam" and "Eve" and "Samson," so named from the figures that form their centres, are perhaps the three finest; they each send the water about one hundred feet into the air. A beautiful cascade may be seen at the Golden Staircase; also numbers of roaring cataracts, pieces that look like part of an ancient forest, with occasional glimpses of lakes and the sea in the background, for the gardens stretch right down to the shore.

At about the same distance from St. Petersburg, but in another direction, may be seen the Tsarkoë Seloe Palaces; again, I can only mention one. It stands in the midst of grounds eighteen miles in circumference, is an immense pile of architecture purely white, and was built by Catherine II.; but large as it is, it does not accommodate the whole of the servants of the household. They are so numerous that they are lodged in a Chinese village near at hand. The front of the Palace is no less than eight hundred feet in extent, and is faced by innumerable statues, which at one time were all superbly gilded. The decorations of some of the saloons can certainly lay claim to be the most gorgeous and costly that the world can show. Take, for instance, the Banqueting Hall, with its ceiling and walls literally cased with richly wrought gold. Then glance at the Amber Room, the walls of which are finely covered with amber of exquisite design. Several other rooms have the rarest of tapestry on the walls, but perhaps the most beautiful of all is the Lapis Lazuli Room. Costly as this material is, here the walls are completely covered with it in exquisite design; this is further enhanced by the floor of pure ebony, with inlay of mother-of-pearl in large floral design; but lapis lazuli, malachite, jaspar, amber, and other precious things meet one in every direction here, for many of the doorways, mantel-pieces, and pillars are composed of them. It is literally a piling of splendour upon splendour to attempt a description of such riches; no one would realise it without seeing it.

Even the Tsar and Tsaritsa must somewhat weary of the grandeur, for their favourite habitations are the smaller palaces, which in each instance are situated near the larger ones. The contingent one here is called the Alexander Palace. This is charmingly secluded in the woods, and only the favoured few are admitted within the precincts of its grounds, where their Majesties lead an ideal country life, passing much of their time in the open air, themselves often wheeling one of their babies beneath the leafy avenues. Within this Palace the Grand Duchess Olga was born in 1895. Her small sister — who made her appearance in 1897—is known as the Grand Duchess Tatiana. The bestowal of this name on the infant by its parents gave much satisfaction to the Russian people, as it has from time immemorial been a standard name among the lower middle and working classes, but never an imperial one until the present instance

Needless to say, every Russian palace has its private church, for the observances of the Greek religion are strict, and the Emperor and Empress never by any means omit attending a brief morning service daily, and a full service on the Sunday. The ritual is ornate in the extreme: the low chanting of the priests, and the beauty of the unaccompanied singing is marvellously wonderful. Both the exteriors and the interiors of these sacred edifices are costly and unique. But I must hurry on. Moscow, the scene of the Coronation of the Tsars of all the Russias, more than demands the few words I am able to say here.

The City of Domes must be seen to be realised. The palatial pile known as the Kremlin is celebrated the world over.

The finest view of it is seen from the banks of the river Moskva. It is an enormous pile of mixed architecture, and comprises several palaces and three of the pillars are literally ablaze with gold and precious stones, much of it, of course, taking the form of icons. Entering the Imperial Palace by way of the famous Red

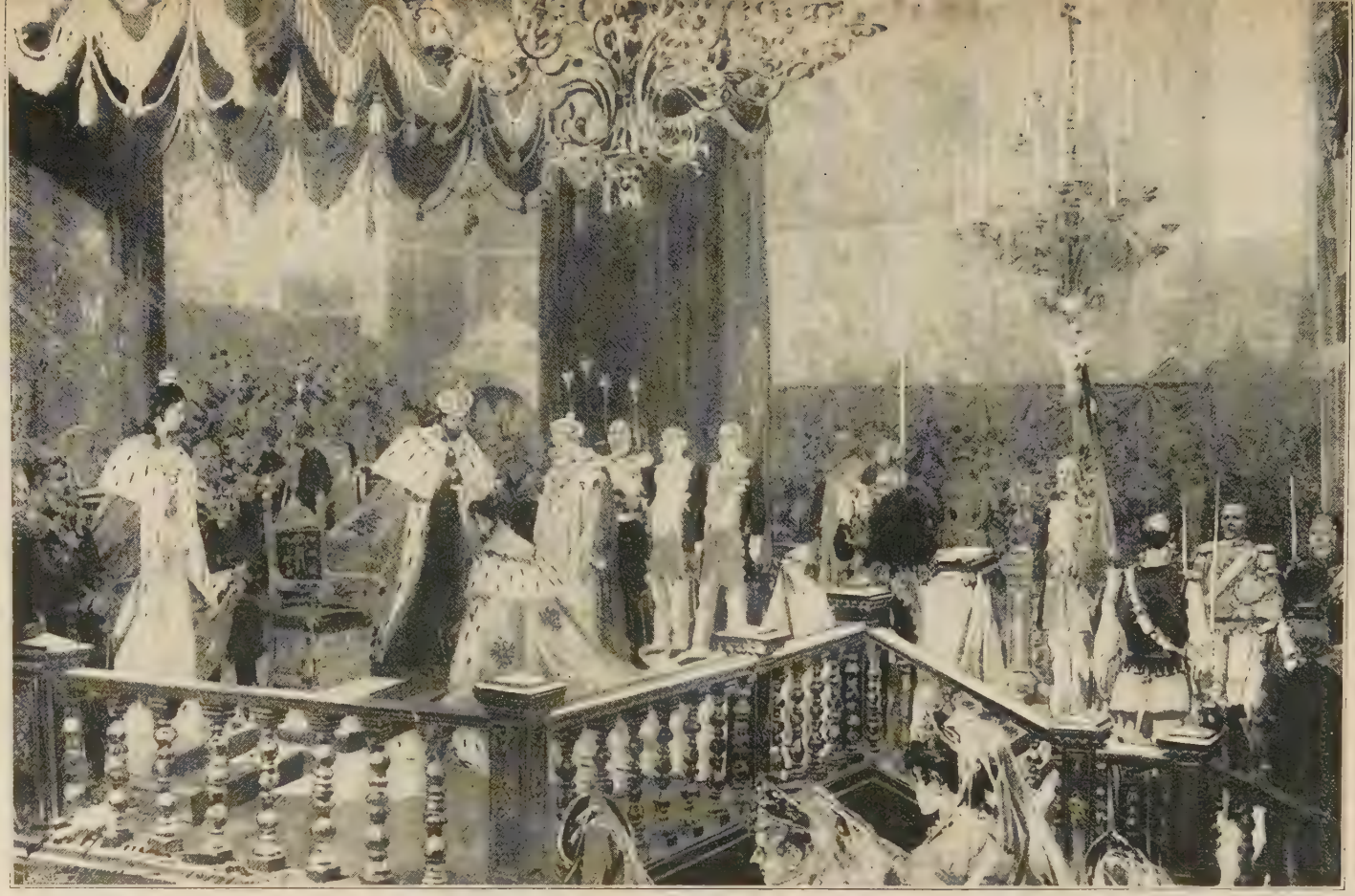
*Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.*

THE TSAR AND THE TSARITSA WITH THEIR DAUGHTER THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.

most sacred churches in all Russia. The Cathedral of the Assumption was much talked about at the time of the last Coronation, so I will pass it with just the brief remark that its walls, roof, and Staircase, which leads from the church, and on the summit of which Napoleon paused to view Moscow, one is again confronted with innumerable halls of gorgeous splendour and immense size. At the Coronation all

THE CORONATION OF THE TSAR, MAY 26, 1896—THE METROPOLITAN ANOINTING HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WITH THE HOLY CHRISM.

After the ceremony of Coronation the first part of the Communion Service was celebrated. The Emperor was then summoned by two Archpriests to be Anointing, and advanced to the steps of the High Altar. There the Metropolitan anointed his Majesty with the Holy Oil on the forehead, eyes, nostrils, ears, breast, and hands, saying, "The Seal of the Gift of the Holy Spirit." The consecrated Oil for use was provided in a pearl of bells and a casket of 61 grms. The Empress then advanced and was anointed in like manner, but on the forehead only.

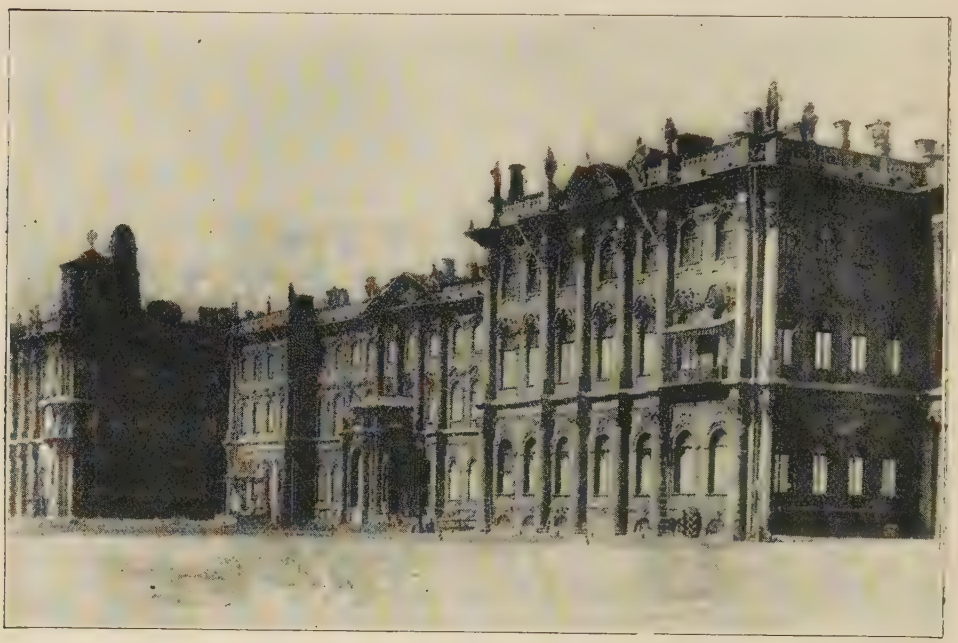


THE TSAR CROWNING THE TSARITSA AFTER HIS OWN CORONATION.

When the Emperor had duly received his crown and the sceptre and orb of empire, he summoned the Empress to him. Her Majesty approached and knelt on a cushion before the throne. The Emperor took off his crown and, after touching her head with it, resumed it himself. He then placed upon her head a smaller crown, which was adjusted by four Ladies-in-Waiting. The Empress was thereupon invested with the Collar of St. Andrew and the imperial robe, and the Emperor embraced her and raised her to her throne upon the daïs.

*From the Drawing by F. de Hœnan, originally published in the "Illustrated London News."*

the élite of Russia and the representatives of nearly every Court in the world were gathered together within these walls, and the stately ceremonies that were enacted read more like the pages of a fairy-tale. The St. Andrew's Hall is the place where the Emperor received: this is no less than 175 ft. in length, and its walls are entirely hung with blue watered silk, that being the colour of the order from which the hall takes its name. It has a beautiful parquetrie floor, the arms of the order being her first reception after the Coronation. Each Empress becomes the head of the Order of St. Catherine on her marriage. It was established as long ago as 1714 in commemoration of Catherine the First's victory over the Turks. The ceiling and arches are nearly lined with gold, the walls are covered in grey and silver, and the hangings are crimson velvet. The supporting pilasters are of pure malachite. Then there is the Hall of St. George, dedicated to the military order of that



THE WHITE OR WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

inlaid in upwards of thirty kinds of wood. The throne stands at the far end, is approached by a flight of steps, and surmounted by a canopy. Here will be noticed the heraldic device of the Romanoffs—two griffins. The most beautiful throne is kept in the Treasury, and only taken out for the Coronation; it is then, of course, placed in the Cathedral of the Assumption. It is a mass of gold filigree literally studded with jewels.

The St. Catherine Hall, so named from the order, contains the throne of the Empress, and here her Majesty holds name, the pillars of which are inscribed with the names of the members of the order, the hangings and upholstery being tapestry of black and orange, the colours of the order. The Alexandra Hall is commemorative of the Order of St. Alexis; it is superbly decorated in pink and gold, and beautifully adorned with painted frescoes; also on festive occasions it has a magnificent show of gold plate. The Granavitza Banqueting Hall is used for the grand dinner given immediately subsequent to the Coronation; it is also used as an audience-chamber. It has, perhaps, a

THRONE ROOM, WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

SMALL SALOON, PRIVATE APARTMENTS, WINTER PALACE.

more ancient appearance than any of the halls before mentioned, and this is added to by the number of stands of antique design which on State occasions carry quantities of massive gold plate. I will close this description with a mention of the Congratulation Hall. This plays an important part in the ceremonies, for here it is that the deputations from all the provinces of Russia tender to the newly crowned monarch their offerings of bread and salt, a very sacred part of the Coronation ceremonies. I may say that this bread and salt is always offered on salvers of the purest metal and workmanship. The collection of imperial plate is thus materially enriched. The Treasury, too, is within the walls of the Kremlin; and its contents are greater in number and more costly than the contents of any Treasury in Europe. Not only are crowns, orbs, and sceptres covered with diamonds, but these and other precious stones also appear in profusion on saddles, stirrups and complete sets of harness. Then there are hundreds of swords, daggers, and scimitars, the sheaths of which are literally masses of rubies, pearls, diamonds, and turquoises.

The Russian palaces with their priceless contents, and the formal and stately ceremonies which prevail within their walls, demand a volume of descriptive matter; but it is rather a relief to turn from it all, and contemplate the youthful monarchs, when, untrammelled by the etiquette inseparable from their lofty position, they are able to enjoy the quietness and seclusion of their smaller residences, happy in each other's company and in that of their children, and striving to bring about needed reforms for the good of their people. They are both assiduous workers, and have already made their mark on the pages of Russian history.

MARY SPENCER WARREN.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PETERHOF.

# MADAME MELBA TALKS.

HALF English, half Spanish looking, with blue-black hair and brown-black eyes, shaded with the thickest of lashes, of medium height, with a vigorous physique, a merry laugh, and a smile rarely absent from her lips, a vivacity all her own, and a spirit which never flags—that's Melba!

The prima donna, although good-nature its very self, has an inveterate dislike to being interviewed. "I haven't time, you know. I have so many engagements. I am really rather tired!"

"Tired! No!" I exclaimed incredulously on that fortunate morning when I succeeded in capturing my victim. "I do not believe you can know what fatigue means. If I may be allowed to say so, Madame, you look as fresh as a daisy!"

Madame Melba turned to her secretary. "*Pray* say that I am tired, and that engagements are simply overwhelming me at every turn!"

"That is so!" hurriedly put in Mr. Ellis, an American gentleman of a most compliant nature, and with an evident pity in his heart for the hapless interviewer. "The Diva, I can assure you, is simply besieged, morning, noon, and night. At the same time I admit you are right in saying Madame scarcely knows what real fatigue means. Her health is excellent, and as for her spirits! I never knew her cross or worried yet. As you see her now, merry as a lark—well, she is always just so!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Even when travelling through the States, and harassed by newspaper men claiming 'a few words' every time the train stops at a station?"

"Why, certainly," replied Mr. Ellis, with a smile.

"I wish," said Madame Melba, "that *I* could interview *you* instead of your putting questions to me. I am not, I suppose, the only prima donna you have met?"

"In the capacity of the interviewed, you are!" I replied. "Madame Patti I have never interviewed, but I have known I dare not say for how many years. She is a wonderful woman, rich, fêted, adored. And yet sometimes the pathos of her life has struck me! It is so rarely she is able to allow herself the pleasures and distractions of an ordinary mortal. And I have wondered whether other prime donne led lives as restricted as hers. When singing through an opera season, for instance, Patti hardly ever accepts an engagement of any kind, for fear of fatigue to her voice; only sees her friends on certain days at the unconscionable hour of one o'clock, after her déjeuner, and dismisses them after half an hour, as she dreads that talking may tire her. On the days when she is engaged to appear in opera or at a concert, she never opens her lips except in a low whisper, and retires altogether from the world. Then how dull to have to exist on such a diet! I have known her live for months on nothing but a little soup, beef-steak, plainly cooked, and claret-and-water. Sweets and vegetables she barred altogether. Fortunately a Paris doctor whom she consulted taught her to be more liberal-minded on the score of diet. During a performance of the opera she takes homœopathic pilules to clear her voice, 'causticum' and 'phosphorus.' I think I am divulging no secret in telling this——"

"Oh!" sighed Madame Melba, but a twinkle lurked in her eyes. "I am not like that! I don't think I ever take care of my voice. It is always in such good

order that I can afford to enjoy myself thoroughly. Unlike Madame Patti, I accept no end of engagements. And I talk—oh! I can talk all day."

"Talk a little with me," I urged. "I am here, not to tell you about Madame Patti, but for you to tell me something of yourself for the readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine*. My Editor is a hard man, I assure you. He expects much of me."

"What shall I tell you?" cried Melba gaily. "Would your readers like to know that I am the mother of quite a big boy, who has been at school for some little time at Worthing? I was married when very, very young, in Australia. It seems long ago; for so much has happened since then."

"Did you only discover you had a voice after your marriage?"

"Oh, no! I have always known I had a voice! I always loved music too. How well I can remember the delight it was to me to hear my mother sing, and play upon the piano! Why, I would ask her again and again for a song! She was a good musician and, fortunately for me, knew what constituted a thorough musical education. When still a mere child, I was taught harmony, and learnt, too, to play the organ. I advise all students to begin with the organ. 'Tis a capital foundation. Now I have no difficulty in mastering the most intricate scores."

"Oh, Madame is a splendid study!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis. "You have no idea how quickly she learns her parts. And as for her ear—why, she can play anything she has heard once perfectly."

"Yes, I can do that," continued Madame Melba with quiet satisfaction, but without a touch of vanity. "A good ear is a blessing. And facility is mine, no doubt; but for a' that, I have had to study very hard. My maiden name was Nellie Mitchells; and as Nellie Mitchells, oh! how incessantly I worked! At length the time came for my father to bring me over to Europe, and I was then put under the care of Madame Marchesi, of Paris, the first authority on the art of singing whom we have nowadays."

"When and where did you make your first appearance in London?"

"When? Why, the year of the Colonial Exhibition. My father was appointed Commissioner of the Victorian Court, and he and I were staying in London together at the time. To Mr. Ganz do I owe my first introduction to the musical world. At his suggestion I sang at a dinner given in the Freemasons' Hall. The pieces that I chose were Gounod's 'Ave Maria' and an English ballad. A good many artists and actors as well as musicians were present on the occasion, and spoke in praise of me, I'm told. Anyhow, I seemed to have made an impression, and afterwards I was engaged to appear at a Philharmonic concert."

"And your first appearance in opera?"

"Ah! That was quite a different story! I shall never forget the excitement of that night—the night of my début as Gilda in 'Rigoletto,' at the Théâtre de la Monnaie! Gilda, you know, is a trying part. Those long, long duets, the air 'Caro Nome,' with its endless trill, the lead she takes in that thrilling quartet 'Un di si ben'—how I threw my heart and soul into every note! The applause which greeted me at the end was splendid. I entered the theatre a timid girl—I left it years older in feeling, a triumphant woman! . . . Then followed London. The first character I assumed was one sympathetic, I imagined, to an English audience, the Bride of Lammermoor. The audience proved all kindness and cordiality. Afterwards I sang in Paris (where Christine Nilsson was staying at the time, and sent me the most generous message of congratulation after I had appeared as Ophelia, her favourite part), at Monte Carlo, St. Petersburg, Palermo, and Milan. I don't think I was ever so delighted as with my success at Milan. It is more difficult than you can imagine to please the Italians. Don't laugh when I tell you that I have kept all my Italian notices (I don't despise newspaper criticisms like some other artists)! Yes, I have kept them every one from 'La Perseveranza,' 'Il Secolo,' and 'L'Italia del Popolo,' etc."

*Photo by Rewtlinger, Paris.*

MADAME MELBA AS JULIET.

"You must have been pleased, surely, with your reception during the London Jubilee season? It seemed to me as if your audiences cheered you more warmly than ever before."

"Well! You know that was nothing less than a season of triumph for the Colonials. And I *am* a Colonial, proud indeed of my Australian birth, I assure you. London has always treated me very kindly, but, as you say, a wave of special enthusiasm was borne over to me last year."

"I heard you, Madame, at Mr. and Mrs. Harmsworth's reception for the Colonial Premiers, and if you will let me make a criticism, I was struck by the delightful way in which you suited yourself to your company—or rather, your voice to the room, I should say."

"Yes! My voice many imagine, until they have heard it, too powerful for a room. But I do my best to modulate it."

"And your whole manner, your easy way of half-leaning against the piano, when you have a French ballad to interpret, is delightfully unprofessional."

"Ah! you see I have sung so often in French *salons*. They, the French artists, have such an *intime* manner of humming forth their little *chansons*. I've learnt much in Paris."

"Do you live there?"

"I have a house there. But, as you may imagine, a house hardly means a home to such a bird of passage as myself. Nevertheless I am fond of my pretty *appartement* just off the Bois de Boulogne. I wish I could show you my *salon*. I know that your readers will be disappointed unless I tell you something of my household gods."

Madame Melba had chatted on in such a bright, obliging way, and with such a grace and charm of manner, that I felt as if I had known her for months. Her beautiful eyes, her vivacious gestures, and merry laugh fascinated me entirely. I do not wonder that she is such a favourite among her fellow-artists. The name of Nellie Melba is, indeed, synonymous with good-humour; and if you may believe what you are told, she is the one and only prima donna who has never been known to show any jealousy in her profession, and who has a pleasant word for all her sister artists—even the most successful among them.

"Ah, tell me something of your household gods!" I begged.

"I would tell you everything; but how late it is grown! And I am bound this evening for a supper-party at the Savoy Hotel, given in my honour by Mrs. A. B., to which a hundred guests are invited; and I have some little preparations to make, and letters to answer, before I begin my toilette. . . . To return, however, to my *appartement* in Paris. It is furnished, then, in old-new style. I am rather proud of my Louis XVI. furniture; above all, of my brocaded curtains, embroidered thickly with rosebuds, copied from those in the boudoir of Marie Antoinette; of my lovely Erard piano, and the *bric-à-brac* which my friends and I have collected for the adornment of the *salon*. More precious than these are the lines which the great artists I have met in the pursuit of my profession have inscribed in a book of autographs. Gounod, for instance, wrote in my album, 'À Madame Melba; à ma charmante Ophélie,' beneath some bars of music. Paderewski, Goring Thomas, and others too numerous to mention have said such gracious things! But, now, do you see that Mr. Ellis, my secretary, is making signs that I must not talk any more? He means that the time is up which I ought conscientiously to devote to you. That is provoking of him! Only let me tell you once more, in parting, that you really ought to thank me very much for giving you this interview. For it is quite against my rules."

And Madame Melba waved a good-bye to me from the top of the staircase as I made a timely escape.

LYRA.

MALLARDS OFF THE COAST.

*Drawn by Archibald Thorburn.*

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

*From the Statue by Thorwaldsen in the Villa Carlotta, Lake of Como.*

# THE HAMILTON HONEYMOON.

By CHARLES D. LESLIE.

REALITY, philosophers tell us—nor do we need their dictum to acknowledge its truth — seldom fulfils expectation, whether for good or bad, but in the latter case completion brings an all-pervading contentment. Thus it was that the satisfaction of having accomplished the ordeal of marriage possessed John Hamilton's heart to the exclusion of any other emotion as he stood on the pavement outside the church and handed his mother-in-law and wife into the carriage.

Then, as they drove back to Mrs. Bygrave's temporary abode, a feeling of annoyance began to stir against that lady for her presence. She was the one too many, and he now remembered that she would be with them all day, returning to her Cornish home by the nine o'clock train that evening. This was his wife's arrangement. Smoking a cigarette in the empty sitting-room while the bride was changing her dress, he could not help wishing he had adhered to his original suggestion to spend the honeymoon abroad, instead of having a few days in London first. But Minnie had been pleased when he proposed the latter plan, to make amends for his absence the previous week, which had marred his intention of showing her the various sights and entertainments in town. What a time they both were, and what were they to do that afternoon? He wondered if there was a matinée at any of the theatres: a reference to a daily paper showed him there was none, but there was the choice of three or four concerts and Maskelyne and Cooke's. Putting the question as they sat over the modest lunch Mrs. Bygrave had provided, that lady—for the bride when asked said she had no preference—decided on the latter.

Minnie sat opposite him in the cab, but as silent as at lunch. She had addressed no speech to her husband since they had been married, and replied to his questions and endeavours to draw her into conversation with the briefest monosyllables. How pretty she looked, though, and how well the grey dress and hat, with a tinge of red in it, became her slim girlish figure! Never had she looked so well, and a sense of elation at having gained so fair a wife passed through him; but he wished she would look more cheerful, and not sit so grave and silent. What was she thinking of, he wondered, and was her disposition grave or gay? He did not know, and then it struck him with peculiar force—the idea had never occurred before—how little he really knew of her, and conversely how little she must know of him. Why, their first days would have to be devoted to making each other's acquaintance. So he settled, unforeseeing the unique honeymoon they were to spend.

In the following weeks he often looked back to the rest of that day with bitter amusement. Certainly it dragged, although he could not tell when this became evident. They witnessed Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment, agreed that it was excellent, and that they enjoyed it very much. Tea in a shop in Piccadilly followed, over which they lingered chatting, or rather Mrs. Bygrave and John talked, for Minnie was very quiet. Perhaps it was at this point that the conversation flagged and had to be manufactured, and John's cheerfulness evaporated.

Then they dined in a private room at a Regent Street restaurant, and Minnie's silence beginning to get on his nerves, he drank more glasses of champagne than

was perhaps wise. Whether it was the champagne or the near departure of his mother-in-law, he felt after dinner far more cheerful. Dusk had fallen while they dined, and the bright, gaily lit streets met their view as they left the restaurant. Paddington was soon reached, and John bestirred himself to see that Mrs. Bygrave's boxes had arrived and were safely in the luggage-van. The Plymouth portion of the train was in front. Mrs. Bygrave secured an empty carriage, and Minnie entering as well, unstrapped her rugs, and busily tending to her comfort seemed loth to leave. There were but few passengers around, and this part of the platform appeared almost deserted; the guard passed, and at John's request left the door unlocked.

Minnie still lingered in the compartment. John looked at his watch: it was four minutes to the hour. "Come, Minnie," he said cheerfully, "you had better get out. You have a husband to look after now as well as a mother."

She raised her face to his, and their eyes met momentarily. There was a half-expressed doubt in hers; then her eyelashes veiled them and she said—

"Oh, mother, you have nothing to read but that evening paper. John, go and get her the *Illustrated* or *Lady's Pictorial*."

John looked round for the bookstall-boy who perambulated the platform with literature, but he was not in sight; he hesitated a moment, wondering if there was time to find him and return before the train left. Still, he could not well refuse the first request his wife had made, so, with a sign of acquiescence, he hurried off. The boy, of course, was at the other end of the platform, and took some finding. The papers were in his hand when the sound of a clock striking fell on his ear. Hastily he referred to his watch; if the clock was right, he was two minutes slow. Turning, he sped back. Hardly had he gained the rearmost carriage of the train than it began to move. For a moment he ran, then remembering that there were several coaches between him and his mother-in-law's compartment, and realising that he could not reach it, he paused with a gesture of annoyance and watched the train pass and the red light behind the guard's van slowly receding from his sight. It was tiresome, she had left without her papers, and without his bidding her good-bye. He advanced, his eyes seeking the pretty figure in grey. It was as light as day, the lights overhead shedding a cold brilliant glare which the platform reflected. Two or three people who had been seeing friends off, passed, and then he saw nothing but a long platform, deserted save for a solitary porter. He recognised this man, for he had assisted in carrying Mrs. Bygrave's luggage, and his glance fell on him with puzzled astonishment. Where was Minnie?

"Lost your train, Sir?" said the porter, noting his apparent bewilderment.

"No. I was looking for a lady——"

"The young lady in grey, Sir. She's gone in the train with the other lady."

"You must be mistaken, she was not going away."

"No, Sir, I'm not. I particularly noticed, for I 'appened to be standin' by the carriage. The elder lady, she wanted her to get out, and the other lady, she says, 'I tell you I will come,' and on top of her words the train started."

The man looked hard at John, who in return stared at him, dumb with rage and astonishment. Then as another look round the empty platform plainly testified the truth of the porter's words, he wheeled round and walked blindly away till a sharp collision with a passer-by brought him in some measure to himself. Muttering some apology he looked about, and seeing a waiting-room on his left, entered. It was empty, and casting the papers on the table, he sat down and tried to think.

Minnie, his newly made wife, was gone, had deserted him without a word, had incomprehensibly vanished and left him. Thank Heaven, no one knew of his luckless marriage! for was ever man placed in a situation so utterly maddening to himself, so utterly comic to onlookers?

As he brooded on his exasperating position his rage grew; it mounted to his brain and seemed to madden him.

He struck the table with his clenched fist and broke into bitter curses. Then with a violent effort he pulled himself together and rose to go—where? It was his wedding night; as he thought of it a loud laugh, half hysterical, broke from him.

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## II.

Slowly the moments passed after John had left to obey his wife's behest, and presently Mrs. Bygrave, with a shade of apprehension in her tone, remarked—

"Why did you send John away, dear? I fear he will not have time to get the paper, and it really didn't matter."

Minnie was sitting opposite her, white and trembling, her eyes fixed on the platform. At her mother's words she turned her head and said—

"I hope not. I don't want him to come back in time. I'm going back with you to-night."

"Minnie! my dear child, what do you mean? John is your husband now."

"That's just what I cannot realise. I don't want to stop with him. I want to return to St. Aubins with you."

"But you mustn't, dear. John will be furious if you play him such a trick. Oh, Minnie, get out! Look! the guard is signalling to start."

"Mother, I tell you I will come with you," said Minnie firmly, and staying her mother as she strove to rise and open the door. A porter standing by came nearer, but at that instant the train started, and Mrs. Bygrave sank back in her seat, half distracted with amazement, and gazing on her daughter as though mesmerised. It had all passed in less than a minute.

"Minnie, you must be mad!" she gasped as the train rushed out of the station. "Do you know what you have done? Why have you acted in this manner?"

But not another word to explain her conduct could her mother wring from her.

Mr. Bygrave and John's father had been friends of old standing, and on the former's tragic death—he was knocked down crossing the street in a fog and killed on the spot—the broken-hearted widow found in her late husband's friend a true ally and counsellor. With a horror of London, she removed to the Cornish village where she now lived, finding some morbid pleasure in mourning her husband in the deepest seclusion. Grief is selfish, and Mrs. Bygrave made a fetish of hers. Reared in the village and never leaving it, Minnie grew up a shy, timid girl, educated entirely by her mother, and knowing no friends. Indeed, as the years passed, Mrs. Bygrave's love of solitude became a mania which none of Mr. Hamilton's persuasions could force her to alter. It was he who managed her business affairs, and once a year paid her a

HIS NEWLY MADE WIFE HAD DESERTED HIM.

short visit. On his death, John, then a clerk in the firm of Holt and Hamilton, solicitors, succeeded his father as junior partner, and also in the minor matter of unofficial trustee to Mrs. Bygrave. He was then twenty-eight, ten years older than Minnie, whom he knew slightly, having sometimes gone down to Cornwall with his father. John, though so young, was a capital lawyer, clever yet painstaking, a quiet man, self-contained, and somewhat averse to society. It was by a kind of chance that the idea of marrying Minnie occurred to him. He had for years written to her occasionally, and sent her books and trifling presents, and about a year after his father's death, in acknowledging one of these, she sent him her photograph just taken. John looked at it, noting what a pretty girl—he had not seen her for a year—she had grown, and then the idea suddenly sprang into his head. His life was very lonely, he could afford to marry, and where could he find a prettier or more carefully brought up girl than Minnie? On his yearly visit, which took place the following month, he broached the subject to Mrs. Bygrave. Though the thought of parting with Minnie was repugnant to the mother, yet all the woman in her rose at the idea of marrying her daughter to a man like John Hamilton, steady and well-to-do, an ideal husband from a mother-in-law's point of view, so she welcomed his proposals and seconded his suit.

And what did Minnie say to her suitor? Poor Minnie, brought up in absolute seclusion, was for all her nineteen years but a child and as ignorant of the outside world. That there was another world, a lively, bustling world, she knew from books, and had some unexpressed desire to see. Love, too, she had dreamed of, innocent girlish imaginings of the fairy prince who was to come. Was John the fairy prince? He had always been very nice to her, had for some time left off sending chocolates and sent books, and in other ways treated her lately as being grown up. But in spite of his kindnesses and the pretty speeches he now made, she was half afraid, half doubtful. But her mother overbore these scruples.

"To see you happily married to John, Minnie," she said, "will be the happiest day I have spent since your poor father's death."

She urged John's claims with eloquence. Minnie would have a house in London to reign over. It would not be an entire separation; Minnie could come once a year to see her, and she would come once a year to see Minnie. It would be a sin, a flying in the face of Providence, to reject John. So the girl, hardly realising what she was doing, consented, and John ratified the engagement with a kiss, which he did so clumsily that the average girl would have seen at once that he had had no practice in the art. But whether it was because the kisses were clumsy or his lovemaking awkward, her half fear of him remained. Business took him away in a few days, but he wrote regularly and frequently. Unfortunately he had not the pen of a ready writer, the power of expressing his feelings on paper was denied him, and this was a pity, for a true and genuine love for the girl had awakened in him, and he looked forward to the time when she would be his wife and he would tend and care for her. Thus, when they married the following summer, they were each absolutely ignorant of the other.

It was such a quiet wedding that it might have been a runaway match instead of graced by the presence of the only parent living of bride and bridegroom. Mrs. Bygrave had been a recluse so long that she now shrank from meeting strangers, and told her future son-in-law that it could not be too quiet to suit Minnie and herself. And John took her at her word, and told none of his few acquaintances of the step he was about to take. He had, after some persuasion, got Mrs. Bygrave to bring Minnie to town a week before the wedding, but to his disgust, coincident with their arrival important business took him to Ireland, and he had only returned on the eve of the marriage day.

It was a long and wearisome journey from London to the little Cornish village

of St. Aubins. Finally, after two changes and a four-mile drive, they reached their home, and each retired to her room. The day passed, and the next; there was neither letter nor any other communication from London. Then Mrs. Bygrave, feeling something must be done, had a long talk with her daughter: argued, pleaded, scolded But Minnie was obdurate, and Mrs. Bygrave learnt to her astonishment that the girl had a stronger will than her own. Finally, as over most disputed points, a compromise was agreed upon. If John came and fetched her Minnie would go with him, but she would not write, neither must her mother. He must come of his own accord.

Mrs. Bygrave, indeed, shrank from writing to her son-in-law. What was she to say, how explain? Surely he would come himself for an explanation, and matters could be settled amicably. Vaguely, Mrs. Bygrave felt that she was in some measure to blame for the marriage fiasco; yet in pressing Minnie to accept John she had acted from the best motives, sacrificing her own happiness to her daughter's, for parting with her would have been bitter grief.

But the days passed without John either writing or coming in person to seek his wife, and life resumed its old quiet course for mother and daughter.

How John passed the night after his bride's disappearance no one but himself ever knew, but the following day he appeared at the hotel where he had previously engaged rooms, and removed his luggage; his wife's he left. That he decided was no concern of his—let her send for it herself. He would neither write nor seek her. The intention had been that after the Continental trip was over they were to live in his house in South Kensington, now being painted, papered, and furbished to greet the bride; but he took an aversion to it, and engaged a set of chambers near St. James's Park. Here he settled himself, and tried to resume his old quiet life and forget his luckless marriage. This he soon found impossible. Though he sought relief in hard work, he could not find forgetfulness; so he began to go out, mingle in society, trying to seek a new distraction, and he was fortunate: before long he found it.

At a garden-party given by the wife of one of the firm's clients he was introduced to Miss Cecilia Kennedy, a charmingly bright and fascinating, thoroughly up-to-date young lady. John interested her, and she devoted her very considerable gifts of nature and art to study him. The first step, of course, was to make him fall in love with her. She was a proficient in the gentle art of flirtation, and found him an easy capture, for is not the best way to forget one woman to fall in love with another? With some uncertain idea that he was avenging himself on Minnie for her desertion, he promptly came under Miss Kennedy's sway. Their intimacy advanced quickly. She had engaging manners and a ready tongue. He enjoyed her society, and followed the precept to let the morrow take care of itself.

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## III.

It was about a week after her return from London that one afternoon Minnie put on a big straw hat, for the sun was hot, and with sketch-book under her arm set forth to finish a picture of a certain picturesque old cottage now falling into decay. It lay over the fields about half a mile away. Minnie had some talent for painting, having been well grounded by an elderly artist who was wont to stay in the village in the summer. He had not come that year, and the girl missed her instructor. Reaching the spot where the best view of the cottage was to be obtained, she found to her annoyance that the place of vantage had been usurped by a stranger artist, then busily at work. He was young, good-looking, and had certainly charming manners, for at sight of her he rose and insisted on vacating his place and removing his easel some yards away. Minnie accepted his courtesy and fell to work. Somehow, before the afternoon was over, she and the stranger were on friendly terms. He paid her compliments on her drawing, diffidently ventured on one or two criticisms, and, without apparent effort, won her liking on the spot. Thus

began the friendship of Minnie and Robert Mowbray, and it grew with the speed of young wheat after a long drought. He came at a critical point in the girl's life, when the world seemed out of joint; she was unhappy, half conscious she had acted wrongly, yet too proud and too shy to acknowledge it. Life was just dawning before her eyes; she felt that she had made a mistake on the threshold, and yet that she was not all to blame. Then this stranger came, a man out of the world she had but looked at—a man different from any she had met before. He lost no opportunity to ingratiate himself with her; she was a very pretty girl, she afforded a new interest, a new pastime. Soon they met and ostensibly sketched every day. Mrs. Bygrave knew nothing of this, and only thought that her daughter had developed a great passion for sketching, and certainly her pictures showed great improvement.

As summer waned, the artist, his portfolio full of sketches, prepared to depart, and his conscience began to smite him concerning the girl. He had made love to her and she had not objected; certainly he had said nothing about marriage, but he had an uneasy fear that she might expect some such promise before he left. Perhaps it would be more convenient, better for both parties, to dispense with the ceremony of farewell. A pastmaster in the art of avoiding possible disagreeables, he carried the plan into effect, and one evening, seated comfortably in the railway-carriage, saw in the distance four miles away the lights of St. Aubins twinkling and receding. He leaned out of the window and gave a sigh of regret for the past; certainly he had behaved badly, but he might have behaved worse: he was not the villain of melodrama, but only the man who had flirted and ridden away.

It was not until two days after that Minnie learned of his departure, and on the knowledge a great blank seemed to come over her. Was this the end of his pretty speeches, of his pleasant love-making? She turned crimson with shame and wrath. Yet what had she expected? She had been summing up her courage to tell him her story—and then surely he would find a way out of the difficulty, the extinction of her husband in some conveniently vague manner, their marriage, and subsequent happiness. And he had only been amusing himself, fancied her free, and had no intentions of any sort! The humiliation of it! Would John have acted to any girl in such a manner—John, who had been so kind to her and whom she had repaid so ungratefully? A wave of remorse came over her, a desire to do penance for her conduct. She had shut herself up in her room on returning from a walk during which she had heard of Mr. Mowbray's departure. Her mother had gone to an evening service, she was alone, and she paced up and down with hot brow and burning eyes. A radical upheaval of her previous thoughts took place—to think she had preferred that man to John! Through the open window sounded far away and faintly the whistle of a passing train. The sound gave her an idea; she would go back to John. The thought pleased her; it meant action, motion, change. She would go at once; she had time to catch the evening up train, which would arrive in London the following morning. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she wrote a few lines to her mother, saying she had gone back to her husband, put on hat and cloak, and ten minutes after her decision was hurrying to the railway station.

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## IV.

Mr. Hamilton was taking a few days' holiday, and wondering idly how he should spend it. Lingering over his after-breakfast pipe, he was disturbed by a knock at the door. "Come in," he answered, without moving from his easy-chair, and a stranger entered who introduced himself as John's neighbour on the floor below. He had been away for some time, and only returned the previous day. Would Mr. Hamilton pardon his intrusion and loan him a couple of pipes of tobacco? John invited him to sit down, and handed the tobacco-jar over; a brief discussion on the merits of various brands followed with the gravity befitting so important a topic.

His visitor rising shortly to go, John begged him to stop, but the other declared he must depart. He was expecting two ladies that morning to inspect the sketches he had taken during the summer, and must get his room in order; but would Mr. Hamilton care to come down himself and have a look at his pictures? John accepted, and was presently examining various landscapes which covered the

THE PLACE OF VANTAGE HAD BEEN USURPED.

walls of his new acquaintance's sitting-room. "My studio is through here," explained the artist, pointing to a door, "but I don't do much work in London. Now here's a whole portfolio full of sketches taken this summer." But John hardly heard him. He was gazing at a photograph placed in a prominent position over a handsome escritoire.

"You know Miss Kennedy?" he asked.

Mr. Mowbray laughed in reply. "Naturally, seeing I own her photograph. I did not know you were an acquaintance of hers."

"I have not known her very long."

"She and her aunt are the ladies I am expecting this morning. Yes, it is a pretty face, is it not? But she is a shocking flirt. She tries hard to make me jealous, but I don't rise."

"What do you mean?"

"I forgot you didn't know we are engaged, though I expect she has kept the fact a secret during her summer's stay in town. I don't believe her aunt knows. Hullo! surely that can't be them."

A knock had sounded at the door. Mowbray went to open it, his pipe in his hand. "Why, Cis, why so early, and where's the respected dragon?"

The reply came in a voice well known to John.

"Really, Bob, your welcome is not very cordial. The dragon is indisposed,

so I took advantage of the fact to come by myself. Oh!"

The exclamation referred to John, whom she now saw. He was standing in the middle of the room, a smile the reverse of amiable on his face.

"How do you do, Mr. Hamilton?" she said sweetly, "how nice meeting you here. I did not know you knew Bob."

"We are new acquaintances. I had never even heard of him till just now," John replied with a hard laugh. He was in a rage royal, all the stronger as he had to conceal it. The girl had been playing with him, and though he realised now that he had never loved her, yet such is the perversity of human nature, that, forgetting his marriage, he felt a deeply wronged man.

But Cecilia was not easily taken at an advantage, and receiving his innuendo unmoved, turned to the portfolio. John had served her purpose, the episode was over, she would brazen it out. She calmly listened to his congratulatory speech and ironical reproaches on her concealment of her engagement.

"An engaged girl loses lots of fun," she declared frankly.

Secretly, though, she felt a bit guilty, especially as she saw by Mowbray's amused expression that he suspected the truth. But the situation was to be furthur complicated. A timid knock sounded at the door, and in reply to Mowbray's "Come in," it slowly opened, and a girl entered. "Minnie," cried John, with a start of astonishment, but his surprise was nothing to Mowbray's. As his eyes fell on her, he gave a gasp of terror, turned red and then white, while the hand that was holding a sketch for Cecilia's inspection trembled. That the girl had come after him he never doubted. She had obtained his address by some means and was pursuing him, and as ill-luck would have it, had arrived when Cecilia was present. Here was a pretty imbroglio. Miss Kennedy looked shrewdly at him, noting his agitation, and said sharply—

"Robert, who is this lady? You seem to know her."

Before he could answer, John spoke: "My wife, Miss Kennedy. Permit me to introduce you."

As for Minnie, astonishment at seeing Mr. Mowbray overcame her so as to banish both embarrassment and fear. He looked utterly ill at ease, nervous, frightened, and as she gazed on the erstwhile fairy prince, he shrank into his true dimensions, and a feeling of anger and contempt at having imagined she loved such a man filled her.

But John's explanation only made confusion worse confounded. Mowbray's agony of mind turned to helpless bewilderment, while Cecilia, utterly taken aback, could only ejaculate "Oh!" Then a malicious smile came into her face. "Bob," she said, turning to that gentleman, "you have met Mrs. Hamilton, have you not?"

"Y-yes," he stammered limply, coming forward—like King Agag of historic memory he walked delicately—"I—I have had—pleasure—meeting—er—er—Mrs. Hamilton in Cornwall."

"Really," pursued Miss Kennedy, "this is too charming; everybody knows everybody else. Pray did you come to call on Mr. Mowbray, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"No," said Minnie, "I thought these were my husband's rooms."

"Indeed, how amusing for a wife not to know her husband's rooms! But I beg your pardon. I thought from Bob's manner when you entered that he took the visit as paid to him; apparently I was mistaken. Mr. Hamilton, why have you kept your marriage such a profound secret, especially after the strictures you lately delivered to me for not advertising my engagement to Bob?"

She waited mercilessly for a reply, but John was dumb. Minnie's sudden appearance had utterly astonished him, and also the extraordinary fact that she and Mowbray appeared to know each other. Miss Kennedy's sharp speeches had made her shrink, and she appealingly looked to him for succour. The look awoke his dormant love, and told him, moreover, that she had come back to him. Still he was silent, not knowing what to say; and Minnie prepared to speak and tell the whole story.

HERE WAS A PRETTY IMBROGLIO.

He read her purpose on her face, and checked her utterance.

"A misunderstanding, Miss Kennedy, has separated my wife and myself; more I cannot explain. With your and Mr. Mowbray's permission, we will withdraw now to our own rooms."

"*Pray* don't let us keep you. I am sure you must have lots to say to each other," politely said Cecilia; and then, an awkward leave-taking having been accomplished, she and Bob were alone. That gentleman sank into a chair, and wiped his brow, while the girl thoughtfully walked up and down.

"Of all the extraordinary things! I can't understand it. Bob, what do you know about Mrs. Hamilton? Now tell the truth."

The naked truth Bob thought it best to conceal, but described how he had met Miss Bygrave, as he imagined her to be, living with her mother in St. Aubins, confessed to something approaching a flirtation, and then inquired into her conduct as regarded John Hamilton.

Cecilia demurely contemplated the point of her shoe. "We had better cry quits," she remarked, "and make no further inquiries on either hand; but for one thing, I don't want to know these extraordinary Hamiltons."

"Nor do I," confessed Robert.

Minnie and John silently entered the latter's sitting-room. He sat her down in his armchair. She looked very small, very helpless, and his heart softened, although there were some things he wanted explained.

"How did you get my address?" he began.

"I sent a messenger-boy to your office for it, and they directed me here."

"And about Mowbray? And why did you leave me, and now why come back?"

Minnie hesitated, and turned appealing eyes on him. He noticed how pale she was; her attitude disarmed resentment, and pity moved him to a prosaic and practical question.

"Have you had any breakfast?" he inquired.

Having elicited the fact that she had had nothing whatever that day, not having had courage to go to the Paddington refreshment-room for a cup of tea, he administered a mild scolding, sherry and biscuits. And Minnie, refreshed by the latter and encouraged by his manner, began—

"I will try and explain things. When I had married you, I got frightened, feared you, feared my new life, and so—I ran away. I was sorry afterwards; but I was ashamed, and hoped you would come. Then I met Mr. Mowbray, and he was very polite and nice to me, and I thought I loved him. But he went away—went away suddenly without a word; and then my eyes seemed to be open, and I saw that I ought to come back to you, and so I came."

A critical mind might have cavilled at this explanation, but John, somehow, was not disposed to be critical.

He bent over her and took her hands.

"And is this all the truth, Minnie?"

"Yes," she whispered, "I've come back now—if you want me."

"But this Mowbray, whom you thought you loved?"

"I was mistaken. I don't love him; I never did really. John, you forgive me?"

He answered not in words, but bent down and kissed her, and with that kiss the past with its mistakes and follies fled, and the golden future, entering, smiled indulgently upon them, condoned their errors, and blessed the coming time.

# PAMELA.

By I. A. TAYLOR.

Pamela was the Wife of Lord Edward FitzGerald, who played so prominent a part in the Irish Rising of 1798, and died a prisoner in Newgate. This interesting Account of her Career is from the pen of Miss I. A. Taylor, one of the gifted daughters of Sir Henry Taylor, the Author of "Philip van Artevelde."

WHO was Pamela?

It was a question which, often asked during her lifetime, has not unfrequently been repeated since she took her way to a place where matters of birth and parentage are of comparatively small account. The success of a work is sometimes the greater by reason of its anonymity, and to the mystery which veiled her origin has doubtless been due part, at least, of the interest attaching to Madame de Genlis's adopted daughter.

The theory which till lately found most favour would make her the child of the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, by his children's governess. In support of this hypothesis is cited the alleged resemblance of Pamela to the Orleans family, together with the fortune settled upon her by the Duke.

To set against this evidence, such as it is, we have Madame de Genlis's own distinct disclaimer, made in the presence of Pamela's daughter, the equally explicit contradiction of the Orleans themselves, and the disbelief of the story said to have been entertained by the FitzGerald family.

The account of the matter furnished by Madame de Genlis has also received confirmation in later times, from facts more or less recently come to light. In her marriage contract, Pamela is described as "Citoïenne Anne Caroline Stephanie Sims, native de Fogo dans l'isle de Terre-Neuve, fille de Guillaume de Brixey et de Mary Sims," an account of her parentage which has been very generally attributed to the inventive genius of her guardian. But a magistrate at Fogo, Mr. FitzGerald, was informed by an inhabitant of that place that a daughter of his grandfather's, Mary Sims, had, in fact, sailed from Bristol at a date corresponding with that of Pamela's birth, in a vessel commanded by a Frenchman named Brixey, and taking with her an infant daughter, Nancy. After this a blank occurs in the history of the child; but by an entry in Southey's commonplace book, recording the result of his personal inquiries upon the spot, it appears that a woman of Bristol was known to have resided at Christchurch—from which place Pamela was despatched to France—with a natural child of exceeding beauty; which child, in consideration of a small yearly payment, she had allowed to be sent to Paris to serve as companion to the daughter of the Duke of Orleans.

It would seem, therefore, as if the story by which royal blood was conferred upon Madame de Genlis's *protégée* must be dismissed as, to say the least, improbable, and that it is likely that in this instance at least her guardian adhered to the approximate truth.

It might have been well for little Nancy Sims had she been permitted to remain in

the sleepy country town, with its grey old minster and the broad green meadows through which the river Avon passes to the sea! In her capacity of governess, however, Madame de Genlis had conceived the idea of introducing an English-speaking child into the Orleans schoolroom, and having commissioned Mr. Forth, secretary to the British Ambassador, to select a little girl suited to her purpose, it was upon the daughter of the French sailor and the frail Canadian that his choice fell. Under the care of a horse-dealer, entrusted besides with an addition to the Duke's stables, the child was accordingly despatched to Paris. "I have the honour," wrote Forth to the Duke, "of sending your Serene Highness the prettiest little girl and the handsomest mare in England."

Pamela herself declared that she perfectly recollected being delivered over on her arrival to the Duke, who, receiving her at a side door of the palace, took her in his arms, kissed her, and carrying her along some dusky passages, presented her to Madame de Genlis with the words, "*Voilà notre petit bijou!*"

Whether implicit confidence is to be placed in Pamela's reminiscences may be questioned. She was one of those women to whom it is natural to view themselves in the light of heroines of romance, and circumstances fostered the disposition. If in certain of her recollections one detects a flavour of the melodramatic, it is fair to bear in mind the nature of her training, on which a scene described by the Marquise de Larochejacquelin throws a curious light. Taken as a child by her grandmother, the Duchesse de Civrac, to the Salon, a meeting had taken place with the Orleans Princes and their governess; and Madame de Larochejacquelin relates how, struck by the uncommon beauty of Pamela, then about seven years old, the Duchess had made her compliments upon the subject to the child's guardian, whereupon Madame de Genlis, desirous of proving that it was not in the matter of looks only that her charge excelled, summoned the little girl and bade her "act Héloïse." The child, nothing loth to display her talents, promptly removed the comb which confined her hair, and, throwing herself upon the ground, assumed an attitude expressive of an ecstasy of passion, while the little bystander remained *stupefaite*, and the great lady went her way to describe to her friends the version she had witnessed of the Nouvelle Héloïse, and to mock at the system of education pursued in the Orleans schoolroom.

Under the guardianship of Madame de Genlis Pamela remained, receiving from her instructions in the performance of other parts besides that of Héloïse, until the time of her marriage with Lord Edward FitzGerald.

A year or two before that event, the Duchess of Orleans, refusing any longer to tolerate the position held by the *gouvernante* in the royal household, had made strenuous efforts to effect her dismissal; but though Madame de Genlis had at length been forced, by a threat of exposure, to resign her office, she had shortly afterwards been recalled by the Duke, reinstated in her post, and presently, in consequence of the disturbed condition of Paris, was sent by him to England in charge of his daughter, Pamela being also of the party.

It was not the first visit paid by the latter to England since she and the mare had crossed the Channel in each other's company. Once before, as a child of twelve, she had accompanied her guardian thither, and had on that occasion been taken to the house of Horace Walpole, who has left upon record his impressions of his visitors. Madame de Genlis—"Rousseau's hen"—had proved pleasanter than he had anticipated, while of Pamela he observed sardonically — finding, no doubt, what he expected to find—that her foster-mother had "educated her to be very like herself in the face."

It was six years later, towards the end of 1791, that Madame de Genlis brought her charges to England, hoping there to find the peace and security denied them by the Revolution; and established herself at Bury, then a favourite resort of French emigrants. It is said that the household was of singular composition, having

attached to it several men, treated now as equals, now as domestics, and that the vagaries indulged in by its mistress were such as to draw down a degree of criticism which rendered her not unwilling eventually to quit the neighbourhood. Her expectations, too, of a quiet life had met with disappointment. Dangers, real or imaginary, pursued her across the Channel; and when, in September 1792, the Duke wrote to recall his daughter to France, the terror of the governess reached such a pitch that she sent a frantic appeal to Charles James Fox for assistance and protection.

To the English statesman she was personally little known, though that one meeting at least had taken place during her present visit to England is clear, from an account given by Samuel Rogers of a party at which were present both Fox and Sheridan, the latter engaged in writing verses, in very imperfect French, to Pamela, who, with her guardian and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, was included among the guests. But however limited had been their intercourse, Madame de Genlis was not likely to be deterred by the slightness of an acquaintance from turning it to what account she could. Her appeal was couched in hysterical terms. At all times prone to create around her an atmosphere of romance, her excitable imagination had now become possessed by the idea of a conspiracy to carry off Mademoiselle. "I am uneasy, sick, unhappy," she wrote pathetically, "and surrounded by the most dreadful snares of the fraud and wickedness." After which she begged Mr. Fox to pardon her "bad language"—meaning, it is fair to explain, her lack of conversancy with the English tongue—and entreated that a man of law might be despatched to her without delay.

There was one other person in England beside himself—so she told Mr. Fox—in whom she placed confidence. That man was Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Some months previously, when Sheridan's wife, the beautiful Miss Linley, had still been alive, he had sketched for her benefit and that of Lord Edward FitzGerald, who chanced to be present, so fair a portrait of a young French girl he had lately met that Mrs. Sheridan, even then in the grasp of the malady of which she died, turned with a melancholy smile to the visitor. "I should like you," she said, "when I am dead, to marry that girl." The girl was Pamela.

In Sheridan's picture he had dwelt upon a likeness to his wife in the days of her lost bloom. Whether or not that resemblance was to blame for their infidelity, it is a curious circumstance that, within a few short months, not one, but both of her hearers—husband and friend—had laid their hearts at the feet of the girl of whom he spoke.

What response was made by Mr. Fox to Madame de Genlis' appeal does not appear; but Sheridan, to whom he sent it on—not, perhaps, without a shrewd suspicion that the adventure was likely to prove more to the taste of his colleague than to his own—went down without delay to her country retreat, with the result of the removal of the whole French party to London.

From that time, until their departure from England, Sheridan seems to have taken the management of affairs into his own hands. After a brief interval passed at a hotel, Madame de Genlis, still a prey to her fears, consented to accept his own proffered hospitality, and a month was passed pleasantly enough at Isleworth—a month during which the not inconsolable widower was falling so deeply in love that, according to Madame de Genlis, two days before the date fixed for the departure of his guests he made Pamela a formal offer of marriage.

Whether the proposal was a serious one, or whether the whole affair was regarded by the playwright merely in the light of a diverting episode, remains a doubtful question; nor does his subsequent conduct tend to elucidate it. Two days after the offer had been made and accepted, the party set out for Dover, on the understanding that, having placed Mademoiselle in the hands of her father, Madame de Genlis should return to England with Pamela, and that the marriage should then take place. Apparently, however,

more anxious to secure the present companionship of his betrothed than to hasten his permanent possession of her, Sheridan contrived, by what his biographer regards as an elaborate joke, so to terrify her guardian by the astonishing adventures encountered on the way to the coast, that, returning to London, she threw herself once more, with her charges, upon his hospitality, to last until such time—it proved to be no less than a month distant—as the claims of business should allow of his giving the travellers his personal escort. The journey on this second occasion was accomplished in safety, and, arrived at Dover, a tearful parting took place, Sheridan—again according to Madame de Genlis—being only prevented by his political duties from attending the party to Paris.

Had Mr. Sheridan seriously entertained the project of making Pamela his wife, he would have done well to disregard the claims of duty. That leave-taking by the sea is the last occasion on which he appears in the character of her affianced husband. Whether the condition of his finances led Madame de Genlis to doubt the prudence of the arrangement, whether the girl herself had wearied of a lover more than twice her age, or whether the appearance of Lord Edward FitzGerald upon the scene was sufficient to banish the recollection of poor Sheridan's claims, it is clear that no morbid sense of honour was allowed to darken counsel or to prove a hindrance to the formation of fresh ties. There is not so much as a mention of her late host's dismissal—he simply, so far as Pamela is concerned, disappears from the scene.*

One of the series of episodes which make up Pamela's history was over, but another was promptly to begin, and that the one to which she chiefly owes her interest in the eyes of English readers.

Only two days were spent in Paris, the Duke of Orleans being now as anxious to send his daughter again abroad as he had before been desirous to recall her to France. But much may take place in two days. The very evening of the arrival of the travellers they had betaken themselves to the theatre, in order, as Madame de Genlis observes, to dissipate their melancholy — a melancholy due partly to public, partly to private, affairs—and during the performance an event occurred which must have been more efficacious than the play in raising the spirits of one at least of the audience.

On the night when Madame de Genlis and her pupils were finding distraction from the cares of life at the theatre, Lord Edward FitzGerald, just then on a visit to the French capital, had also chanced to resort thither, and looking up at the boxes he was struck by a fair face—a face which recalled to him, as it had to poor Sheridan, that of Sheridan's wife, and was, in fact, the face of the girl whom she had once told her friend she would like him, when she should be dead, to marry.

Lord Edward was not unwilling to carry out her wishes. Like Pamela herself, he too had had his love affairs, but they had ended in disaster, leaving him free and ready for a new venture. Before the evening was over he had obtained an introduction to the *loge grillée* in which the owner of the fair face was to be found; and when, two days later, Madame de Genlis and her charges started for Tournay, Lord Edward was of the party. The sequel may be given in the governess's own language—the language of a woman who, in after years had her portrait painted with the Gospels displayed on a table beside her. "Three weeks later," she writes, "I had the happiness of marrying my adopted daughter, the angelical Pamela"—an angel, be it observed, cast in very terrestrial mould—"to Lord Edward FitzGerald. In the midst of so

* It is curious that in Sheridan's latest and fullest biography not only is silence preserved as to this episode, but no mention is made of the two months spent by the foreign visitors at his house. That the relations between Sheridan and Pamela were, at least, of a nature to attract the attention of London society is plain from a letter, dated October 1792, from Lady Malmesbury to Lady Elliot, in which Sheridan is said to be "so much in love with Madame de Genlis's Pamela that he means to marry her, if she will have him"; while a later report is mentioned by Sir Gilbert Elliot himself to the effect that "Sheridan is said to have been refused by her."

Pamela. Mdlle. d'Orleans. Madame de Genlis.

THE HARP LESSON.

*From the Picture by Mauzaise (after Giroust) in the Versailles Gallery.*

many misfortunes and injustices, Heaven desired to recompense, by this happy event, the best action of my life—that of having protected helpless innocence, of having adopted and brought up the incomparable child thrown by Providence into my arms."

Whether the direct interposition of Heaven in the matter was equally patent to Lord Edward's relations may be doubted, but however that may be, and in spite of the disadvantages as to birth, training, and education of the wife Providence had thus bestowed upon him, there is no evidence that during the five and a half years of their life together he saw cause to repent the hazardous experiment upon which he had embarked with such perilous haste; and his every mention of her is full of pride and tenderness.

"You must love her," he wrote to his mother—"she wants to be loved."

There is no doubt that Pamela did want to be loved. It was a want she felt all her life, and which, it may be added, she seems to have taken every means in her power—and they were not few—to satisfy. Her exaggerated desire to please lasted even to old age; and the Duc de la Force, who had exceptional opportunities of judging, when asked if, when close upon sixty, she was still a coquette, answered with a laugh, "More than ever!" adding that when deprived in the solitude of his château of more worthy subjects upon which to exert her powers of fascination, she would exercise them upon the gardener.

And those powers were, beyond question, great. When nearer fifty than forty, we catch a glimpse of her, robed in white muslin and garlanded with roses, dancing at a ball, and ensnaring the heart of an English lad of scarcely more than half her years; and if such was her charm at an age when most women have resigned themselves to be lookers-on at life, what must it have been in the springtime of her youth? Lord Edward, whatever may be thought of her in other respects, had doubtless married a charming wife. Years after, when he had long been in his grave, a candid friend, including in the account of her no shortened list of faults and follies, ended, nevertheless, with the acknowledgment that she was, in spite of all, irresistible.

As one reads this lady's description, one gains a clear enough image of the Pamela of whom Southey said that to those who had looked upon her face nothing relating to her could be uninteresting; to whom Sheridan made love; who took Lord Edward's heart by storm and kept it; to whom it is even reported that Lord Edward's uncle, the grave Duke of Richmond, made an offer of marriage; and who, to the end of her chequered career, was never without those who loved her. It is a fair and delicate little figure that is portrayed, with eyes of *brun vert*, pretty brows, and a dazzling complexion, the mouth the worst feature in the charming face, and further spoilt by her habit of biting the lips. Capricious and variable, assuming in turn the attitude of a lady of rank, an artist—of mediocre talent—a good and graceful child; brilliant, vain, gentle, and quarrelsome; easily amused, yet given to fits of melancholy; slight, *légère*, yet always charming—such was the girl who, like a child caught and carried along in a funeral train, was involved in the tragedy of Lord Edward's destiny.

It is curious that in Ireland, among the very people of whom her husband was the idol, Pamela was never popular. It may be that the circumstances of her birth created a prejudice against her, for the Irish are punctilious in such matters; and whether or not it was royal blood which ran illegitimately in her veins, the fact would not have affected in their eyes her unfitness to be the wife and mother of Geraldines. Be that as it may, it was an objection which assumed singular proportions. "I find," wrote an aunt of Lord Edward's shortly after his death, "that the very common people had imbibed prejudice against her, poor little soul! to a degree that is quite horrible." It is probable enough, for the rest, that the misliking was mutual; and when once more free to choose her own place of residence Pamela showed no disposition to fix it in her husband's country.

For the present, however, her home was to be there; and glimpses are to be caught of the two, Lord Edward now driving his wife through Dublin, still boyish in appearance, wearing a green silk handkerchief, and frankly delighted with the reception accorded him by the people; while at other times—retaining something of boyhood besides his looks—he preferred, however muddy the streets, to take her through them on foot to indulging in the luxury of a carriage—an object lesson in equality which one imagines must have been less to Pamela's taste than Madame de Genlis's method of propitiating public opinion by sending her beautiful foster-daughter to ride through Paris, attended by grooms in the Orleans livery, and greeted by an admiring mob with the cry, heard by Madame Vigée Lebrun, "Voilà celle qu'il nous faudrait pour reine."

With regard to the more serious aspect of her husband's revolutionary principles, the attitude adopted by his wife was a somewhat singular one. It was that of ignorance. We have it on her own authority that she had decided to ask him no single question on the subject of his political schemes; in the first place because her influence in such matters was nil; and secondly, in order that she might, in case of necessity, be able to swear that she knew nothing of them, and thus might avoid the alternatives of either perjuring herself or bearing witness against him.

It was a line of conduct which, perhaps, did more credit to her head than to her heart; but men marry for different reasons. If Lord Edward had not gained a comrade for the rougher business of life, he had acquired a charming playfellow, and in their home, in spite of politics, all was bright. Pamela, who had taken a fit of growing—she had scarcely left childhood behind her—worked at her frame, and Lord Edward made love to his wife with as light-hearted a gaiety as if there were no rocks ahead.

It was a state of things, however, which could not last. As time went on, even Pamela, in spite of the *étourderie*, the incapacity for reflection, which Madame de Genlis lamented, must have found it impossible to ignore the storms which threatened the future; and a mention of her which occurs in the narrative of a writer personally acquainted with the FitzGerald household sets its little mistress before us in a different light. Ireland, according to this witness, was her constant theme, her husband's glory the object of her ambition; while in her sweet foreign voice and broken English she would entreat his friends to take care of him. "Irish are all good and brave," she would say, "and Edward is Irish—your Edward and my Edward!"

The day, alas, was at hand when the care of friends would be of no avail. The period during which Pamela's fair-weather pleasure-boat was linked to Lord Edward's doomed vessel ran rapidly out. By June '98—scarcely five and a half years after that marriage ceremony at Tournay—he was lying dead in his prison, and she, poor little waif, was once more cast adrift on the breakers of life, to be carried hither and thither at their will.

The history of the weeks preceding the final catastrophe contain, so far as Pamela is concerned, some singular features. That she should have been the object of universal sympathy is not astonishing—she was, as it were, made to command, if not to absorb, it. Lord Castlereagh, who had little enough compassion to spare for other people, "pitied Lady Edward most exceedingly"; the officer commanding the search-party sent to seize her husband's papers performed his duty in tears, receiving from Pamela, in consequence, a letter of grateful acknowledgment; Lady Louisa Conolly, Lord Edward's aunt, was full of tenderness for "poor little Pamela" and admiration for her "fair, meek, and pitiable" account of affairs; Reynolds, the informer, finding her short of funds, placed fifty pounds at her disposal; Lord Edward himself risked, not only his life, but all that depended upon it, to visit her; and, finally, Colonel Napier—also belonging to the FitzGerald connection—to whom it fell to inform "poor, dear, intrepid Lady Edward" of

her husband's capture, describes her as keeping up her spirits "like a heroine"—a form of encomium which one cannot but feel would have been entirely to the taste of the subject of it. It is plain that her charm had not suffered diminution in the time of her trouble.

And yet, here comes in the strange, almost inexplicable circumstance — the object of all this sympathy and commiseration seems scarcely to have hesitated to comply with the orders of the Privy Council—orders which in the face of public opinion they would surely have found it difficult to enforce—that she should forthwith quit the country. Scarcely more than three days after her husband's arrest she was on her way to England, leaving him in captivity, wounded—as it proved, to death—and awaiting his trial on a capital charge; refusing, moreover, by an almost incredible exercise of prudence, so much as to plead for a farewell interview lest it might cause the wounded man an accession of fever!

Not more than ten days after she had consented to put the sea between them he was dead.

There is yet another curious circumstance connected with the affair—namely, the total disagreement of Pamela's own account of it in later days with contemporary evidence.

According to her version of the matter—one cannot but be struck by the secondary part played in it by Lord Edward—Pamela, having given out that she was leaving Ireland, sought instead various humble places of concealment; and selling her jewels to obtain means of access to the prison, gained admission to her husband's cell; when, presenting him with a pair of pistols, and informing him that life would be unendurable without him, she besought him to put an end first to her miserable existence, and then, by terminating his own, to escape the hands of the executioner. While, however, the prisoner hesitated, the keeper of the jail, informed of what was going forward, hurried in, the opportunity was lost, and husband and wife separated, to meet no more.

The story, with its melodramatic colouring, is, in most of its features, so manifestly false that it must take rank either as a hysterical delusion or as a romance in which, by an afterthought, the pupil of Madame de Genlis assigned to herself the part which, in retrospect, she would have preferred to play. It is only cited here as throwing a curious light upon the character of the woman who was accustomed to tell it.

It would be interesting to know how Pamela herself — the real Pamela — regarded, in after years and when no audience was by, the brief episode of her marriage, bearing so little relation to what had gone before it and to what followed that it may well have seemed less a reality than a fiction of the imagination. More than others, she appears to have been the toy of destiny, tossed by it from hand to hand and placed among circumstances with which she had no strength to cope. Gentle, affectionate, and faithfully reflecting her surroundings, she was what those surroundings made her. Had Lord Edward lived, she might have continued to play to the end with delicate grace the part of wife and mother, and there may have been, after all, truth in Madame de Genlis's singular assertion—throwing the blame of what was amiss upon political convulsions—that it had taken two revolutions to prevent her from fulfilling the promise of her youth. Pleasure-loving, poor, and a spendthrift, she was cast upon the world, with no anchor to hold, no rudder to guide her, and what wonder if she drifted upon the rocks?

To Ireland, Lord Edward dead, there was nothing to bind her—nothing, that is, save a grave and a memory, and to such women as Pamela those links do not suffice. With the FitzGeralds she can have had little in common; and though in the first freshness of her grief his mother declared that an indissoluble chain—that of the dead man's love—must ever bind his wife to the hearts of his family, it is not the first time that such chains have fallen apart under the inexorable action of time, the incongruous elements brought together by circumstances separating, to reunite no more.

The light which has thrown a figure into

relief dies down; it fades into obscurity and is forgotten. To Pamela more than thirty years of life—a life not unadventurous nor devoid of importance to herself and to some few others—remained; but there is little in what is known of it upon which it is worth while to dwell. Yet to the very end one faculty she retained—the faculty of making herself loved. Her other talents might be, like herself, superficial and slight; but this gift, of supreme importance to a woman, she never ceased to possess. Her relations with Madame de Genlis underwent many vicissitudes; yet her former guardian was at no time proof against the charm of the returning prodigal—her doors, she once said, would open to her of their own accord; the husband, Mr. Pitcairn, American Consul at Hamburg, whom she married and separated from, came forward at her death to pay her debts; and a stone raised to her memory records the devotion of a friend, lasting till the end.

At Hamburg, where she first settled on leaving England, her house became for a time the resort of the Irish revolutionaries of whom Lord Edward had been leader, and she herself of some importance in the eyes of the English authorities; while the French Minister alludes to her, in the usual terms, as "the interesting Lady Edward FitzGerald." After her separation from her second husband, however, she became once more a wanderer, now found by Casimir, another of Madame de Genlis's "adopted" children, in hiding at a Dover hotel, pursued by creditors and in tears; then in Paris, refusing, in spite of her impecunious condition, with the obstinacy of a wayward child, to make her home with Madame de Genlis on account of certain restrictions with regard to the reception of guests with which the invitation was accompanied; while at another time, assuming the garb and crook of a shepherdess, she is said to have passed whole days, a lamb at her side, in the garden of the Montauban Hotel. But it is in a visit to Barère, to whom she had been well known in earlier years, that the most characteristic glimpse of her is to be caught. It was in the purposeless disguise of her own maid that she had sought her former friend, and though not without a suspicion of her identity, he had fallen into the rôle assigned to him, and had respected his visitor's incognita.

"Is she happy?" he asked, the conversation turning, as was natural, upon Pamela herself.

"Alas, no," was the reply, "she is not happy." Then, upon Barère producing a miniature of herself in her first beauty, she no longer attempted to keep up the farce, and exclaiming "Ah, mon Dieu! comme j'étais jolie!" begged the loan of the portrait in order to prove to some other friend how fair she once had been. Poor Pamela!

It was not till 1831 that the end came, when thirty-three years, with all that had filled them, lay between her and those far-off days when she had been Lord Edward's wife. Did the recollection of that time, one wonders, come back to her as she lay dying, like a half-forgotten dream? Did she remember, too, the little daughter who had been the companion of her wanderings till reclaimed, at twelve years old, from her mother's care? Nothing remains to show.

She was not alone. A friend, faithful to the last, was at her side; and the Duc de la Force had also been at the hotel, until, feeling the end at hand, she sent for a priest, and making her peace with Heaven, refused to see him again. And so she died, as they tell us, happy.

The husband from whom she had been so many years parted paid her debts; her old playfellow, Madame Adelaide, provided the funeral; and upon her tomb at Montmartre was graven the inscription, "À Pamela, Lady Edward FitzGerald, par son ami le plus dévoué, L.L." (Louis Laval, Duc de la Force.)

In 1880 her remains were transferred to England. One fancies that, had circumstances admitted of her being consulted, Pamela would have preferred to rest in Paris.

KING ARTHUR IS SORELY WOUNDED.
GILBERT JAMES '97
while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur.
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.
Tennyson.

"THE IDYLLS OF THE KING," PICTURED BY GILBERT JAMES: KING ARTHUR IS SORELY WOUNDED

# DR. FALCONER'S TEMPTATION.

By TOM GREER.

IT occurred in the most unromantic way, and amid the most prosaic surroundings. There is probably no position in the world more fatal to romance, or more likely to crush all superfluous sentiment out of a man's nature, than that of parish doctor. The scenes of squalid misery he is compelled every day to witness are more likely to blunt and exhaust the sense of pity in the average man than to develop it by exercise, especially when a little experience has shown how closely they are associated with vice and deceit, and how certain is the man who gives way to his first impulsive instinct of charity to awake sooner or later to the knowledge that he has been cheated and laughed at ten times by specious rogues for once that he has been of any real help to the unfortunate. And he is apt to become cynical in consequence.

Richard Falconer had started in life with more rather than less of the usual romance and unpractical sentiment of youth. The last thing he had thought of had been the hard realities of life. And, as a natural consequence, those hard realities were now asserting themselves and forcing themselves upon his attention more and more every day in the hard struggle to establish himself in practice on the slender basis of a parish appointment in a big provincial town where he was as yet little known and had a host of wealthier competitors. It was so different from the career his glowing anticipations had pictured in the happy old college days! He had left the University with a good degree, and his chances of ultimate success were most highly estimated by those professional friends who knew him best; but he had himself almost lost heart. He looked every day with sinking spirits and lengthening face on his young wife and son—now a rapidly growing boy with a portentous appetite, whom he must soon begin to think of placing at school—and his heart sank lower still one morning when the only visitor to his surgery was a ragged messenger, who produced from his pocket a dirty and much-folded slip of paper, which, on being smoothed out, proved to be only the usual parish order to visit a pauper patient in the poorest quarter of the town. It looked just like any other such as he was in the daily habit of receiving, and he glanced at it almost mechanically as he answered—

"'Peter Ingram, 3, Paradise Row—urgent.' Very well, I shall be there in about half an hour."

It was not a promising duty, but it was at least better than to sit eating his own heart in the bitterness of enforced idleness, as he had too often been compelled to do of late; so, waiting only to put his stethoscope and thermometer in his pocket, he seized his umbrella and started. The streets through which he passed to his destination, each darker and dirtier and more thickly studded with public-houses than the last, seemed to his morbid fancy to symbolise his own position and prospects. In one of the darkest and dirtiest of all he stopped before a house which, even in such a neighbourhood, was conspicuous for its neglected appearance. The paint had long ago peeled in great patches off the door, and more than half the panes of glass were broken in the window, while the remaining ones were perfectly opaque with dust and cobwebs. Nine out of ten persons would have passed the house as uninhabited, but Dr. Falconer

knew better. Finding his knock unanswered, he tried the latch, but the door was locked. Again he rapped sharply, this time with the handle of his umbrella, and after a second repetition a key grated in the lock, the door opened three inches, and a glittering eye, under a red bushy eyebrow, sharply scrutinised him from behind it. Then it closed again; he heard a chain unfastened, the door was opened just wide enough to admit him, and closed, locked, and chained behind him the moment he had entered.

"Are you afraid of thieves, my friend?" said the doctor, glancing round the four bare walls as well as the light permitted. "You need hardly be nervous on that score, I think."

"No," said the man who had admitted him; "one who has parted with the very last rag and stick he can spare has at least that consolation. *Vacuus cantabit*, you know. But I have still a little pride left, and don't like everyone to see me in this plight."

"Ah," said Falconer, catching him by the arm to draw him near the light, "you have come down in the world, then. Was it drink? Be frank with me."

"I won't deny that drink began it," he answered quietly. "But don't make a mistake, doctor; drink isn't the cause of my present illness. I was once a University man myself, and looking forward to a profession. Drink ruined my prospects, and I found myself a private soldier instead. But I pulled up. I haven't tasted drink for many years. An old wound, received at Abu Klea, and repeated doses of malaria have brought me to my present condition."

"Am I to understand, then," said the doctor, "that you are yourself the patient I was sent for to see? Why are you not in bed, then?"

"Because there is no one to open the door but myself. I am all alone in the house—and in the world. But when you see my bed," he added grimly, "you will not wonder that I like to keep out of it as long as I can."

"You ought to be in it now," said the doctor, and, indeed, as he spoke the man began to shiver and tremble, and crying with chattering teeth, "Oh—h—h! it's on me again!" clutched at the solitary chair that stood in the room, and sat down in such a paroxysm of shuddering that the floor shook beneath him, and the very window rattled in its frame. The doctor hastily produced his hypodermic case, and looked around in vain for a jug of water. Opening a door behind him, he stepped into a room almost as bare as the first, except that a heap of rags lay in one corner and a handful of fire smouldered in the rusty grate. A water-jug and a cup and plate stood upon the floor close to the wall, but on lifting the jug he found it empty. Returning to his patient, he found the fit had terminated in violent sickness.

"My poor fellow," said he as soon as this had subsided, "you must go to bed and have a nurse to look after you. I shall have you taken to the Infirmary at once. Just lie down here for a few minutes until I can procure a fly, and I will have you there in a jiffy. I will take you myself, so there will be no trouble about admitting you at once."

But to his surprise the patient clutched him by the arm and shrieked out, "No, doctor, no! anything rather than that! I would sooner die on the floor! I won't go, I tell you! If you can't do me any good here, just leave me alone; but go to Infirmary or Hospital I won't, or have a nurse fussing about me either. I've fought through as bad as this before without any help, and I will again. Go!" he fairly yelled in his excitement; "go and leave me to get through it without your help."

"Oho!" muttered the doctor to himself, "so it will be the Asylum instead of the Infirmary. Don't agitate yourself, my friend," he continued to his patient; "if you prefer misery to comfort, and sickness to health, that's your own affair. I'm not going to force any kindness on you. You shall stay here; I can't pass any harsher sentence on you than that. Now will you be good enough to strip to the waist, and let me overhaul you thoroughly. You haven't had malarial fever so long as you say without enlarged spleen or liver, I'll be bound."

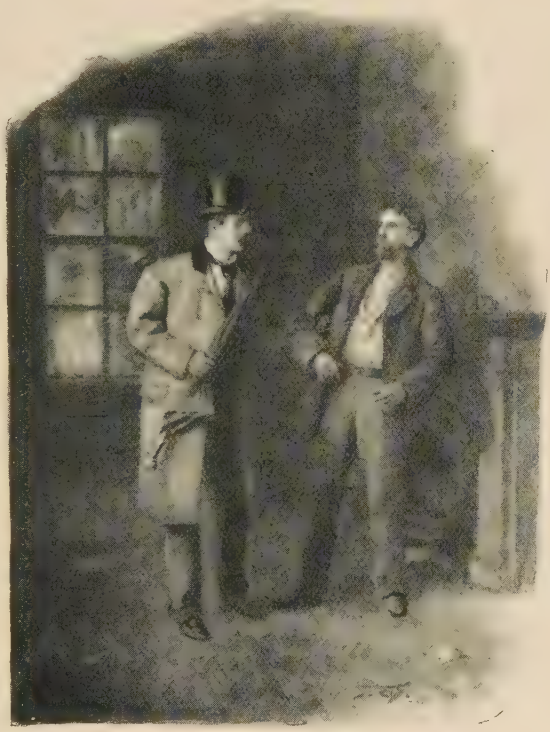
The man sulkily took off his coat and waistcoat. "Don't ask me to strip any further, doctor. It's too cold; and, to confess the truth, I haven't had my clothes off for weeks, and I'm ashamed you should see them."

"All the more reason for taking them off now," said the doctor. "Man, how can you endure it? it is enough to breed a fever in itself! Off with them!" and he caught hold of him to help him to remove them. But the other wriggled from his grasp, and planted himself in a corner of the room, with his hands clutching his waist as far round as he could reach.

"Don't be such a howling fool!" said the doctor with as much good-nature as he could command under the circumstances. "Listen to me, my friend. You have contracted liver and enlarged spleen at this moment, or I'm very much mistaken. But you have worse than that. I felt something when I caught hold of you a moment ago, and I'm afraid it's a malignant tumour of the most serious kind. As I live," he went on, stepping close to him and passing his hand round the waist, in spite of efforts to prevent him, "I can make out more than one even through your clothes. Come, come! Be a little more reasonable. Let me get you to bed and examine you properly. You're not fit to be on your feet at this moment. Come, my poor fellow, don't play the fool any longer. If you do, I shall have to conclude you a madman, and take measures accordingly. Don't force me to that."

"Well, doctor, I give in then. Just step into the other room while I undress, please, and I'll call when you're to come in."

The doctor raised his eyebrows at this modest request, but thought it best to humour him, and went into the outer room, closing the door behind him. As he did so, he heard the key turned in the lock on the other side. In another minute, however, it was turned again, and a few seconds later he heard the voice of his patient: "Come in now, doctor." Entering, he found him on a ragged mattress that lay on the floor, covered with a dirty blanket and the coat and trousers he had been wearing. Kneeling down beside him, he proceeded to examine him in regular professional fashion, but to his amazement he entirely failed to detect any sign of the tumours he had been confident he felt through his patient's clothes. The man's emaciation was extreme, and had any such abnormal swelling been present, it could not have escaped his observation. But there was none, and Falconer was obliged to admit to himself that his first diagnosis was incorrect. He could find no trace of the hard knotty swellings he had been so sure he felt



"AH," SAID FALCONER, CATCHING HIM BY THE ARM TO DRAW HIM NEAR THE LIGHT.

beneath the clothes. There was enough, however, to warrant a grave view of the case, and he exerted all his eloquence to persuade the patient to consent to be taken to the Infirmary, but without effect.

"Just send me a few strong doses of quinine, doctor, and order me some milk and some coals, and I shall be able to get along by myself, as I have often done before and will often again. A few days will pull me round all right without troubling anyone."

"I 'm afraid it may be a more serious matter this time," said the doctor, "but have your own way for the present. I 'll see that you have some milk, and if I have a spare rug or blanket I 'll send it as well to throw over you. Now, good-bye, and see that you keep yourself as warm and comfortable as you can under the difficult circumstances you have chosen for yourself.

"I oughtn't to have listened to him," he went on to himself as he walked home through the driving snow, which had been falling thickly for some time; "but there's that old Ulundi rug of mine he can have to-night. It looks as if he would need it badly."

The ensuing night proved keen and frosty, and Falconer's thoughts reverted more than once to the miserable shelter in which he had left his patient, and the still more miserable shake-down on which the fever-stricken wretch was lying. At a comparatively early hour the next morning he was again at the door, waiting in some impatience until it was again unchained and unlocked, and revealed the solitary inmate shivering and moaning in agonies of neuralgia. "So this is the result of leaving you to your own devices!" he exclaimed as he strode in; "but come, there is no time to be lost now. Get on your clothes, and anything you want to take with you, and I will have a fly at the door in five minutes. But sit down first and let me give you a hypodermic dose of morphia to quiet your pain. Is there any water in the house?"

"You can get it at the tap, and here is a cup. But I tell you plainly, I 'm not going out of this house. Do anything you can for me without removing me, and I will thank you and repay you when I can. I do thank you a hundred times for the rug you sent me last night. But go to Infirmary or Hospital I will not; understand that clearly."

"Well, well!" said the doctor, wishing to humour him for the moment; "lie down there and get under the rug then. Hold out your arm. There, you 'll feel better in a minute. A deal better," he muttered to himself as he drove home a full dose; "it will be easier to get him away so. Now lie still, and keep yourself warm for half an hour. I have another case to see in the next street, and I will be back here in that time." So saying, he walked quickly to the door, from which he withdrew the key and put it in his pocket. It was several minutes' walk to the nearest cab-stand, and nearly half an hour had elapsed before he was again at the door with a four-wheeler. To his chagrin he found it fastened by the chain; but with a powerful push of his shoulder he burst it open and entered.

His patient was lying on the floor of the front room on his face, having apparently succumbed to the influence of the morphia as he was returning from putting the chain on the door. "What a monomaniac!" exclaimed the doctor as he stooped to lift him. "Hallo! What have we here? those tumours again?" In a moment he had laid the insensible figure on the bed, and was hastily undoing his clothing. Under the man's shirt, and next his skin, was fastened a broad canvas belt, furnished with six large leathern pouches widely distended and bulging prominently. "Ha! this explains the mystery! *Vacuus cantabit* indeed! What a weight! These are malignant tumours with a vengeance! Come, my friend, let go"—this to the patient, who was feebly and half consciously clutching at the belt as he withdrew it—"I must make a thorough examination of these tumours, since I have discovered them at last."

Placing the belt on the floor—for there was no table in the room—he unloosed the strap of one of the pouches with fingers that trembled with excitement.

A yellow gleam caught his eye, and for a moment his hands shook so violently and uncontrollably that a small avalanche of gold coins rolled out upon the bare boards with a jingling crash, and spread over the floor. His head swam, flashes of fire seemed to dance before his eyes, a thunderous reverberation filled his ears, and before he was able to control his own movements he was down on his knees wildly clutching at the coins with both hands, thrusting them into his pockets as fast as he could gather them up. Recovering himself with a sense of shame and amazement such as he had never felt before, he was conscious of shuddering so violently that his teeth chattered, and the gold dropped again and again from his fingers. "For shame, Richard Falconer!" he heard himself saying aloud, "is this your contempt for filthy lucre, your boasted indifference to gold? Get up at once, put back that money, and see to your patient as you ought! What is all this to you?"

With a great effort he pulled himself together, and began methodically to gather up the coins and put them back into the pouch. Most of them were English sovereigns, but some were Eastern coins, at whose value he could only guess. He estimated, however, that the contents of the first bag must be worth at least two hundred pounds; a second and a third were opened with a similar result; but the last three contained not coins but jewels, mostly unset and many uncut: rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, some of them of great size and evidently of enormous value. He was still engaged in counting and examining these last, oblivious of the lapse of time, when he was startled by hearing the outer door open and footsteps cross the floor towards the door of the inner room. Almost before he was conscious of moving he found himself at the door and in the act of turning the key in the lock. "Good Heavens!" he muttered, "I must be under the spell of the gold-fiend myself. This will never do!" Nevertheless he opened the door only wide enough to let himself through, and at once closed and locked it behind him. Then he found himself face to face with the driver of the cab which he had left at the door.

"Beg your pardon, Sir!" said the man, touching his hat; "I thought you had forgot me. Is there anything you want carried out to the cab?"

"I'm afraid I did forget you," said the doctor. "The fact is, I have seen reason to change my mind about removing the patient. You need not wait any longer. Here is a shilling for the time you have lost.

"Not quite a case for the Union Infirmary," he said to himself after the cab had departed. "I must get a nurse for him and order some proper food. He will be able to pay for them," he added with a laugh. "And now I think of it, I had better take charge of his money myself."

So saying, he returned the jewels to their respective pouches, fastened them securely, and again locking the door, took off his coat and waistcoat and buckled the heavy belt around his own waist. Its weight surprised him, but when he had adjusted it in its place and rearranged his clothes over it, he was astonished to find how easily it fitted and how little external evidence there was of its presence. Then he kneeled down beside his patient and examined him minutely. The man lay in a death-like stupor, with eyes half open, and the doctor, raising the lids successively with his thumb, noted with keen professional glance that the pupils were contracted to less than half their natural size. "Good heavens!" was his first thought; "can I have given him an overdose?"

The next ten minutes were spent in efforts to awake and arouse the sleeping man. He shouted in his ears, dipped the corner of his handkerchief in water and slapped his face, raised him to his feet only to find his legs collapse helplessly under him. Then he put his hand to the hip-pocket in which he carried his hypodermic case. The bulky pouches of the belt delayed him for a moment, but it was enough to change the current of his thoughts. The thought of the wealth now within his grasp rushed over him like an irresistible flood, sweeping everything

before it. "Don't be a Quixotic fool, Richard Falconer! You have done all you can for him; let him go now, and take the good that has fallen into your hands. Here is what will pay all your debts, solve all your difficulties, launch you on a new and full career, brighten your wife's lot, and give your boy a proper chance in the world. Think how much more good it will do in your hands than in those of this useless miser. Now you will have some chance of pursuing your scientific studies to advantage, and doing some service to humanity in your day. Just leave the case to nature. Go back to your house, make your evening visit in due course, find him dead, and certify the real cause—malarial fever. And if there be an inquest, there are the contracted liver and enlarged spleen ready to your hand as a sufficient explanation, and, what is better, a perfectly true one."

He strode up and down the room in a fever of excitement, his lips muttering, his head whirling. How it ended he could never clearly recollect; he had a confused remembrance of rushing from the house, of passing through the streets, even of stopping to speak with some acquaintances. He found afterwards that he had made more than one parish visit, through which habit and the automatic force of perfect training had carried him without any blunder. After a time he seemed to himself to wake as if from a dream. His wife's voice, sounding at first as if coming from a great distance, recalled him to himself. "Richard, Richard, what is the matter? What has happened to you?" He was seated in his own chair in his consulting-room, his wife kneeling on the floor holding his hands. "Oh, you are ill, you ate nothing at breakfast this morning—I saw you, though you thought I didn't notice. Oh, Richard, you mustn't go on like that; if you were to break down what would become of us? Sit still now, till I see if there be any wine left in the decanter; and then you must have something to eat."

"Stop, Mary," said he, as she rose to leave the room, "I am better now. It must have been one of my old megrims, for I have no recollection of coming in. The fact is, I have only returned from seeing a rather curious case, and the poor fellow appeared to be in desperate misery and want. He is in an empty house by himself, has neither chair nor bed, nor apparently a scrap of food to eat. And I can't induce him to go to the Infirmary. He is a discharged soldier, and appears to have been a gentleman once, and he seems to be as proud as Lucifer."

"A soldier!" cried Mary. "Oh, Richard, you must try if we can't do something for him. I never hear of an old soldier without thinking of my poor brother Jack, who, you know, ran away and enlisted while I was quite a little girl, and how miserably he died in Africa. Oh, what a pet I used to be of poor Jack's! If we had heard of anyone who had been good to him at the last, how we should have blessed him! Do tell me all about this poor fellow, and let us see if we can devise any way of helping him."

"I am afraid he is pretty well past help," said Richard. "I left him unconscious, and I should not be in the least surprised if he should never come to himself again."

"But surely he can't be left by himself in an empty house, Richard! It would be a sin and a shame to leave anybody so. He *must* be got to the Infirmary."

"He won't go. I have tried my best to make him, but he is obstinate."

"Then we must bring him here. We have more than one empty room, for the house is far too big for us. Do let me get a bed put up in one of them."

"Why, Mary, you know well enough we can't even keep ourselves! How are we to keep and feed a stranger as well?"

"Oh, we must, Richard!" she cried impulsively, her tender eyes filling with tears. "Think how forsaken and wretched he is! Suppose it were your brother—and he *is* your brother, even if he be what you call a stranger. We *mustn't* shut our door on him—'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in'—how could you bear to hear that?"

She ran lightly out of the room to give her orders and see them carried out,

leaving Richard sitting conscience-stricken in his chair, all his subtle arguments scattered to the winds by a single word.

"Took him not in!" he echoed with a bitter laugh. "No, Lord, I didn't take him in! I knew a trick worth two of that; so I robbed and murdered him instead, and then swore lies about it at the inquest. And the best of it was that I did it all from the most exalted motives—to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, at no expense except that of the life of a wretched miser of whom the world would be well rid, who was only a burden to himself and a nuisance to everybody else! How clear it all was! but I dare not say it to Mary, and should hate her if she could listen to it for a second."

He lay back in his chair for a moment with closed eyes, a thousand old-world dreams and half-forgotten ideals and aspirations crowding back upon his memory and circling round the image of his wife as he had first seen and loved her. There were unaccustomed tears in his eyes as he opened them to see her standing before him in hat and cloak.

"Come, Richard," she cried, "you must take me to the place at once. There was some wine left, and I have it in this basket. I have told Alice to make up a bed in the back-room, and to have some hot soup ready in an hour. Now get your coat on and take me to the house. We shall need a fly to bring him here; but we can order that on the way."

AFTER A TIME HE SEEMED TO HIMSELF TO WAKE AS IF FROM A DREAM.

Her bright, quick eagerness carried him along; in another minute they were passing through the streets, and had hailed a crawling cab. Richard regarded his wife with a kind of dazed surprise. All the wan depression of her face, which had weighed upon his spirits for weeks, was gone, and a bright and almost joyous energy seemed to possess her that reminded him of the Mary of brighter days. He seemed wakened from a nightmare as he looked at her, and sprang lightly down to help her as the fly drew up in the wretched street before the empty house. Already the early evening was closing in, and it looked doubly desolate and forbidding in the twilight. "Why, surely there is no one living here!" she exclaimed; "he must indeed be in a wretched plight, poor fellow!"

Richard tried the door, but found it locked. He had no recollection of his departure from the house in the morning, but on putting his hand in his pocket he found the key, which he must have slipped into it on leaving. They entered the bare outer room, and he could hardly hear his wife's exclamation of pity and dismay, his own heart was thumping so loudly with terror and suspense. Should they find him still alive? His hand shook as he laid it on the handle of the inner door, the lock rattled, and for a moment he recoiled as from a living thing. Nerving himself with an effort, he pushed the door open and went in. The room was precisely as he had left it in the morning; the patient lay in a profound

sleep, breathing heavily, and bathed in a profuse perspiration. Richard bent over him and felt his pulse, then shook him sharply by the shoulder and called loudly on him to wake, but without rousing him in the least. Slapping his face with a wet handkerchief, raising him off the ground, produced no better effect. Taking the little bottle of wine from Mary's ready hand, Richard forced a few drops into his mouth. They were swallowed with a convulsive gulp, but made no change in the profound unconsciousness in which the patient lay.

"It 's no use," he said at last. "He 's too far gone to awake. And yet his pulse is very good; and if I had him at home there are one or two other things I might try. So just tell the driver to come in and help me to carry him to the fly."

He wrapped around him the rug he had sent the evening before, which was the only thing about him not in rags, and with the driver's assistance carried him out and propped him up in the fly. Before quitting the place Richard turned the bed over with his foot to be sure that nothing of value was left behind. A heavy revolver, which proved to be loaded, rattled upon the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up a yellow gleam caught his eye among the rags. "What! more money!" he exclaimed; but on looking closer he saw it was only the gilt case of an old-fashioned, faded daguerreotype portrait. Nothing else was to be found, and slipping it into his pocket with the revolver, he returned to the cab, locking the door behind him as he left.

A few minutes' driving brought the party back to Richard's house, and with the assistance of the cabman, the still unconscious patient was carried up to one of the empty rooms, where a bed had been prepared to receive him. Mary was ready with hot soup and coffee, and felt a little disappointed when Richard turned her from the door. "No, no, Mary, it 's no use trying to give it to him that way. Make a little very strong beef-tea; I will find a way to administer that. Send me up the bottle of Condy's fluid, and a glass and jug of water."

Left to himself, he proceeded with a fierce anxiety, very different from his usual professional coolness, to take such measures as his knowledge dictated to awaken his patient from his stupor, and these not proving immediately successful, to sustain life, if possible, until the effect of the drug should pass off. It was late when, after having exhausted nearly every means known to him, he left him still lying unconscious and went down-stairs. Mary had prepared a little supper for him, and was anxiously awaiting his appearance.

"A good, strong cup of tea for me, Mary."

"Why, Richard, you know tea at night always keeps you awake. You would not sleep a wink after it."

"That 's why I want it. I am going to sit up with my patient to-night, and before Alice goes to bed you had better tell her to light a fire in his room."

"Oh, Richard, mayn't I sit up along with you? I am sure I shall not close my eyes the whole time for thinking of you. I never can sleep when you are away from me at nights."

"All the more reason for you to be resting quietly in bed, then," said Richard, who had his own reasons for wishing to be alone with his patient in the event of his recovering consciousness.

When the household had retired, Richard sat down in an easy-chair beside the fire, having first made a careful examination of his patient, who moaned and muttered in his sleep as he turned him over to sound his heart. Somewhat reassured by these signs of reviving consciousness, he opened the latest work on "Poisons," on which he had recently expended a guinea which he could very ill spare, turned to the section on "Morphia," and settled himself in his chair to study it attentively.

About four hours later he was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud cry uttered near him. The book had fallen on the floor beside his chair; the fire had gone out, but the lamp was burning brightly. The sick man was sitting up in the bed, from which he had thrown off the covering, and was wildly groping among the bedclothes in search of something.

"Lost, lost!" he shrieked. "Help! Thieves! Police!"

Richard was by his side in a moment, and caught him by the shoulder.

"Thank God, you are better!" he exclaimed. "But what are you looking for?"

"What, doctor, is it you? Where am I? What has been the matter with me? I feel as if I had slept for a hundred years!"

accustomed to these attacks, as I told you, and the worst is always over in three days. But there is always sickness and prostration afterwards; and this time I positively feel better than I have done for years. I have had such a sound sleep as I thought I should never enjoy again. How did you do it, doctor?"

"Morphia!" said Richard grimly. "A heroic dose; I saw you were pretty bad,

WITH THE DRIVER'S ASSISTANCE HE CARRIED HIM OUT AND PROPPED HIM UP IN THE FLY.

"You are in my house," said Richard, "and everything you have is safe. Now pull yourself together, and let me have a look at you. Pupils normal, heart all right. Why, you are a miracle! Just swallow this cup of coffee; it's cold, but your throat must be like a chimney. Down with it!"

"More, more! I could drink up Esil!" he cried, holding out the empty cup to be refilled.

"You must be a magician, doctor, to have brought me round so quickly. I'm and it had to be either kill or cure. Till within five minutes ago, I was greatly afraid it was going to be kill. You have slept about twenty hours."

"I can never thank you enough for your courage, then, for it has put new life in me. I must have been as sound as a church if you have removed me without my knowing anything about it. But are you quite sure you left nothing behind, for I missed something just now that must not be lost on any account?"

"I know," said Richard quietly, but

keenly watching the other's face as he spoke. "You had a belt around you with several thousand pounds' worth of money and jewels in it. You had also a loaded revolver, for the purpose, I presume, of defending your wealth. Don't be uneasy about them; I have them both safely under lock and key."

"No, no; you are quite mistaken, doctor," exclaimed the man, all his wildness of aspect returning and his eyes gleaming with a mad terror and suspicion. "There 's nothing in it—nothing at all, except what little money I have, and a few curios I picked up in my travels. Let me have it at once, please—at once, without a single minute's delay!"

"Don't be in a hurry," said Richard. "It is quite safe, I assure you. If it be of so little value as you say, why excite yourself about it? How much might there be in it then? it seemed to me pretty heavy."

"Oh, very little; but as it is all I have in the world, you needn't wonder that I am rather anxious about it. I must ask you to give it to me at once; it will make my mind easier."

"Don't be uneasy; I give you my word it's quite safe. Look here, I'm rather a fancier of curios myself; I don't mind giving you ten pounds on spec for the belt just as it stands. If you tell me it is worth more, I will give you more."

"I wouldn't take ten pounds; not that it is really worth more, but there are things in it that have a special value for me. I shouldn't think of selling it on any terms, and I must again ask you to let me have it in my own possession."

"I will give you a hundred," said Richard mischievously, "and I will let you retain anything in it that you wish specially to keep."

"I tell you I am not going to sell it on any terms whatever," rejoined the other testily, "so we had better drop the subject. And I beg you will give it to me now without any further parley."

"Yet I should think a hundred pounds would be something of a consideration to a man who has 'parted with the very last rag and stick he can spare,'" said Richard. "Come, my friend, you may not meet such a chance again; what do you say to five hundred pounds?"

"Dr. Falconer," replied the man excitedly, "either this is a very bad joke or you have lost your senses. For the last time I ask you to restore my property. If you do not, I will at once walk out of your house, and put the matter in the hands of the police. Give me what belongs to me, and let me go."

"Very well," said Richard, "you shall have it at once." He left the room, and returned in a minute with the belt and pistol in his hands. He found his patient already half dressed. With frenzied haste he made a grasp at the belt, but Richard caught him by the wrist and held him as if in a vice, while he said sternly—

"Listen to me, madman! you act as if you think I want to rob you. Why, you idiot, if that had been my design, I need not have so much as lifted a finger; I had nothing to do but to sit still, and you would have been dead by this time, and nobody to ask a single question about you. Instead of that, I have brought you to my house, I have worked for hours to bring you round, I have restored you to life, and you repay me with insult and abuse. Even yet, if I wanted to possess myself of this precious belt, I should only have to go to the nearest magistrate and certify you insane, to have you shut up in a lunatic asylum for the rest of your days. Much attention they would pay there to your ravings about being robbed of gold and jewels! That is what I could do if I were the villain you think me. Take your belt and be ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful wretch!" and he flung it with a crash upon the floor.

One of the pouches burst open and the guineas rolled out in a golden stream. With a shriek the owner flung himself upon his knees to clutch them, when his new-found strength failed him all at once and he rolled upon his face in a dead faint.

Richard knelt down, turned him upon his back, and sprinkled a few drops from the water-jug upon his face. As he did so he was startled to hear a knock at the

door of the room. Going hastily to open it, he found Mary, in a dressing-gown, a taper in her hand, her eyes wide with anxious suspense.

"Oh, Richard! I haven't been able to sleep all night," she cried, "and just now I heard loud voices and a scream. What has happened? Is anything wrong?"

"Don't be frightened, darling," said Richard. "You have come just in time to help me in restoring this man, who has fainted. Is there any brandy in the cellarette?"

"Yes, just a little. Shall I go and fetch it?"

"Please do so." She turned to go downstairs, and Richard closed the door and made haste to pick up the coins which were scattered over the floor. "Best she should not see them," he said to himself as he returned them to the pouch and fastened the belt securely round the patient's waist. "Come in, Mary," in answer to another knock. "Ah! you have the brandy. Stop! not that way," as she was putting a wineglass to his lips; "he won't be able to swallow. Just hand me my hypodermic case; you'll find it in my coat-pocket, hanging at the back of the door."

SHE WAS STANDING GAZING UPON SOMETHING WHICH SHE HELD CLOSE TO THE LIGHT.

With practised quickness he prepared the syringe and injected a few drops into his patient's arm. To his surprise Mary was not at his side to help him; and when he turned to look for her she was standing near the lamp, gazing with fixed eyes and parted lips upon something which she held close to the light.

"Richard, Richard, look here!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Richard looked. It was the little daguerreotype he had picked up in the man's room and slipped into his pocket almost without looking at it.

"Oh, that's only a likeness of somebody that I found in his room as we were leaving, and thought I had better take with me. Put it on the mantelpiece; he may want to have it again."

"But, Richard, do you mean to say you don't recognise it? Why, good heavens! don't you see it's a likeness of mother?"

"Of your mother?" he exclaimed, snatching it from her hand. He held it close to the lamp, and had to turn it at several different angles before he could catch the faded tints on the shining silver plate from which they seemed nearly obliterated; but when he did so he could not repress a loud exclamation of astonishment.

"It is she, sure enough! No one could ever forget those long curls! And I've seen her in just such a bonnet—all round her face—I'm sure a hundred times! How extraordinary! How on earth can he have come to have it?"

"Why, Richard, how can you be so stupid? don't you see it's Jack! our lost Jack, whom we have believed dead so many years! Oh, Jack, Jack, is this the way we find you again? Poor, poor fellow, what miseries you must have passed through! But we will try and make it better for you now. Open your eyes, dear Jack! it is I, your little Molly, and we shall be so happy together again. Oh, Richard, make him come to; do your best now if you never did before."

She was down on her knees beside him, trying to raise his head on her breast, chafing his hands, and covering his unconscious face with kisses.

"Softly, Mary, softly," said Richard, gently restraining her. "Let his head rest on the floor; he will come round far quicker so. It is only an ordinary faint; what he wants is plenty of air, and you are only smothering him. I will throw up the window—why, it's broad daylight already! But are you quite sure it is your brother? Why, it must be fifteen years since you saw him, and you were only a little girl then."

"That's just why I didn't know him at first; but now I can see his likeness to my father very plainly. Oh, it is he, sure enough; there can be no mistake."

"See, the air is reviving him already," said Richard. "Now, Mary, control yourself; don't speak to him till I tell you; I have something to say to him first. Put out the lamp, and sit down in that chair, away from the window. Come, now," turning to the patient, who had just opened his eyes with two or three deep sighs. "Sit up, Sergeant Wentworth!"

"Yes, Colonel!" cried the sergeant, raising himself mechanically, and lifting his hand in a military salute. Suddenly his dazed eye cleared, and he looked round with keen, suspicious glance. "Why, it's the doctor! How do you know my—— I mean," he stammered, suddenly conscious of having committed himself, "my name's Ingram, not Wentworth."

"Come, come, Jack Wentworth, don't turn away your best friends. I know all about you, and here is your little sister Molly, just waiting to spring into your arms. Don't tell her you don't remember her; she has been talking about you ever since we were married, and even after she had a boy of her own, whom she would insist on naming after you."

"Oh, Jack, Jack;" cried Mary, running into his embrace; "how do you think I could ever forget you? Don't tell me you have forgotten me! Oh, Jack! what dreadful times you must have had! But we'll make you forget all your sorrows now."

"Molly, Molly, is it really you?" cried

"HERE IT IS," SAID JACK, SUDDENLY SLIPPING IT OFF HIS OWN WAIST.

the hardened soldier, actually bursting into tears. "Forget you, my little pet? Why, you were the one memory that kept me from blowing out my brains a dozen times! And the one thing that made me save my plunder and scrape and starve in the midst of plenty—for I am rich, Molly, though I don't look it—was the hope of being able to find you one day and share my winnings with you. When I made my way home to the old place in Yorkshire, and found all the family were gone, and the only thing I could hear of you

was that you had married a doctor and were living no one could tell me where, I just started off in search of you, and for three weary years I have tramped nearly every road in England looking for you. It's not likely I am going to say now I don't remember you, my little Molly."

He turned to Richard with outstretched hand. "I hope you'll forgive me for what I said just now. You had treated me with the greatest kindness I ever received from anyone, and I repaid you with insult. But I was really not sane where that belt was concerned. You were quite right about it. I got the jewels in Burmah; Lord, what a do it was! I will tell you the story one of these days. I don't know yet myself what they are worth, but it is something fabulous. The possession of them made a regular miser of me, but I was thinking of Molly all the time. Now I have found her, and the half of them are hers; and as for the rest, why, if you can put up with the humours of a crotchety, testy old brother-in-law, I think I'll end my wanderings here, and play the rich bachelor uncle with my nephews and nieces—and a lot more of them there will be, I hope; eh, Molly?"

"Why, Jack," cried Mary, quite unable to understand, "how on earth can you play the rich uncle? And what is this belt you are talking about?"

"Here it is," said Jack, suddenly slipping it off his own waist and buckling it around hers. "Feel the weight of that! You just keep it for me, and whenever I want anything out of it, I will come and ask you for it."

# THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

## *STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

## THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.

THE black shadow of impending war with Russia had darkened the Continent long before 1812. There were many causes at work to weaken and finally dissolve the alliance between Napoleon and the Czar. That the Emperor had unceremoniously jilted a Russian Princess for the marriage with Marie Louise was only one cause of quarrel. There were, also, the wholesale annexations by which the confines of France were vastly extended; such as the Valais, part of Hanover, the Duchy of Oldenburg, all the sea-coast as far as the mouth of the Elbe. Again, Napoleon's threat to restore Polish independence kept open a constant sore. But a chief cause of difference was the Continental system. As far back as 1810 Napoleon was at issue with the Czar about the restrictions on English trade. Alexander had followed his ally loyally in declaring war with England, and in closing his ports to her ships and her goods, but he claimed to control the commerce of his country and the apportionment of duties as he pleased. This war of tariffs was becoming a madness with Napoleon. New decrees were issued with bewildering rapidity, imposing heavy percentages on imported goods, prescribing seizures that ruined honest traders, and were maintained by whole armies acting as Customs House officers. These severe penalties in some measure recouped the Treasury for the immense losses due to contraband: smuggling was universal and very profitable. Russia alone in Europe refused to accept Napoleon's laws, to observe his despotic regulations for trade, and Napoleon at length realised that if the Czar was to be bent to his will, it must be by force of arms. He could not tolerate opposition now when he was, or believed himself, the undisputed master of the world.

Let us consider what his power was at

this time, and how it was maintained. Save for the desultory combat in Spain there was peace throughout his Empire, such peace as the bully imposes by the sheer weight of his sovereign strength. Europe was almost entirely at his feet; nearly every nation owed him allegiance; his creatures and vassals sat on their thrones. Coercion was the penalty of resisting his authority. The Pope would not declare war with England, being forbidden, as he pleaded, by his faith; forthwith the heir of St. Peter was thrust from his holy seat and held a prisoner. Russia was restive, and must accept the arbitrament of the sword. This universal submission had been gained by ruthless severity; it was maintained by a watchful control that paralysed all independence and placed all State resources at the absolute disposal of France. The colossal fabric of Napoleon's empire could only be sustained by onerous and arbitrary exactions: contributions were levied upon all his allies and subjects, in war material, military contingents, cash. We shall see how mixed and polyglot was the vast army he presently led into Russia, how Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Italy, even Spain, swelled its ranks to share its fortunes, its short-lived triumphs, and ultimate collapse.

The wasting and perpetual blood tax was not the whole price that France paid for her greatness. She had surrendered her freedom entirely into the hands of a jealous tyrant, and was hopelessly, abjectly enslaved. And she must suffer in submissive silence. The Press was gagged with an alert censorship that missed nothing; the police, wielded by the unscrupulous Savary, made wholesale seizures, as when Madame de Staël's work on Germany was suppressed, the sheets burnt, and their outspoken writer expelled from France. She supposed that her crime was to have omitted Napoleon's name from her book, but Savary told her that there could be no place in it "worthy of the Emperor," that her work was "not French, and that the air of her native country was not good for her." The handful of newspapers permitted to appear might be profitably worked in the absence of competition, but they were saddled with the endowment of other literature, and had to pay pensions, which such eminent writers as Monge, Chenier, and Bernardin St. Pierre did not blush to accept. The right of private as well as public speech was forbidden. The most elaborate and widely extended espionage prevailed, worked by a shameless secret police, which reported everything they heard, magnifying mere trifles into overt attacks upon Napoleon and his régime. The Emperor was easily outraged; his arm was far-reaching; a chance expression idly uttered in Vienna or Berlin met swift reproof, and nearly certain punishment. How can those who still worship their great idol excuse a system that filled the State prisons with political offenders, condemned for a crooked look or a mere whisper of dissent? These prisons were multiplied, they were established both at home and abroad, and were always full; there were Ham, Saumur, the Château d'If, Landskrona, Pierrechâtel, Fenestrelle, Campiano, and Vincennes. Imprisonment depended upon the will of the Emperor alone, and this arbitrary ruler had once posed as the apostle of universal freedom!

Discontent was already rife, although it mostly grumbled and rumbled underground. France chafed bitterly at the restrictions on trade; she was sorely tried by the Continental system, and by the complete paralysis of her maritime commerce. Except on a few enterprising privateers, the French flag was not seen on the high seas; her harbours were filled with dismantled shipping, rotting from disuse. Far more bitter was the repining at the conscription which, with ravening and unappeasable appetite, was devouring the youth and manhood of the country. Lanfrey quotes two facts in proof of the terror and hatred inspired by the exigencies of military service. The cost of a substitute was 8000f., or £320, and there were in 1811 80,000 *conscrits réfractaires*, men on whom the lot had fallen, but who had absconded or were in hiding to avoid service. At this time a network of police-stations covered the land, and recruits,

these new candidates for glory, were marched to their garrisons from point to point, chained and under the escort of the gendarmes. To diminish this increasing number of absentees, a scheme was devised for quartering troops in the domiciles of those families whose sons had deserted. This system was soon developed by the formation of movable columns, that terrorised districts, and were known from their exactions as *colonnes infernales*. Such were the means adopted to raise that magnificent army of Russia that was doomed to destruction.

MADAME DE STAEL.
*From the Picture by F. Gerard.*

Preparations had long been afoot for this gigantic enterprise, the disastrous consequences of which enveloped the daring spirit that had planned it and contributed largely to his downfall. The army which Napoleon had collected for the invasion of Russia exceeded half a million of men: it was the largest armed force that had taken the field since Xerxes had sent his myriads against Greece. Speaking more precisely, it consisted of 500,000 infantry, 100,000 cavalry, and 1300 guns. But only a third of these numbers were French; the balance was made up of contingents furnished by all the subject Powers. It was formed in ten army corps, under some of Napoleon's most famous marshals, although Soult, Marmont, and Suchet were absent in Spain. The Imperial Guard was in Napoleon's own hands; Murat, King of Naples, commanded all the cavalry; Schwarzenberg the Austrians, Poniatowski the Poles, Prince Eugène the army of Italy. The army was organised with great nicety and completeness. No point was too minute for the attention of the greatest military administrator the world has known. The largest and most momentous questions were dealt with in a prescient and comprehensive spirit. But he could not, or would not, foresee the difficulties inseparable from making war on such a gigantic scale. The most careful elaboration of machinery was powerless to create supplies where they did not exist, and a prime cause of his approaching failure was the want of food. "Qu'on ne me parle pas des vivres" was a favourite phrase with the commander who first made war support war. He had not yet waged it in a sterile and inhospitable country, where his commissariat, his well-planned Intendance, had nothing to work upon, and he paid the penalty by the untold sufferings of his army in that terrible retreat. Some idea of that Intendance—of the civil departments of the expeditionary army—is given us by de Fezensac, who was one of Berthier's aides-de-camp in the early stages of the campaign. When the Prince of Neufchâtel (Berthier) reviewed it at Wilna, the Intendance looked like an army in battle array, with its hundreds of high officials—*ordonnateurs, inspecteurs aux revues*, and *commissaires de guerre*; its hospital services—doctors, surgeons, and dispensers; its commissariat officers in every branch, its host of artificers and workmen. "Yet despite the zeal and talents of the Intendant-General," says the same authority, "this enormous

department was useless from the beginning, and actually hurtful at the end of the campaign." The army was indeed greatly hampered by its overgrown camp-following; it marched with a monstrous tail of baggage wagons, pack animals, led horses, and servants of all descriptions.

The French army, moving gradually forward to the frontier, overflowed Prussia, and Berlin became a French garrison, commanded by a French general. The destination of the advancing troops was the Niemen, along which they concentrated in the early part of June. Meanwhile Napoleon had summoned his suite of subject sovereigns to attend him at Dresden, and they came, with homage on their lips and hatred in their hearts, to increase the lustre of his Court. There were the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, the royalties of his own family and creation, the Kings of Westphalia and Naples, the Viceroy of Italy, and a crowd of minor potentates. The sharp contrast between the pomp and pageantry of this vainglorious display and the Emperor's return to Paris seven months later has often struck the philosophic mind. He crept back then to the Tuileries humbly in a hackney cab, the first of the few poor stricken fugitives who alone remained of his proud hosts, and the perishing remnant whom he had abandoned in their misery. He had now nearly justified Decrès' prediction to Marmont: "You, of course, are satisfied because you have been made a marshal. You see everything at its best. Shall I tell you the real truth—shall I unveil the future? The Emperor is mad, quite mad. He will ruin us all, many as we are, and everything will end in a frightful catastrophe."

In the early stages of the invasion it seemed all plain sailing, except for the scarcity of supplies, and this, as has been said, did not trouble Napoleon. Yet it was a part of the enemy's plan to lay waste their own country and retire into the depths of Russia. There is little doubt that the moral effect of Wellington's retreat upon Torres Vedras was felt even by the Czar Alexander, and that he readily accepted the advice tendered him by the Swedish General, Armfeldt, to play the same waiting game. It is stated, rather loosely, that this plan was more accidental than deliberately conceived, that the retreat before the advancing French was inevitable, and not a *ruse de guerre*. At the same time the continued retreat was most distasteful to many Russians; although its wisdom was acknowledged and approved by the higher strategists, the army and the nation wanted to fight, and were greatly disheartened by these long retrograde movements. But Alexander's intentions were known and revealed the year previous, as early as July 1811, when Almquist, the French Minister at Stockholm, reported them to Napoleon, but in vain. The Emperor would not be warned. He thought to practise the strategy of his earlier wars, to pour his mammoth legions into Russia with the old lightning-like promptitude, to dictate terms in Moscow after a short month of dazzling victories, as he had done already in Turin, Milan, Vienna, and Berlin.

Now when the die was cast and the opponents stood facing each other, the Czar's forces, although he had long expected war, fell short of his enemy's. He had barely 200,000 men against the 400,000 who crossed the Niemen in the latter end of June 1812. The Russians had three armies in the field. The first, under Barclay de Tolly, 100,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry, watched the Niemen north of Wilna; the second, under Bagration, 50,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry, was to the south of Bresenc, on the Bug; the third, under Tournaseff, 40,000 infantry and 14,000 cavalry, was still further south in Volhynia.

Napoleon's first movements were rapid. He got six corps across the Niemen, at Kovno and Grodno, on June 24; one other corps crossed at Tilsit to cover the left flank, two more at Bresenc, on the Bug, to operate on the right. He was at Wilna in strength four days later, and had succeeded in striking in between the first and second Russian armies, his object being to separate and keep them apart. At his advance the first fell back to the entrenched

NAPOLEON BESTOWING A DECORATION UPON A BRAVE SOLDIER.

*From the Original Painting in the Gallery at Versailles.*

MARSHAL NEY IN THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.
*From the Picture by Yvon, in the Versailles Gallery.*

camp of Drissa, and then to Polotsk, both on the Dwina. Bagration, with the second army, reached Bobinsk, on the Beresina, pursued, but only slowly, by Jerome Bonaparte.

The French now halted seventeen days at Wilna. Their leader was no longer the vigorous conqueror of Italy, the victor of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram. He has here all the old strategical advantages of a central position from which he might turn superior numbers to overwhelm the enemy's fractions, but he fails to seize them. He is engaged with Polish delegates, who urge him to reconstitute their kingdom, with balls and fêtes, with visionary hopes that negotiations may turn towards peace. Yet the season is drawing on; it is a far cry to Moscow, and he can hardly prevent the concentration of the Russian armies, while his own is already dwindling away; sick, stragglers, and marauders have reduced it now to 300,000 men.

On July 12, Davoust, who had superseded Jerome, continued to press Bagration more actively. Combats ensued, but in the end the Russians were driven behind the Dnieper. Four days later Napoleon moved from Wilna to Glubokoe, meaning to turn Barclay's left; but Barclay was gone, retiring on Vitebsk. Napoleon followed, reaching Vitebsk on July 27, and here he hoped to engage. But again the Russians fell back, now to Smolensko, where the two armies, Barclay's and Bagration's, effected a junction on Aug. 3, and Napoleon's advantage ceased.

There was some fighting now, both on the right and the left, without decisive results; and the main Russian army in the centre advanced from Smolensko against Napoleon, who hoped, by crossing the Dnieper and taking them in the rear, to bring on a great battle. But again the Russians eluded him, barely in time to save Smolensko, then continued their retreat towards Moscow. It was here at Smolensko, as previously at Vitebsk, that Napoleon showed much doubt and uneasiness. He had effected nothing as yet; there had been no dazzling successes, his army already suffered, and was out of hand, he had left doubtful friends and disaffection in his rear, the season was fast drawing on. He hesitated to advance farther, and yet went forwards.

The battle for which he pined became possible at last, and was fought at Borodino. Public clamour in Russia had so loudly denounced the policy of retreat that a change was made in commanders, Kutusoff, a general advanced in years, replaced Barclay de Tolly, and his orders were to stand his ground. Kutusoff took up a strong position covering Moscow, where the French attacked him on Sept. 6, and the great battle was fought with immense carnage, yet doubtful results. Napoleon had been pressed to throw all his weight upon the Russian left, but he hesitated to use up his last reserves for that purpose on the sound plea that he was 2500 miles from home. Had he been the general of early days he would have risked more and achieved more; as it was, the Russians withdrew to a second position, and then returned on and through Moscow, which Napoleon occupied on Sept. 15.

It was an empty conquest. The ancient capital of All the Russias was a howling wilderness, deserted by its inhabitants, sacrificed by Kutusoff, who preferred to keep his army intact. Now followed the conflagration, the firing of the city, the deliberate project of its Governor, Rostopchin, although the work was completed by incendiaries. Moscow was a ruin still smoking, a grim object-lesson for Napoleon of the unyielding character of his foe. He found the same disposition in the chief of the State, even now with the French in his capital; the Czar Alexander refused to treat, and Napoleon was called upon to make a momentous decision. He was faced with a terrible problem: if he held his ground, it would be with no hope of supplying his army during the dread winter now near at hand; if he retreated, he admitted his failure before all the world.

On Oct. 19 he began the famous retreat, more fruitful in human suffering, more destructive of life, than anything known in history. The day previous Napoleon held

a great review in the Kremlin, where his starving troops, with the finest soldierly spirit, turned out as if on parade in Paris. But their shrunken numbers told the plain story, and eye-witnesses declare that the Emperor's overwhelming anxieties were visible on his face. The direction of Napoleon's march was now southward, to gain the richer and unexhausted country, but the Russians, now greatly reinforced, were waiting for him, and after a struggle at Malo-Jaroslawitz, turned them off that road on to the old line by Smolensko, which they reached on Nov. 9. Already the French had lost all semblance of an army. The march across the vast plains was like that of an Eastern caravan. Miles and miles of vehicles of all descriptions, droskies and common carts among wagons, and the most elegant carriages, all charged with food, for every man had to fend for himself. It was hoped that rations would be found at Smolensko it had been one of the great advance dépôts, and the troops would have rushed in to help themselves. Napoleon in person occupied the town with his Imperial Guard, who were well supplied, but the collapse of the Intendance prevented any regular issue to the rest, and there was great confusion, which ended in a general pillage, when the food for months was wasted in a few hours.

MARSHAL NEY.

After Smolensko the French army, with the exception of the Imperial Guard, was completely disorganised, but Napoleon, after fighting an action at Krasnoi to clear his road retired on Orcha, leaving Ney with the 3rd corps, as a rearguard. The intrepid and skilful general brought in his force to Orcha on Nov. 20, sadly diminished after many fierce combats and in passage of the Dnieper across ice. By this time the grand army was reduced from 250,000 to 10,000 men, and had Kutusoff been smarter at Krasnoi, he would probably have surrounded the Imperial Guard and made Napoleon prisoner. But now, on Nov. 23, two French corps that had held the Dwina joined, and raised the whole force to numbers variously stated at from 18,000 to 20,000 men.

Napoleon now made for the Beresina river, which he crossed in the presence of the enemy. It was a masterly operation, but entailed a frightful loss of life, largely from the severity of the weather. Throwing three bridges across above Borisow, he passed three corps to the right bank, under cover of a fourth on the left. Those across fought a defensive action while the whole were gradually withdrawn, and the retreat was continued on Wilna, which was reached on Dec. 9. But Napoleon had himself left the shattered remnant of his forces at Smorgoni on the 6th, and hurried off to Paris post haste. He must make head now against this stupendous disaster, which clearly imperilled his throne. It was not the only misfortune in this terrible year. The news of Wellington's victory at Salamanca reached him on the night of Borodino, with the reoccupation of Madrid. Now, too, his lukewarm allies quickly abandoned him. The Prussian army went over to the Russians *en masse*; the Austrian corps under Schwarzenberg made a separate peace with the Russians, and retired to Austrian territory. These, with Macdonald's corps, had not been engaged, and so had escaped the general catastrophe, but the total losses of Napoleon's army have been estimated at half a million of men.

X. Y. Z.

## THE COMING OF THE KING.

ON either side of the roads that skirted and traversed the Forest of Sherwood, a very army of men were busy with hook and hatchet and saw, for it was the order of the King, and now made the law of the land, that for a given space on either side of every highroad, every bush and all the undergrowth should be cleared away, so that no robber might find cover and the subjects of the King might go their ways in peace. All day under the broiling summer sun the work went on. Half-fed, half-fainting with fatigue, with anger flaming in their eyes, the men worked till sundown. One heard the rasp of the saw, the heavy thud as the tree fell, the creaking of the clumsy carts along the deep ruts of the ill-made road.

The night followed with bright moonlight. It was cooler now, and travelling was more pleasant. A wealthy merchant of York, with a great retinue and long lines of baggage-mules, made his way towards Nottingham. He blessed the name of the King for what had been done. No need now to watch anxiously the dark shadow of the tangled bushes on either side of the road—all were laid low. There was no cover for the robber. If he wished to attack he must show himself, and when he showed himself the merchant would have time to make ready. There would be no more of those sudden surprises in which the outlaws of Sherwood delighted, when the attack sprang up at once and at many different points, and panic and flight and ruin followed. Once more the merchant loudly and emphatically blessed the wisdom of the King. But as he and his train came round a bend in the road, he ceased his expressions of satisfaction. For it seemed that when the King's array of discontented labourers had finished their toil for the day others had taken their place and had performed a far different work. Right across the road and across the open space on either side of it was built up a huge barrier. Great trunks

of trees had been brought there on rollers, and bush and gorse had been piled on them, interwoven and entangled so that the barrier was impenetrable. The boldest of the merchant's men rode up to it and examined it carefully, then came back to his master with the ill news. There was no possibility of forcing their way through, and, moreover, there was no saying what might be—or who might be—on the other side of the barrier. Then the merchant gave up blessing and fell to cursing. 'Twas idle, he said, to clear the land on either side of the road in this way, leaving behind the very material which would best serve the outlaws' purpose. A good work half finished, he protested, was worse than a bad work finished. His man waited till the storm had passed, and then pointed out that they were now very near to Nottingham, that the animals were spent and needed rest, that though it might be dangerous to go round by the end of the barrier it were more dangerous to remain where they were, and a flat impossibility for them to go back again. The merchant grumbled, but he could not deny the force of what had been told him. Slowly, with many precautions, with every available weapon ready to hand, and with the most precious of his treasure entirely surrounded by his men, he made his way off the road down to the dark spot among the trees, where it seemed that the barrier ended.

And the next day the merchant of York, clothed in the merest rags, with but two of his men left, and with none of his mules and none of his treasure, made his way, limping and footsore, into the crowd in Nottingham market-place.

* * * *

In due time the news was brought to the King, and the King was angry. He swore a great oath that since he was so ill served by those scurvy knaves whom he had put in authority in Nottingham and Mansfield that the peace and quietude of his subjects were daily and nightly imperilled, he would himself, taking with him a goodly number of archers, enter Sherwood and capture the outlaws. It was no knightly enterprise, the halo of the Crusade was not over it, but the humiliation of thinking that for all these years Robin Hood and his men had defied the law, and in so doing had defied the King, was unbearable. Word was sent to the Sheriff that the King's arrival might shortly be expected, and that it would go ill with the Sheriff if, when he arrived, he did not find every highroad properly cleared on either side and the trees and brushwood that had been cut down burned or carried away. Thereupon the Sheriff, blind-mad with fear, redoubled his exertions, and that army of men that toiled in the forest toiled longer and later and harder, until they dropped at their work and cursed both King and Sheriff. And all these things came to the ear of Robin Hood, and he smiled pleasantly, but somewhat grimly.

However, all was in order on the King's arrival, and at his Majesty's brief words of approval the Sheriff beamed. He took heart to mention the fact that he had a scheme, one which, if modesty did not forbid him to say so, was devised with a certain cunning.

Somewhere stored away at the back of his head, the Sheriff had a complacent and deep-rooted belief that, though in some respects he might be wanting, as, for instance, in energy and agility, he was nevertheless a devil of a fellow at making a plot. The lapse of years might have made him slow and somnolent, but it had also made him wise. Indeed, it was the merest luck—and bitter bad luck—that he had not cleared Sherwood of these robbers long before. Much, he was convinced, might be done by an ambush; and as he had more than once fallen into an ambush himself, carefully prepared for him by Robin Hood, he spoke on this point with some experience. He was now about to retaliate and to set an ambush for Robin. There was, of course, the usual initial difficulty. It is an excellent fine thing to plant your hundred men-at-arms in hiding at a certain spot, and to fall upon the enemy when he passes that way; but this can be done with less ease when you have not the slightest knowledge by what way the enemy intends to pass.

THE KING WAS ANGRY. HE SWORE A GREAT OATH THAT HE WOULD HIMSELF CAPTURE THE OUTLAWS.

However, the Sheriff had got over that difficulty. He had realised that an important part of the trap is the bait. By night small numbers of men were to be sent into the forest, who would meet just at that point of the road where the merchant of York had met with his mishap. There, in the morning, they would be massed together in hiding, waiting to fall upon Robin as soon as he showed himself. The bait would arrive in the morning—a train of mules that seemed to be heavy laden, a fat abbot, and but few followers. These would encamp by the roadside in some disorder; the drinking-horn would go round, half of them would appear to be asleep. Robin could not possibly miss such an opportunity as this, and no sooner would his men fall upon the abbot and his treasure than the men-at-arms would dash forth from their ambush. The King approved the scheme: the only fault he had to find was that it had not been tried before.

In due course the men-at-arms made their way to the point agreed upon, took up their position, and waited for the bait to be set. The morning drew on; the abbot and his mules did not arrive. They waited until the evening, and still there was no sign of them. The bait was as good as human wit could devise; the trouble was that Robin Hood had taken it before it ever reached the trap.

The King was now grown somewhat impatient of schemes, and though the Sheriff had others as good or better to propose, he could get no hearing for them. The King was determined to make a thorough search through the whole of Sherwood, and to effect by numbers and force what cunning had failed to do. Sherwood was a great forest, and more men were needed than were immediately at the King's disposal. Proclamation was therefore made by the crier in the market-place, and many stout yeomen volunteered to take part in the man-hunt. And when no more volunteers came in, many were impressed into the service. The search lasted for three days. The bracken was trodden down, the frightened deer sped away to the hills, many men were lost in the swamps, and late at night stragglers from the main body were hunted down by wolves; but Robin Hood was not found. And this was the more remarkable because he was in Sherwood the whole of the time, not skulking in his secret cave as the King angrily suggested, but marching, with head erect, in the open. For among the first of those who volunteered for the service were Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, suitably disguised. At the end of the three days the King would speak to no one. He sat brooding angrily over his failure.

The first day that the King rode forth again was as fair a morning as is to be found in an English summer. The faintest grey mist hung over the land, but overhead the sky was clear. The sun beat fiercely down, and wayfarers took the shady side of the road. Many had gathered in the streets of Nottingham to see the King pass. And as he passed one darted forth from the crowd, a woman, old and bent.

"The King!" she cried shrilly, "I would speak with the King!"

In a moment she had been forced back again into the crowd.

The King turned round.

"Let that woman come forward," he said.

She approached, somewhat breathless by this time.

"I bear a message for the King," she said, "from him whom the King seeks. And none must overhear what I have to say."

The dignified and courtly baron who rode by the King's side went forward and whispered a word in his ear: "Treachery!"

"I do not yet fear old women," the King replied, and with an impatient gesture he motioned those who attended him to withdraw. And there, in the middle of the street, the old woman told her story, briefly enough.

"This morning, about sunrise, as I passed through Sherwood, Robin Hood met me and bade me to say if the King came to Sherwood alone he should then of a surety find Robin Hood. And, moreover, he gave me this piece of gold to take the message."

"THE KING!" SHE CRIED SHRILLY, "I WOULD SPEAK WITH THE KING!"

The King laughed.

"The King," he said, "should do no less than an outlaw. The message is good; you shall have two pieces of gold, woman, for the telling of it and—for not talking about it then or henceforward."

As she murmured her thanks he beckoned the baron to his side, and bade him pay her. Then the woman went back into the crowd again, and the riders passed on—on until they had left Nottingham behind them, and their horses broke into a gallop on the level velvety turf.

Suddenly, under the shadow of a tree, the King alighted from his horse.

"Leave me," he said. "Go back to Nottingham, and take my horse with you. I shall be with you again ere sunset."

There was a little hesitation, but the order was peremptory, and it was obeyed. No sooner was he left alone than the King turned off from the track, walking aimlessly in the deep shadow of the forest, waiting to see what would happen to him, ready, if need were, to meet treachery and overcome it: he was a tall man, proud and self-reliant.

The day drew on, and still he wandered. He had met no man but here and there a woodcutter or keeper of the forest, that eyed him curiously. He had begun to think that he was fooled; that this was but an idle trick of Robin's, and he grew angry. He had also grown hungry, but this mattered but little to an old campaigner. He had been hungry before; he had rarely been fooled before. He was glad when he heard at a little distance the ripple of a running stream, for the sun had burned him, and his throat was dry. He found the stream, and, kneeling beside it, drank eagerly. Even as he drank he was conscious that somebody was watching him, and when he raised his head again he was scarce surprised to see three stout fellows dressed in rags, with hatchets in their hands, standing hard by and watching him intently.

"Alms, master, alms!" said the first of the three threateningly.

The King laughed.

"It is for the rich to give alms," he replied. "Do the rich go through Sherwood on foot, as I do? Do they drink water from the stream, as I do? Are their stomachs empty, as mine is? Seek alms elsewhere!"

The first beggar spoke again.

"Do they wear gold rings on their hands," he asked, "as you do?"

The King glanced down at the heavy signet-ring which had betrayed him.

"See," he said, "let us, for pure fantasy, suppose that I am rich; but who are you that ask for alms? Why stand ye all the day idle? You are stout fellows, you carry your hatchets in your hand; go and seek for work, and those that work shall eat. It is for the old and feeble to ask for alms."

"Work!" exclaimed the beggar with a sneer. "Our stomachs are overfull of work. For days and nights have we toiled, sleepless and half-fed, to make ready against the arrival of our lord the King—a curse upon him."

"Know you," said the King authoritatively, "that it is to the King you speak?"

"We neither know nor care—a curse upon him again. We speak with one who shall either give us alms or die for his refusal."

And with these words the beggar flung himself upon the King. The King was strong and agile, and the beggar fell before one blow of his hard fist, rolling back into the stream. There were still two others left. They separated, so that the King stood between them, and then closed in on him slowly and furtively with their hatchets, ready to strike.

Even as they drew near, two arrows whizzed through the air, one after the other, and each found its mark. The men fell dead at the King's feet, and the King, as he turned, heard the loud and shrill sound of the outlaw's horn. Forth from the brushwood—alone, erect, with bare head—strode Robin Hood.

Robin Hood bowed low—the sign that he recognised the King. The King looked at him intently, and then at the bodies of the two dead men at his feet.

"But you are unarmed?" he said. "These arrows served me in good stead, and I would know who directed them."

FORTH FROM THE BRUSHWOOD—ALONE, ERECT, WITH BARE HEAD—STRODE ROBIN HOOD.

"It was I, Robin Hood, that had that honour. But since it ill became me to appear before the King with bow in hand I gave it to one of my fellows that stood with me."

The King smiled.

"Know you that for these many days past I have hunted you and, had I found you, would have hanged you on nearest tree?"

"I know it," said Robin.

"And yet, when I find you at last, your first act is to save my life!"

"Aye," replied Robin, "for this time it was at my own petition that you came. I crave your pardon that you have been kept so long awaiting me. However, here I am at last, and ready to do the King's pleasure."

For a moment the King seemed perplexed; then, with a sudden smile—

"I have already said once this day that a King can do no less than an outlaw. You gave me my life and I give you your pardon. And as for the King's pleasure, since he has now walked this forest for two hours and gone fasting, it is his pleasure that you show him what cheer you outlaws keep."

"That also I have foreseen," said Robin; "indeed, he that carried my bow is already gone to bid them prepare such humble fare as I may set before you."

"Lead then," said the King, "I follow you."

And so it happened that, as the day grew to a close, the King ate of his own venison and was served by the outlaw on bended knee. And afterwards, when those few of Robin's men that had been in attendance had withdrawn, the King and Robin spoke for long.

It was dark when the King returned to Nottingham.

* * * *

"Then he comes with us?" said the Baron, rubbing his chin meditatively. "For how long?"

"For so long as our wars last, or for so long as he will. But he is not one with whom one dictates terms—a man that leads because he is by nature a leader, who slays the King's deer, harries the King's subjects, yet is the friend of the poor, has saved the King's life, and regards not the full pardon when it is offered to him. Nay, he went further. He said that he had put his own justice above the injustice of the world, and that it was a part of the injustice of the world that the forest should grow up for me alone, and the wild-fowl fly for my hawks alone, and the deer breed and grow fat only for my sport and my table."

"An impudent fellow," said the Baron. "If I may say so, my liege, an impudent fellow!"

"Nay," said the King, "he spoke many a hard truth, but all with due courtesy. Men that speak with him come under the spell. I, like the rest, know that he should have been born a King."

"But his men, they that follow him, surely they should be taken in hand!"

"That may be, but not yet, for at this present I am sworn not to raise my hand against them, and they, on their part, are sworn to leave Sherwood. What is one to fear from them? Strike off the head, and the body dies. They are strong men and good archers, but without their leader they will become as nothing. Haply, some of them will of their own accord follow him and do good service with him in our war. And if not, they will quarrel among themselves; they will become disbanded, and we shall hear of them no more."

Then the Baron remained silent; but as he thought to himself he shook his head.

And on the next day the King went south, whither his affairs called him.

And Robin Hood with him.

# THE WRITING-MASTER OF YORE.

By J. D. SYMON.

NOWADAYS we are divinely careless, contemptuous even, of penmanship; and when in obscure streets we chance to notice the business announcement of the writing-master, our feelings are hardly those of respect. This is particularly the case when the aforesaid business announcement is accompanied by the offer to teach "a good style of handwriting" in a given number of lessons. Only on one condition do we bestow a second thought upon the calligrapher, and that is when he is good enough to hang out a glass case containing specimens of his pupils' writing before and after "treatment." These are generally amusing from their very naïveté. The usual form of testimonial is like unto the journalistic "pillory" or parallel extract. Side by side are two slips of paper. The first is inscribed in a hand so villainous that the spectator must perforce admire the instructor's courage in tackling such apparently hopeless subjects, for the pupil, with charming candour, declares: "This is a specimen of my handwriting before I took a course of twelve lessons in penmanship from Mr. Macscribbler." The second document is more marvellous still, for there the disciple now makes confession in a hand of fearful and wonderful zig-zag that this is a specimen of his handwriting after he took, etc. The melancholy similarity between all the reformed hands seems in no way to deter clients from resorting to Mr. Macscribbler. Any "character" the unformed scrawl may have possessed is, of course, completely purged away during the "course," but the loss does not seem to trouble that class of aspiring caligraphers. So ruthless is the method in the uniformity of its results that one is almost persuaded of its efficacy to reform even the divine illegibility behind which certain college dons and men of letters veil the awful majesty of their written thought.

Yet the writing-master as a specialist, though this age has given him the go-by, is the representative of an ancient and honourable tradition, and, as such, deserves consideration, despite the banalities and suggestions of quackery which may now gird him about. The reputation of the English scribe was established throughout Europe in the early Middle Ages, and caligraphy flourished vigorously in the monastic schools until the middle of the fifteenth century. Thereafter followed a period of decline, but about the third quarter of the sixteenth century, with the new impulse given by the revival of learning, the profession of writing-master pure and simple became possible. About 1524 and onwards, printed copy-books had a great vogue in Italy, but it was not until about half a century later that any such work appeared in England.

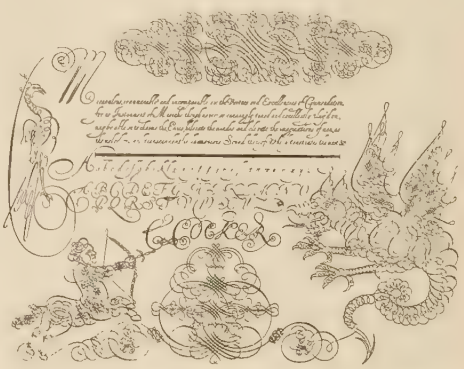
The history of the copy-book is best known to Mr. E. Fairbrother Strange, of South Kensington, to whose writings and kind personal guidance I am indebted for all the historical detail of the present article. The first writing-book printed in England, Mr. Strange points out, was "A Booke containing divers sorts of hands, 'set forth by John de Beau Chesne, P. and M. John Baildon,' and 'Imprinted at London by Thomas Vantrouillier, dwelling in the black frieres 1571.'" Following the early Continental method this book is printed from type-blocks and contains examples of the commoner foreign styles, as well as English

"secretary" and legal hands. This book is considered to have been the archetype of an elaborate manuscript book of fair writing, prepared in 1580 for presentation

FROM "THE PEN'S TRANSCENDENCY," EDWARD COCKER, 1660.

to Queen Elizabeth, but probably never presented. The title-page is a copy of the book of 1571, but the authors' names and imprint are replaced by the words: "Set forth by Wylliam Teshe of the Citye of Yorke, gentleman." By this time the profession of writing-master had attained considerable recognition, the first English professor of distinction being Peter Bales, who was born in London in 1547. De Beau Chesne's nationality, of course, excludes his work from English caligraphy proper. His collaborator Baildon is too obscure to claim special recognition, so that the English tradition may justly be said to begin with Bales, who first came into notice in 1575. In that year, Holinshed tells us, Bales "brought to passe a rare piece of work and almost incredible," having "By the industrie and practise of his pen" written in Latin, within the compass of a penny, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, a prayer to God, a prayer for the Queen, his posie, his name, the day of the month, the year of Our Lord, and the year of the Queen's reign. In August of that year, at Hampton Court, Bales presented his work, set as a ring, to Elizabeth. With it he presented "an excellent spectacle by him devised for the easier reading thereof," wherewith her Majesty read all the inscription with great admiration, and wore the ring "manie times upon her finger." Elizabeth commended the scribe to her Court officers, and the commendation was not without fruit—fruit, be it confessed, of a rather doubtful kind; for Walsingham employed Bales to execute a forgery for political purposes. In the exercise of his profession, Bales lived for a time at Oxford, and afterwards settled in London, where, in 1590, he published his book, "The Writing Schoolmaster." The book was in three divisions, treating respectively of "swift writing," of "true writing," and of "fair writing." From his treatise on swift writing, Bales is frequently credited with the invention or popularisation of shorthand, but in this Dr. Timothy Bright, of Cambridge, had the start of him by at least two years. Examples of Bales's work appear in the "Theatrum Artis Scribendi" of Jodocus Hondius.

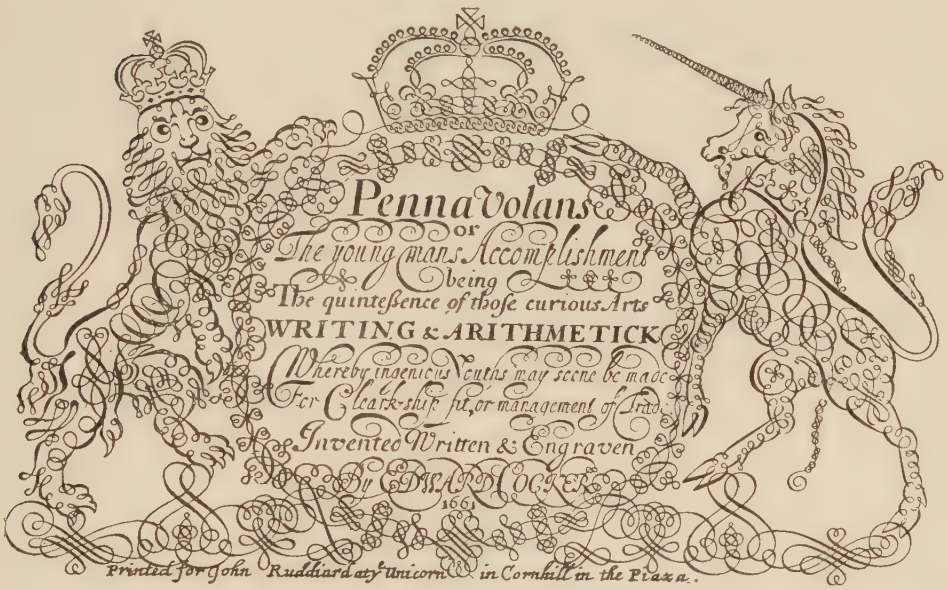
Even as the logicians and mathematicians of those days encountered one another in intellectual duels, so the eminent penmen had their artistic contests. On Michaelmas Day, 1595, Peter Bales competed with Daniel Johnson, another writing-master, for the prize of a golden pen. The competition, which was decided in favour of Bales, aroused considerable public interest and the usual jealousies. Heartburnings, indeed, seem to have been



FROM "THE PEN'S TRANSCENDENCY," EDWARD COCKER, 1660.

a very general result of these trials of the weapon mightier, but not a whit more peaceful, than the sword. Duellists with the rapier, indeed, if both survive, often

become firm friends; duellists with the pen, never. Victor and vanquished seem to have taken to their weapons again immediately after each encounter, this time having regard more to the matter than the manner of their writing. So long as the penman wrote for mere manner, he usually penned pious or sage sentences. When, however, the question of form was decided, and further writing was resorted to between the combatants, it is to be feared that the sentences were neither very pious nor very wise.


Penna Volans
or
The young mans Accomplishment
being
The quinteſſence of thoſe curious Arts
WRITING & ARITHMETICK
Whereby ingenious Youths may ſoone be made
For Clerk-ſhip fit, or management of Trade
Invented Written & Engraven
By EDW. COCKER
1661
Printed for John Ruddiard at ye Unicorn in Cornhill on the Piazza.

TITLE-PAGE OF "PENNA VOLANS," EDWARD COCKER, 1661.

Bales attained to great eminence in these contests, as regards form at least, coming off victorious in a competition open to all professors of his craft. He ended his days, however, under a cloud. Another forgery, into which, it seems, he was innocently entrapped, brought him into trouble, and in the early years of the seventeenth century he died, neglected and poverty-stricken.

Another distinguished scribe of that period was John Davis, whose spiteful epigram on Bales's declining fortunes is preserved by Mr. Strange in his "Early English Writing-Masters." Davis's merciless lines viewed by the side of his pious copybook prayer to his "loving and benign Lord" to grant him "continuall perseverance in Thy mercie," affords, as Louis Stevenson says, a contrast of that glaring description which we count too obvious for the purposes of art. Davis's copies seem not to have been collected and published until long after his death. The title of his collection was the same as that of Bales's publication, "The Writing Schoolmaster." Competent critics find Davis's penmanship meritorious. His pupil Richard Gething, a Herefordshire man, achieved some distinction, and issued three works, the last of these, "Calligraphotechnica," bearing a wonderfully elaborate initial — "a rare piece of dexterity," say the critics, "and by no means badly composed."

The first Scotsman to profess fair-writing was one David Browne, who in 1622 published his treatise from the University Press of St. Andrews. Browne removed to London, where he seems to have succeeded, possibly because he

believed in himself and in his nation. A pugnacious Scot this David, with a jealous eye for the reputation of his countrymen, for in a second book, published in 1638 and entitled "The Introduction to the True Understanding of the Whole Arte of Expedition in Teaching to Write," he takes occasion to announce a discourse "for removing a vulgare opinion against his native countrey of Scotland. He sheweth that it hath more excellent prerogatives than any other Kingdom. Whereby it will rather follow that a Scotishman is so much the more able to prosecute whatsoever he undertaketh, and, therefore, so much the more to bee respected, by how so much he is more ingenious than one of another nation." Sturdy David, thou, at least, hadst no need to pray for "a guid conceit o' thysel'"! The proverbial deliberateness of the Caledonian could not be imputed to him, for he undertook to teach his craft in six hours. Browne was associated with a lady teacher, Mary Stewart, who kept a school for "young, noble, and gentlewomen." Another lady professor of caligraphy was Hester Inglis, or English, who enjoyed a European reputation early in the seventeenth century.

HANDWRITING OF SEDDON, 1694.

At that time it was a necessary part of education to know not only the languages of the Continent, but the various Continental styles of writing. New times, however, brought inevitable new fashions, and by the end of the seventeenth century the published copy-books mark a complete change. By that time the English writing-masters had generally adopted the variation of flowing Italian script, which knew no distinctive successor until the appearance of the modern "Civil Service" style. The most notable professor of the modified Italian manner was Edward Cocker, famous

To
Mr Charles Snell Mr George Shelley Mr Robert More
Mr Ralph Snow Mr Thomas Ollyffe Mr John Clark
WRITING MASTERS of LONDON

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WRITING-MASTERS.

for his Arithmetic. Cocker's period of activity extended from about 1657 to 1677, during which time he multiplied books so rapidly as to exasperate his rivals. In the first-named year he published "Plumæ Triumphus," which was followed in 1660 by "The Pen's Transcendency," from which two pages are reproduced in the present article. The following year saw the appearance of "Penna Volans," the title-page of which is also illustrated here. Cocker was not only a fairly good writer, but an expert engraver, preparing his own plates for the press. His "Pen's Perfection" claims to have been engraved on silver, but this has been called in question by experts. The old writing-books are very curious. To describe one of Cocker's is practically to describe all. The next century brought a further change towards simplicity of style, well exemplified by the more imposing works of Bickham, of whom something will be said presently. "The Pen's Transcendency," an oblong quarto, possesses an elaborately flourished title or frontispiece rather more grotesque than beautiful. Within the border Mr. Cocker inscribes this moral stanza—

To all kiud Judges my Endeavors bow,
I'm not conceited but muſt faults allow:
Pray bent too nice my Art is very young,
Then blaſt it not by a too rigid tongue.
Joſeph Nutting
Sculp 1703

PENMANSHIP OF JOHN DUNDAS, JUN., 1703.

The Pen's perfection or Faire Writing's Store-House

*Wherein faire writing to the life's exprest*
*In sundry Copies, clothed with Art's rich vest,*
*By which, with practive, thou mayst gain perfection*
*As th' Heaven-taught Author did, without direction.*

It is, at least, polite to conclude that the last line refers to Mr. Cocker himself. Besides the written title there appears another, printed in red and black by no heaven-taught printer, for the work is villainous. This sets forth in prose the contents and merits of the book, which claims to be "furnished with examples of all the Curious Hands practised in England and the Nations Adjacent, Adorned with a variety of Knots and Flourishes, likewise a Choice Receipt for Ink, and to write with Gold." The directions, as badly printed as the title, occupy about fourteen pages. First the master addressed the reader in the usual "encouraged-by-past-success-I-am-emboldened-again-to-

attempt" strain, only Mr. Cocker puts it even more pompously; he is "encouraged to make larger DISCOVERIES" than any person, to his knowledge, hath formerly done. His conclusion is worthy of his enthusiasm for the flying feather. "The higher," he says, "to wing up your genius to an affection and practice of this rare science, I have given you out of my Fancies' Treasury a Poetical Hecatombe, in Praise and Honour of the Pen." Next follow the directions; the first, how to make a pen. Our great-grandfathers had need to know the art; their great-grandsons are pleased to let it rest, for the mere reading of Mr. Cocker's recipe is tedious and bewildering. Such of us as still love a quill are content to buy it ready-made. Once in a way it might be amusing to follow out Mr. Cocker's directions, but the operation would, one fears, "cut the gentlemen of the goose-green quite out of feather," as Miss Neville says to Tony Lumpkin. Next, Mr. Cocker teaches the use and management of the pen, going on to treat of the various hands, "Cursarie, or mixed Secretary," "Set-secretary, or Engrossing," Roman, and Italian. In the last treatise he has some fine phrases of admiration and blame—such as "the eye-charming form of an Oval" and "a tedious Botchery." The great predecessor of blotting-paper, "Sandrick Powder" or "gum sandrick pulverised," according to Cocker, is noted, and then follows the "choice receipt for ink," so choice to us of a less patient age that one is fain to quote it in full—

"Pour two gallons of rainwater into an earthern stand or vessel that is well leaded or glazed within, and infuse in it two pounds of Gum Arabic, two Pounds of Blew Galls bruised, one Pound of Copperas, and two ounces of Rock Allum; stir it every morning with a stick for ten days, and then you may use it. You may vary the quantity, using the same proportions."

The method of writing in gold anyone who has tried his hand at illumination knows, although perhaps he did not burnish his work, as Mr. Cocker recommends, "with a mastiff dog's tooth." This explained, the master goes on to treat of his "geometrical scheme" of letter formation, engaging to give "so lively and so ample a Demonstration thereof that by whomsoever it shall be read, and ingeniously ruminated, they shall become admirably knowing in the mystery of Fair Writing."

The scheme is set forth in six demonstrations, which conclude with a homily. "And now," says Mr. Cocker, "that you have all this from Me, Let me tell you what will be expected of you (besides the Stationer's Content), and that is, That what I have here delivered, you continually study, and draw the excellencies thereof into practice; so as to be able, if I myself were present with you, and should lay before you a curious unshaded knot consisting of a thousand various turnings, to give every one of those thousand its true Graces, Light, and Life; and when all is done, *Give God the Glory*." From this pious counsel the master immediately turns to offer his "Poetical Hecatombe." Lest it should be thought from this that Cocker lacked humour, it were well to refer the reader to one of his engraved pages, where apes and satyrs "flourish" as border to this sestet—

Not that I thinke our Land or Age wants Apes,
Serpents or Monsters of most horrid shapes
I here have portrayed such fantastics, no,
There's a conceit in't yet not so, but so.
Some may be drawne, as I was by delight
In apish fancies, and so learn to write.

Which, if it shows what humour Mr. Cocker had, shows also just where it stopped short.

It is believed that Cocker died in 1677. In the same period flourished Seddon, an obscure professor, and the more notable John Ayres, who kept a writing-school near St. Paul's, and who seems to have earned the handsome income of £800 a year by the practice of his profession. In his work the beginning of the decadence is evident. Ayres had a pupil of considerable note, George Bickham, whose goodly folio, "The Universal Penman," appeared in 1741, and ran through two editions. The writing is for the most part destitute of florid ornament. The pages are by various hands, Bickham himself contributing only a certain number. The great

number of signatures to the "copy" pages proves the extent to which the profession of writing-master was practised in London. Among the contributors' names occur those of Nathaniel Dove, Master of the Academy at Hoxton; Joseph Champion, Moses Gratwick, Willington Clerk, of Christchurch, Southwark; Gabriel Brooks, William Keppax (whose work is dated 1736), Emanuel Austin, John Bickham, and others of whom little or nothing is known. One of Champion's pages preserves in the tail-piece an odd portrait of the contemporary knife-grinder, with his wheel, sharpening a woodman's bill-hook. From this time forward the number of writing-masters multiplied exceedingly, with a corresponding decline in the prestige of the profession. Among eighteenth-century masters we know the names of Snell, Shelley, More, Snow, Olyffe, John Clark, and John Dundas, junior. A specimen of Dundas's work shows the elaboration of the preceding century, but with a tendency to "niggle." Cocker was, if anything, broader in his handling, if breadth may be at all justly conceded to the "knots and wreaths" and "fantastick shapes" of caligraphy. To what lengths it could be carried, and to what extent it approximated to drawing, may be judged from the accompanying portrait of Henri Quatre by the French master Bedos. The "portrait" obviously possesses more ingenuity than artistic value. It is admirable, however, as an example of what could be done by penmen in those painstaking days. The art is not, however, wholly dead; for very recently an American paper told a "story" of a wonderful life-size portrait of Milton, which consisted of the whole of "Paradise Lost," written by an Italian designer of Modena. This artist, it would seem, rivals the skill of ancient Bales, for not long ago he wrote 776 words in Italian upon a little square of paper the size of a postage-stamp. The story may or may not be authentic. An odd and dubious touch in the account of the Milton portrait was that the writer, having run short of "copy," finished with a portion of "The Sentimental Journey." Had he no copy of "Paradise Regained"? or even a Dante? Prim Mr. Cocker would not have stooped to such an incongruity.

PORTRAIT OF HENRI QUATRE, BY THE FRENCH WRITING-MASTER BEDOS.

WHAT will be Lord Aberdeen's next form of activity, now that he has resigned the Governor-Generalship of Canada? Some say India, but as yet nothing definite has been decided. Lord Aberdeen was one of Mr. Gladstone's great *protégés;* and since 1881, when he became Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, he has been more or less employed in important State affairs. There is no doubt that he made the most popular Lord Lieutenant that Ireland has yet had; and the honorary degrees that the Canadian Universities have showered on him seem to indicate that he has been appreciated in the Dominion.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.*

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,

*Who has Retired from the Governorship of Canada.*

Though Lord Aberdeen is a Gordon, he has little of the dare-devilry of that very vital race, although his elder brother, whom he succeeded in 1870, had that in full measure, for did he not become common sailor, being drowned at sea, under the name of "George Osborne"? Again the father of the first Earl, as gallant a Gordon as ever breathed, was beheaded for baiting the Covenanters. The fourth Earl—that "travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen," whom Byron immortalised—was by far the most distinguished of his race—a man very like Mr. Gladstone in many ways. Lord Aberdeen, who sits in the House of Lords as Viscount Gordon, a title that

LORD ABERDEEN'S AUNT, WHO WAS ONCE MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL, DAUGHTER OF THE GREAT ASTRONOMER.

was conferred on the Premier Earl in 1814, has been spurred into action greatly by his energetic Countess, who is Lord Tweedmouth's sister. Her undoubted ability seems to have been inherited rather by her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who is now eighteen, than by her sons. Lady Marjorie began to distinguish herself at a very early age by editing a little paper called *Wee Willie Winkie*.

Lord Aberdeen's uncle, Sir Arthur Gordon, has added to the family reputation by gaining a peerage (he is Baron Stanmore) for faithful service as a Colonial Governor. Lord Stanmore's brother, Sir Alexander Hamilton Gordon, married Caroline Herschel, the daughter of the first baronet of that name. She is still living.

*Photo by Watmough Webster, Chester.*

THE LITTLE SQUIRE OF HAWARDEN,
WILLIAM GLYNNE CHARLES GLADSTONE.

Another Scottish Earl is very much in the public eye at this moment, for the right of a certain Dakota farmer to the earldom of Caithness is being vigorously disputed. When the fifteenth Earl died, he was succeeded (in the bare title only) by a plain accountant. But now it is argued that this aforesaid fifteenth should never have been Earl. The eighth Earl left at least two sons. The elder became the ninth Earl, and on his death the peerage went to a different branch of the Sinclairs because it was alleged that his brother David had no legitimate issue. But the modern antiquary demonstrates that David was rightfully, if irregularly married, and that his son should have succeeded, whereas he became a common sailor. The latter's descendant, the Rev. John Sinclair, the minister of Kinloch Rannoch, Perthshire, now claims the title on the basis of this discovery. In any case, the present Earl of Caithness would still enjoy a British peerage as Lord Barrogill.

The present popular Archdeacon of London is a scion of another branch of the Sinclairs, those of Ulbster, the most distinguished member of whom was the famous agriculturist of last century, Sir John Sinclair.

The little squire of Hawarden, William Glynne Charles Gladstone, attains his thirteenth birthday this month. He is the only son of the late W. H. Gladstone, the eldest of Mr. Gladstone's sons, his mother being a daughter of Lord Blantyre, who, you know, is a Stuart. His maternal aunt is married to Sir David Baird, the kinsman of the famous fighter of the same name, while his great-aunt is Caroline Countess of Seafield.

A young lady who has figured largely in the public eye lately is Miss Toufrie Lowther, who is a distinguished fencer with foils. She began to learn the difficult art when she was fifteen or sixteen, and has made such progress that she recently defeated a sergeant-instructor at Aldershot. She has challenged the best English exponent of the art to meet her in combat. Miss Lowther is only one-and-twenty.

"A bunch of York Roses": that was what our enterprising Editor entitled the photograph of the little royalties on the opposite page. Certainly these chubby children look thoroughly English. The eldest—our future King—completed his fourth year last month. His Christian names seem to have been selected with a view to summarise his past and his

*Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.*

THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

future — Edward from his paternal and Christian from his maternal grandfather; Albert from his great-grandfather; George for England, Andrew for Scotland, Patrick for Ireland, and David for Wales. His brother, Prince Albert, was born in December 1895, and the only daughter of

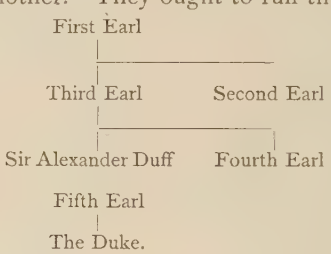
*Photo by Green, Winchester.*

MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

the house, Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice May, is just fifteen months old.

The movement now afoot in Winchester to raise a memorial—in the shape of scholarships for girls—in honour of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge is a timely recognition of a long life of sterling work. Miss Yonge has been writing for fifty-one years, and has given the world over a hundred and twenty stories, the best known of which are "The Daisy Chain" and "The Heir of Redclyffe." Miss Yonge has made lavish use towards philanthropic endeavour of the fortune she has amassed. "Remuneration," she believes, "is only ephemeral." She is deeply interested in mission and educational work, and once equipped a missionary ship for Bishop Selwyn in Melanesia, while she established a missionary college in Auckland. It is curious that Winchester should also have been the home of another woman writer—Jane Austen.

A curious mistake crept into the genealogy of the Duke of Fife's ancestors in last month's issue of this Magazine, and ought to be corrected. Of course the six Earls Fife were not descended from one another. They ought to run thus—




The two sisters Beringer ought to succeed, for their father and mother have plenty of ability in different ways. Mr. Oscar Beringer, who is a native of Baden, is the well-known music-teacher, and leads so busy a life that he has described himself as having "no time to indulge in hobbies." Mrs. Beringer has written one or two striking novels, and she made her mark as a playwright by helping Mrs. Hodgson Burnett to dramatise "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which her younger daughter Vera appeared as his Lordship. Miss Esmé Beringer is one of the few actresses who have played the part of Romeo (to her sister's Juliet). She is very clever in all sorts of stage work.

*Photo by Caswell Smith, Oxford Street.*

MISS ESMÉ AND MISS VERA BERINGER.

# IN MY LIBRARY.

By CLEMENT SHORTER.

New Novels by Mrs. Norman and Mr. Max Pemberton.
Mrs. Hinkson's Poems.

MRS. HENRY NORMAN, whose new novel, "The Crook of the Bough,"* has recently reached me, has already attained considerable repute as an author under her maiden name of Ménie Muriel Dowie. A granddaughter of Robert Chambers—who not only published books but wrote them—and a god-daughter of the late James Payn, Miss Dowie had plenty of literary atmosphere surrounding her early years, and it was not, therefore, surprising to her friends that when she enshrined an adventurous little trip in a book, under the title of "A Girl in the Carpathians," that book should have had an abundant success. "A Girl in the Carpathians" was one of those brightly written narratives of which the most popular example is perhaps Robert Louis Stevenson's "With a Donkey in the Cevennes"—books in which a remarkable absence of incident does not preclude a delightful flavour of adventure.

Since Miss Dowie has been the wife of Mr. Henry Norman, the well-known traveller and journalist, she has published at least one popular novel, "Gallia"; and now "The Crook of the Bough" presents us once again with a number of those problems of sex upon which Mrs. Norman likes to be heard. The problem she presents is that of a girl, living to the full a life of independence, throwing over all the fashions of an older world with regard to woman's place in the home, speaking on public platforms, assisting her brother—who is a member of Parliament—in all his literary and political projects, and so on. Islay Netherdale—for this is the girl's name—travels in the East, and finds herself wooed by a young Turkish officer. The story of that love-making is admirably told—told with a freshness and an intellectual grip which few among our younger writers could equal. Hassan, however—the Turk in question—follows his betrothed to England, where she has been attempting to fit herself to become the wife of an Oriental. When the Turkish officer meets her again, she is a conventional woman, more in line with the women with whom he has long been familiar in the Eastern world. The sequel can perhaps be guessed. We may not all agree with Mrs. Norman's solution of the problem, but her book, at any rate, is an intensely suggestive and interesting one.

Another novel which has given me a great deal of pleasure during the last few weeks is Mr. Max Pemberton's "Kronstadt."† Mr. Pemberton has made rapid climbs up the ladder of literary fame during the past seven years or so. The first book of his that I read—"The Iron Pirate"—absorbed my attention from cover to cover, and I looked upon its author as in the succession to

* "The Crook of the Bough." By Ménie Muriel Dowie. (Methuen.)

† "Kronstadt." By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)

*Photo by Mendelssohn*

MRS. HENRY NORMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE CROOK OF THE BOUGH."

R. M. Ballantyne and W. H. G. Kingston—writers who had delighted my boyhood. To be a writer of popular boys' books seemed, and still seems to me, no small distinction. I am not sure that I would not as soon have the position held by Mr. G. A. Henty as that of many writers whose novels are eagerly inquired after by young women at circulating libraries. However, Mr. Pemberton was not content with these laurels, and in "A Puritan's Wife" and "Christine of the Hills," he proved clearly that he would have to be taken account of among the writers of romantic fiction. He has, however, never done anything, in my judgment, half as good as "Kronstadt." The story holds one steadily. There is the girl-governess in the family of a Russian General, wandering on the ramparts of the impregnable fortress, pretending entire ignorance of all things military, and seemingly keenly interested only in the flirtation of the hour, yet carefully taking notes of every characteristic of the defences. There is her discovery, trial, and imprisonment, her flight with her lover, and finally, certain scenes in London, which make up a book so dramatic that I venture to hope that Mr. Pemberton may yet see a play based upon it among the successes of stageland in the early future.

It is always a pleasant sight to see husband and wife enthusiastically engaged in literary pursuits, and in this connection I note one volume by Mr. Hinkson and another by his wife, who is best known as Katharine Tynan. Mr. Hinkson had already written "Golden Lads and Girls" and "O'Grady of Trinity." His new story, "Up for the Green,"* is an account of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. It does not deal, as other novels treating of that Rebellion have done, with the famous historical figures of the crisis—of Wolfe Tone, of Emmett, of Lord Edward FitzGerald: it rather attempts to portray sidelights of the famous Irish struggle. I am not sure that this was altogether wise. Mr. Hinkson has not taken account of the inherent love of hero-worship in the human temperament. His own countrymen, I am sure, would be well content to read more than one novel—and perhaps more than a dozen—in which their hearts were made to go out in sympathy to the heroic and picturesque figures who led the Irish National movement just a hundred years ago. We in England, also, without respect of parties, are at a mental stage at which we would willingly receive some measure of education in Irish history, for Ireland is the one country the history of which many of us, who know Motley's "Dutch Republic," Kitchin's "France," Sime's "Germany," and scores of other popular historical handbooks, have not studied. We would willingly read something about Irish history if we could have it presented to us in the pleasant form of fiction, as we have read so much of Scottish history—or what purports to be Scottish history—in the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps Mr. Hinkson, however, will yet write another book on the Irish Rebellion.

Meanwhile, no word but that of praise can be given to Miss Tynan's "The Wind in the Trees."† It is a breezy little book of country sentiment; "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," "Cuckoo's Way," "Of the Apple," are titles of some of the charming lyrics which make up a volume produced in Mr. Grant Richards's daintiest manner. The title is to be regretted, however, because it has long been announced that Mr. W. B. Yeats has in the hands of his publishers a volume of verse entitled, the "Wind Among the Reeds," and some confusion may arise concerning the rival volumes of these two accomplished Irish poets. Mrs. Hinkson's book, by the way, is dedicated to "Alice Meynell, *sweeter than summer*." Never, surely, before was a woman so popular with her brother and sister writers as is Mrs. Meynell. This is about the third dedication of a book to her that I have seen within the last few weeks.

* "Up for the Green." By H. A. Hinkson. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

† "The Wind in the Trees." By Katharine Tynan. (Grant Richards.)

MAUD.

*Pictured by Alfred Ellis.*

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# JACK STARBUCK OF NANTUCKET.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

JACK STARBUCK had never been inside a theatre. Neither had his father before him, and it is probable that a long line of seafaring ancestors had never, by so much as a thought, countenanced such a sinful and frivolous entertainment.

Yet Jack Starbuck stood before a large coloured lithograph representing a young woman in a low-cut gown, seemingly unable to resist its fascination.

Jack would be twenty-four years old come Christmas Day, and five of those years he had spent on the high seas. Many a vision of beauty he had seen in foreign lands, and many a comely maid of Nantucket had smiled upon him rosily. Still, as he gazed at the pictured face pinned up in the window of Hiram Folger's "hardware" shop, he said in his heart that its loveliness was beyond any he had ever looked upon.

It was but a poorly executed daub, with a crude wash of Naples yellow spread over the waving hair, and a crimson bravery adorning lips and cheeks, a trifle ragged at the edges. And yet the great brown eyes that gazed softly at him from under shadowy lashes! Were ever eyes of woman so lovely, or so sad? Was it possible that the small straight nose and tender mouth, with a wistful droop at the corners, could truthfully represent the features of a living woman — a woman breathing the very air which her beauty caused him to draw unevenly? For beneath the lithograph was pasted a notice setting forth that the English actress, Miss Zephine Dayton, supported by her powerful company, would on that night and the next appear as "Galatea," and the "Lady of Lyons," at the Nantucket Athenæum. The notice also advised its readers that this was an announcement extraordinary. Never had Nantucket been favoured as it was now about to be, by the appearance of this beautiful and talented young actress from London.

Full ten good minutes did Jack Starbuck squander in eye-service of the gaudy presentment. Possibly he might have lingered even longer, had not his friend Dick Coffin accosted him, soliciting his company for a stroll down Main Street.

"I guess that's a fine gal, if she's any like her picture," observed Dick Coffin carelessly. But for some reason, Jack Starbuck felt aggrieved by his friend's comment, and vouchsafed no reply.

Dick, unaware of his punishment, continued.

"She an' her whole troupe's stoppin' at the Veranda House, Alf Folger says. He's seen 'em, and allows they're a better-lookin' lot than most show folks that comes to th' Island. I guess I'll go round to th' theatre to-night. What do you say?"

"I don' know," responded Jack sheepishly. "My folks have never been theatre-goers."

"No more ain't mine. But I've got a sorter notion to go this time."

"When I used to live at home last, there wasn't many troupes came here. Not two a year, I guess," said Jack thoughtfully. He was wondering whether he, too, had a strong enough "notion" to carry him to the theatre. But, should he decide on going, a curious internal something informed him distinctly that Dick's society would be uncongenial. He might drop in late, perhaps, and take a seat at the back, or—but Dick was talking,

and Jack had not heard a word that he had said.

"The last show we had, there wasn't a baker's dozen in the house," Dick was finishing. "And it's most always so. The summer folks 'd rather spend the evenin' outdoors, and now it 's so late in the year, there ain't many city birds left. But I reckon the show people hope fur better luck—or else they ain't got nowhere else to go."

"I reckon," responded Jack mechanically. All day he thought of the face in the picture. He lounged about the streets longer than was his wont, even making an errand to the Veranda House, but among the few whom the cold weather had not frightened from the hotel "piazzas," he could not find the one he sought.

That night at supper, old Captain Starbuck challenged his son to a game of chess. Now Jack was on shore solely for his father's sake, because, little as the retired sea-captain relished flying the colours of an invalid, he was in fact "ailing," and wanted "the boy" in Nantucket. Jack's mother had felt the need of him too, in her anxiety; and even lacking her sly hints as to the most tactful methods of humouring his father, he would have held himself ready to comply with the old man's lightest whim.

But to-night, the very fact that he was required for duty sent a wayward yearning thrilling through his pulses. Perhaps his expression made the captain ask: "Had ye set yer mind on anythin' outside, boy?"

"No, nothin' particular, father," Jack answered ruefully. But his face belied his words, and the sea-dog was not to be deceived.

"Look here, I ain't a child, to be humoured," said he, with a growl which meant a twinge of rheumatism. "Go yer ways, an' now I think on it, ye can git me a packet o' tobaccy fur my pipe. You know the kind I use, an' I 'll hev no other."

Thus fortune favoured Jack, and almost before he realised what he was doing, he found himself inside the doors of the little theatre. Often, as a boy, he had come to the Athenæum, for there was the museum, containing the giant whale's jaw, the models of famous ships, and all the marvellous trophies of sea and distant shore in which he had delighted. But for him the "theatre part" was an undiscovered country. The curtain was up and the play had begun when he entered. He could not understand what it was all about. A man and a woman, in clothes which seemed to him outlandish, were talking on the stage, and he began to fear that he had deceived himself. The company had perhaps bought the beautiful picture to attract people to their plays, while no original existed. He was meditating departure, when a large curtain at the back of the stage was drawn apart, and the whole world, real as well as mimic, was changed for Jack Starbuck. No longer were the lights dim, the stage settings old and dilapidated. He saw only a lovely statue—a statue which presently moved, and lived, and spoke in a low, sweet voice, which appealed to his simple heart, as if in a new language. After it was all over, and he knew he could see her no more, because everybody was going away, he wandered home, half dazed, and through the night and next day was lost in a maze of waking dreams—until it was time again for the theatre.

How real it all was to him on this occasion! How he felt with Claude, and envied him, and execrated him, and how glad he was when Pauline was happy at last! Yet the gladness was fleeting, and tinged with a vague sadness such as he had never known. And when the curtain had shut her face away from him for the last time he walked slowly and thoughtfully through the darkness of night to the water-side.

As he stood gazing into the black, unquiet ocean, with crowding masts like a network between his eyes and the wind-swept sky, two figures approached and stood within a few yards of him, unconscious of his presence. Jack would have moved away, seeing that they were women, had not a voice arrested him.

It was the voice in which Pauline had spoken to her lover.

"Oh, Cassie!" it sighed. "Why could you not have let me come here alone?"

"Because I knew you were a little fool," another voice returned—brutally, it seemed to Jack Starbuck. "Don't you suppose I guessed you had a reason for wanting to be alone?"

"I—wanted the darkness, and the cold salt wind, and the peacefulness, without the need of speaking to anyone."

"That's what you say. But I know better. You thought nobody would see you in the dark, whatever happened."

"Oh, Cassie! how I wish I were dead! You all used to be fond of me, and kind to me, and call me the 'English Rose.' But now——!" There was a sob in the voice which cut Jack Starbuck like a knife. He knew he had no right to hear such words—he knew he ought not to remain. And yet he could not go. Yet it was not that he would yield weakly to mere curiosity.

"It's your own fault that we don't feel as we did. You've got us into trouble, and you won't get us out, when you can as well as not. You ought to think of the good of the many. But you know I've stood by you better than any of the others."

"Oh, yes; you are good to me. But am I not in sore trouble too?—so sore, that I would gladly end it all in that black water."

"You know how to end it, in a way that would do everybody more good than that."

"By spoiling my whole life? And you wouldn't care—none of you would care."

"It's the only thing to do. Telegraph to-morrow. We can't stay on here, but we can't get away without paying. What else is there to be done?"

"Oh, I don't know! I'll think it over again. I—I'll do my best for you." And then, with a despairing lifting of both hands above its head, the dark figure turned quickly, going toward the town. The other followed, but Jack Starbuck stood still, thinking. Nothing was clear to him, save that she was in trouble, and he meant to help her. How he did not know; but there must be a way, and he would find it.

That night he scarcely slept. Many plans occurred to him, only to be dismissed again. In the morning he went to the Veranda House.

"Are Miss Dayton's people gone yet?" he inquired, shamefacedly but steadily.

"No, nor likely to be," was the surly answer. "Their manager's gone off by this morning's boat, and left 'em without anybody to pay their bills, so they say. Something's got to be done about it pretty quick, for we ain't the folks to keep 'em here for nothin'."

"No," said Jack slowly. "But just let 'em stay a day or two without making any fuss. If it doesn't come all right, I'll—be responsible for 'em."

"*You?*" Only the one word, but it meant a great deal. It meant: "You, the son of Captain Starbuck and a church-going Methodist mother, guarantee to pay the bills of a parcel of worthless actors?"

But Jack's honest eyes were looking steadily into those of Ben Rogers, the hotel proprietor, and the latter might have experienced some difficulty in uttering his whole thought.

"Friend of any of the folks?" he did venture to ask, after a moment's hesitation.

"Perhaps. But anyhow, you think it over, and don't talk of it outside. I mean what I say. An' I guess you know who I am."

And Jack was on his way to the "office" door.

* * * *

"Say, some feller's wired money to pay the show folks' bills, all but Miss Dayton's. She's what they call the 'star,' you know. An' they're goin' by the afternoon boat,' said Ben Rogers, meeting Jack Starbuck in the street next day. "We gave 'em back their trunks, which we'd took for security. I thought ye'd like to know somebody'd lifted th' responsibility off your shoulders."

"And she—Miss Dayton—is she going with them?" Jack faltered.

"No. Didn't I tell ye her bills wasn't paid? Nobody's said much about her. She's to stay till she gets money to pay, I guess. But we've got both her trunks, which is middlin' big, so we're all right for a few days."

"Give her the trunks," Jack commanded, with a crimson face. "Don't let her know

why. But I'll step round and pay her bill, and you slip a ticket for the boat into her hand—and—and a bit over, so she can go with the others, will you?"

"All right," responded Mr. Rogers. He thought he was beginning to see into the mystery, and his eyes twinkled.

When Jack knew that the boat had sailed from the Island, he went to the Veranda House. He would have been thankful to see her face again, but he feared that Mr. Rogers might clumsily have betrayed his secret, and besides, a certain inexplicable delicacy of feeling would in any case have kept him away. A curious hush lay over the hotel when he entered. A few people stood whispering together in groups, and a white-haired doctor, who had attended Jack's childish ailments, conversed in low tones with Rogers at the desk.

Jack wondered what could have happened.

"It's going to hurt my house, that's what I think of," he heard Ben Rogers say in answer to some remark from his companion. "I guess some other place has got to be found fur her."

A strange presentiment knocked coldly at Jack Starbuck's heart. "What is the matter?" he inquired.

"A young woman has tried to take her own life," said the doctor. "I'm thankful to say, however, that we've been able to prevent a tragedy. She is still in a low state, mentally and physically, and I've been telling Mr. Rogers that in common humanity he should do his best to make her comfortable."

"Who—is she?" breathed Jack.

"Miss Dayton, an English actress. There's no use now in trying to keep it secret. It's all over Nantucket by this time, I've no doubt, and I shouldn't wonder if the town crier wasn't shouting it by night," said the doctor, alluding to that survival of an ancient Nantucket custom, not without a grim sense of humour.

"A telegram's just come for her," observed Mr. Rogers. "I wonder if we'd oughter open it?"

"Let it alone!" cried Jack angrily. "I'm her friend. She is to have the best of care—the best of everything—do you hear me?"

"All right, Jack, o' course I hear. An' I guess I understand." Ben Rogers was not a native of Nantucket, and it was not given him to read the heart of the honest young islander aright.

There was an old-fashioned garden behind Captain Starbuck's house, with gravelled paths, bordered with box, and boasting a wealth of flowers in endless and exquisite variety. Hollyhocks grew along the high "board fence," and there were rows of tall white lilies, fading now as the summer died. Late roses there were, too, and beds of spicy "grass pinks," Mrs. Starbuck's especial pride.

As evening fell, Jack stole out into the dewy fragrance, guiltily tiptoeing along the various pathways, and never resting till his hands were filled with lilies and pinks, roses, verbena and mignonette, all bunched clumsily together. It was easy enough to bribe one of the small black inhabitants of Nantucket's "Guinea" to carry this posy to the hotel for Miss Dayton, and she need never guess whence it came.

His heart was full of thanksgiving that the tortured soul—tortured he knew not how—had been held within the bonds of its mortality. He could do nothing to show forth this feeling, save to send the flowers, and to go next morning and inquire for her welfare. By the "office" desk lounged a stranger, who stared at Jack as if he were but an awkward country lout, to be regarded as a curiosity.

"I've been expecting you, Mr.—er—Starbuck," said the stranger, whose face Jack did not like. "Step out into the verandah with me a moment, will you?"

It was now the young sailor's turn to stare, but he did as he was requested.

"You're a native of Nantucket, aren't you?" queried the new-comer contemptuously.

"Yes. I'm a native." Jack lifted his handsome head proudly. "What do you want with me?"

"Are you the man who paid Miss Dayton's bill?"

"What right have you got to ask me?"

IN AN INSTANT THE SPEAKER WAS SPRAWLING ON THE GROUND.

"What right had you to do it?"

By this time both men eyed each other fiercely.

"I'll answer none of your damned lubberly questions!" shouted Jack, forgetting prudence, forgetting his whereabouts, and employing the convenient vernacular of his home, the sea.

"I'll make you answer them fast enough!"

"Try it! But one thing I'll tell you, or anybody — that I never spoke to Miss Dayton in my life."

"You're a liar, you impudent sea-carrion!"

In an instant the speaker was sprawling his length upon the ground, and in another a crowd had apparently risen out of the earth to watch the little drama.

Even in quiet Nantucket it does not take long to bring together a group of eager, curious men.

"What's the meanin' of all this?" questioned Ben Rogers and Hiram Folger.

"The meanin' is that this man doesn't understand Nantucket manners," Jack explained grimly, as his late antagonist was assisted to his feet.

"An' you've ben givin' him a lesson?"

"Just so. And now he can make what he likes of it, so far as I'm concerned. There's jest one name he's got to keep out o' his mouth, though, or I'll knock it down his throat, an' his teeth after it, that's all."

"I'll have the law of you for this," the stranger growled as he adjusted his deranged attire and picked up his "citified" silk hat, which had rolled along the verandah. "And it'll be before you're many hours older."

"Soon as you like," Jack returned. And as he looked at the mean face, with its evasive eyes and cruel mouth, scarcely hidden by a thin sandy moustache, he experienced for the first time in his life the poignant stab of hatred.

"I call everybody to witness that I asked this fellow a civil question, and you saw how he answered it," the stranger said.

"The way you asked it only left one kind o' answer," Jack responded as the man walked off, probably intent on carrying out his threat.

"Thet's as may be," grumbled Ben Rogers. "But I wish, when ye want to fight, you'd find some place besides my hotel to do it in." He might have gone further with his reproaches had not Jack been the son of the rich old retired sea-captain.

But the Starbuck family was held in respect throughout Nantucket.

"How is Miss Dayton?" questioned Jack when the crowd had dispersed as it had come.

"I don' know. Not much better, I guess. But say, that reminds me, my wife wants to speak to you, Jack."

"I'll find her," said the young sailor, who knew the ways of the hotel.

Nancy Rogers was a Nantucketer, and a good soul. Jack had felt sure that the actress would not lack for kindness at her hands.

He found her overseeing the manufacture of the day's pastry. "Look here, Jack," said she, brushing the flour from her hands and motioning her guest towards the dining-room, "I wanted to talk to ye about that poor gel who tried t' kill herself; the Lord forgive her fur her sin!"

"Well, what about her?" queried Jack.

"She's a play-actress, an' I shouldn't 'a s'posed I'd 'a had so much sympathy fur her. But she has got the appealin'est ways! And when that ugly, hang-faced feller came after her yest'day, an' sent up word he must see her, why she jest went right out o' her head like!

"She talked awful, not realisin' what she said, an' I made out the man had sent money t' git the troupe away, an' now he was comin' round expectin' her t' pay him off by marryin' him. I guess it had been a promise, but she'd never 'a said out as much if she'd had her senses, fur she's bin awful close-mouthed since she came." As Mrs. Rogers talked she had watched Jack's changing face uneasily.

"The reason I'm tellin' all this," she went on, "is 'cause I thought ye might 'a met the gal afore, in some trip when you was fust mate of the *Mary Coffin*, though I *must* say, whatever your poor mother'd dew, if she know'd ye was payin' money fur a play-actress, is more than I kin tell! Howsoever"—and Mrs. Rogers picked nervously at a mosquito-netting which protected one of the tables—"ef ye are acquainted with any o' the gal's folks in England ye'd better write 'em what a fix she's in. It's pretty clear this man's got some power over her, and whatever her faults may be, bein' on the stage, an' the likes o' thet, she's a young gal, an' it don't go with my conscience to see any harm come to her."

Neither did it go with Jack's conscience. And he had not even the right of a friend to interfere.

"I don't know as much about her as I wish I did," he said, with true Nantucket caution. "But I think I see a way out o' this trouble. I'll come round again and tell you in an hour or so."

Jack had spoken truly. He did "see a way out," but whether his people could be brought to see it also, was a different matter.

He knew what his mother would be doing. It was her hour in the garden, and there he found her—a slip of a husband, and after both, came her flowers. It was a good omen for Jack that he should have found her in the garden.

He plucked a sprig of geranium, and thrust the stem through the big brooch set with the braided hair of her dead children, which she always wore at her breast.

HE THRUST THE STEM THROUGH THE BIG BROOCH.

woman, with an ancient bloom in her cheeks, and grey hair, neatly folded over her ears. She carried a pair of shears in one hand, and held together her apron, flower-filled, with the other. Jack was the youngest of three boys, and neither of his brothers had lived to see manhood. Next to him, Mrs. Starbuck loved her

"That's just the colour of your cheeks, mother," he said, and the slip of a woman blushed at the compliment. "You've got a young face, dear, and a young heart too," he went on. "It's so young that I guess there's lots of pity and kindness for everybody in it, as well as for me. Isn't there?"

"I hope so, boy," she answered him, smiling, and wondering a little.

Then he told her what was the thing he would have her do for him. With what simple eloquence he had, he set before her the picture of a young girl, ill, helpless, friendless, with some strange plot against her peace of mind.

"She's a stranger to me, mother," he said, with passionate frankness, "but I know she's a good girl. I'd stake my life on it, or I wouldn't ask you to have her in your house—for that's what I do ask you. She's a play-actress, and her ways are different from our ways, but who's to say they are not as good? Just think, mother; maybe it's a life you can save, maybe even more. For you can save her if you'll take her away—I know you can."

Thus he talked on with his arm thrown across his mother's frail shoulders—his honest face on fire with enthusiasm.

How she was finally persuaded, the little woman could not have told. Take a stranger into her peaceful household—a woman of the theatre, too? The bare thought was a mental earthquake. But she was persuaded at last. And she even set about the task of helping Jack to win the consent of his father, a task also difficult of accomplishment.

It was in his favour that both the old hearts were themselves too clean and honest to admit a suspicion of his motives. He was their son. They had known him for more than twenty-three years. He had never been ashamed to look into their faces. That was enough. And all their reasonings against his desire Jack found a way to silence.

To the girl whose name appeared on the play-bills as Zephine Dayton, the present seemed a dream. It was only the past which was real, and that was far away. She had kept her promise. She had done her best for the people who accused her of bringing this trouble upon them. Then she had realised what the consequences must be for herself. She thought continually, with her hot hands pressed against her hotter brows, and the thoughts brought such horror that life seemed too hateful for her to bear. She knew where escape lay. It was in the chloral which she kept and took sometimes for sleeplessness. Far away in dear old England, when she had been lighthearted and surrounded with friends, the physician had given it to her. She had done what she could for the members of her company. Surely now she had a right to choose whether death were better, or life. And there was no one who would care. Friendship had been proved a dream, and she was alone. She had mixed the chloral with water—a potion to kill. She had looked at it long, trembling between the fear of life and the dread of ending it. She had offered a prayer, not finding excuses for her sin, but begging—if it were possible—forgiveness. The mixture had been bitter as she drank it, and soon it had given her unconsciousness. This would have been the end had not a maid, bringing something to the room, been frightened at the marble face of the sleeper, and called assistance. It had seemed good to the girl known as Zephine Dayton to die, and thus to be hurried back into life again was horrible. To have tried to die, and failed even in that! She felt that whatever element of dignity — of tragedy—might have been in her fate was brought to bathos. She was a mere selfish, cowardly woman, who had made a scene for a curious crowd to gossip about. She was a disturber of the public peace. She had had no right to court death in the house of strangers. She writhed under her sense of shame and helpless misery. She hated the medicines which were to bring her strength, she hated the little lumps upon her arms into which brandy had been injected and saved her life.

Then the man had come, and insisted upon his right to see her. After that she remembered nothing. Only a motherly face had shone upon her, sometimes out of a ruddy mist, and she had talked to it. She could hear herself talking—always talking—and yet she did not know what were the words she said.

Something dreadful was going to happen. The motherly face would save her if it

could. But then it had no body. It was only a face, in the red mist.

At last there came a time when she knew that someone was putting on her clothes and wrapping her in shawls. She was carried down many stairs and laid in a curious old coach, whose like she had never seen. A good many people stood watching in the road, but she did not care. They had stupid faces. There were cracks in the stones of the pavement, with moss and grass sprouting up between.

She could see them, as her face hung over somebody's shoulder. Inside the coach there was twilight and a musty smell. She wondered if there were spiders, but she thought it would be troublesome to ask. She heard a voice—like the voice which belonged to the face in the mist—and it asked a question.

"Wasn't it lucky that *he* wasn't anywhere around?"

Then a deeper voice said in a low tone—

"I guess I wouldn't have had much trouble getting rid of *him*."

She wondered whose trouble it was, and concluded it must be hers, since she alone in all the world knew what real trouble could be. And then her tears began dropping slowly, while somebody wiped them away, and she heard a quick sigh, which seemed to come from another part of the carriage.

There was a good deal of jolting over stones, and it hurt her head, so that she was very glad to stop. There was a big square white wooden house, with a great many windows, all alike, having small panes of glass, and green outside shutters. There was a platform on the top of the house, with a railing round it. She wondered if the people could see Heaven from the platform, and she laughed—but she remembered that it must be there that they looked for ships. Someone was carrying her up a white path, and she could hear the rattling of gravel. There were sweet scents, and flowers and bushes all around her, which swam in a maze of vivid colours before her eyes. A wide door stood open, and there was green, cool darkness inside. A figure—such a tiny, slim figure—stood out clearly against this darkness, and a voice said, "Poor child! Poor lamb!" Then her own tears came in torrents. She heard herself crying, "I want my mother—oh, I want my mother!" and she wept the more, because she knew that her mother had been buried in far distant Devonshire, when she was a little girl.

Still weeping, she was put to bed in a large, light room, with four windows. The bed-linen was cool, and smelt of lavender. She did not wonder about anything, after that. She felt that her hot, tear-stained face was being bathed, and she thought there must be rose-leaves in the water. Someone was very good to her. Nobody had been good to her for a long, long time. There was a sense of peace and purity and rest about this large white place. It seemed that no evil could reach out and grasp her here. And then she fell asleep.

When she awoke, she smiled into an old, fresh-hued face, with bands of dove-coloured hair folded round it. And the face smiled back at her.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"I guess it's near about five o'clock," answered the face. *This* face had a body. A little, thin body, dressed all in black, with a broad crochetted collar. And there were bright knitting-needles in the small, veiny hands. There was a background of straight, high-backed mahogany chair, and the face beamed pleasantly upon Zephine Dayton.

"What day is it?"

"Tuesday, my dear."

"Why"—a flood of recollection overwhelming her—"it was Thursday when—oh, it must be Thursday still."

"You've been having such a nice long rest," explained the little old lady. "You've rested here, in this house, ever since last Thursday. Isn't that a nice long rest?"

"Oh! Here—in this house? What house?"

"Just a—friend's house. We thought you'd maybe feel happier here, and get well faster, so we—my son—brought you here, from the hotel."

"And *he*—the man, you know, who came to see me that last day?"

"There ain't any man in this whole town thet's agoin' to bother ye." And the little old lady nodded reassuringly over her knitting-work.

"I went to sleep thinking that someone was being so kind to me, and now I wake up and find it is true."

The world-worn actress closed her eyelids, and as the simple old Nantucketer looked down on the white and delicate profile, her heart was quickened to tenderness. She was glad that the "poor lamb" had been given shelter within her fold.

"The boy was right," she told herself. "I guess he most generally is."

* * * *

She was propped up against pillows on the curious cushioned sofa, with its covering and vallance of flowered chintz, to which Mrs. Starbuck alluded as the "settee." An ugly green carpet lay on the sitting-room floor; numerous high-backed chairs were ranged grimly along the walls; a "what-not," adorned with gorgeous shells and branches of coral, stood in one corner, a cabinet, filled with foreign curiosities and surmounted by the model of a ship, faced it in another. The wall was papered with the counterfeit presentment of many vessels under full sail, which made no pretence of matching at the edges. There were pictures of more ships in big gilt frames, and portraits done in oils of Captain Starbuck and his bride, with wooden hands, and a solemn stare in their dull eyeballs. It would have seemed but a dreary interior had it not been for the flower-laden table, drawn near the fireplace, where sparkled the rose and violet blaze of driftwood, and the capacious rocking-chairs, which creaked out a time-tried welcome for Captain and Mrs. Starbuck. A delicious fragrance of infusing tea and crisply browning muffins was wafted to the invalid as she nestled among her pillows.

It was a week since full consciousness had returned to her. For three days she had been carried downstairs at tea-time, and Jack Starbuck's strong arms had found her a light burden.

He had been a revelation, a new specimen of manhood, to the actress. She had never seen anyone at all like the big, shy, sunbrowned young sailor. Through his mother's fond gossip, she had learned how he had constituted himself her knight in her time of need, and her soul went out to him in gratitude. If she had chanced to meet him in happier days and under ordinary circumstances, she might only have recognised in him a fine-looking, countrified young man, far removed from her own sphere, and it is possible that she might even have smiled good-naturedly at his big hands, rough clothes, odd way of speaking, and bashful manner. But now it was different. He had unobtrusively shown her that all men were not cruel and wicked, using their superior power only to intimidate helpless women, for so her sorrowful experience had lately taught her to regard mankind. She was thinking gratefully of Jack when he entered, on tiptoe at first, and then more noisily when he saw that she was not sleeping. He had brought her a novel, fearing that she had wearied with his mother's annuals and Books of Beauty.

"Father and mother will be going to meeting to-night, I guess," he said, "and I thought maybe you'd let me read out loud to you—unless you'd rather go upstairs."

"I should love to hear you read if it wouldn't trouble you," she replied.

"*Trouble?*" Jack laughed joyously.

And then Mrs. Starbuck came in from the kitchen, calling the captain from his "constitutional" in the garden, and Hannah, the apple-cheeked maid, who was "most like one o' the fam'ly," brought the tea-things, flanked by various substantial viands sacred to Nantucket.

Later, the cracked sweetness of the old church bells smote the air, and Mrs. Starbuck, in the quaintest of bonnets and finest of Indian shawls, went away by the side of her tall, lame old husband.

"I declare," exclaimed the little dame, as the captain's cane clanked against the stone pavement, "it's a wonderful thing how quick ye kin git t' love a stranger body. You'd never dream that sweet-spoken

little critter was a play-actress. She 's that grateful, she brings the tears up in my eyes a dozen times a day. I 'm sure I don't know what will become o' us all when she goes away."

"No need t' begin talkin' o' that yet awhile," said the captain testily, for the small sad face of his young guest had appealed to him from the first with the power which weakness wields over strength.

Left alone with the invalid, Jack would have found himself tongue-tied if the words of the novelist had not stood him in good stead. He read on until he fancied his monotonous tones had lulled his companion to sleep. But, turning, he found her large eyes fixed upon his face.

"I 've tired you! I ain't much of a reader, I know," he said uneasily.

"I 'm not tired," she replied. "I was only thinking, and if you don't mind, I 'll tell you some of my thoughts. I 've wanted to speak for days, but your mother always stopped me, and said I must wait till I was well. I 'm well now, and I should like to say something to *you*."

There was a slight emphasis on the last word, which quickened the beating of his heart.

"You 've all been so good to me," she went on, "you, more than anyone. Oh, don't stop me! I wonder what made you do it? But that isn't what I want to speak of first. Do you know, you haven't even heard my real name? Zephine Dayton was only for America and the stage. I am really Barbara Lincoln. I should like you all to call me Barbara, till—I go away. There are other things I should be glad to say about myself, but I must ask you what became of—*that man*. At first I was so weak, and so at peace here, I scarcely thought of him, but now everything has come back. Has he gone away really? Will he return by and by?"

"No," Jack answered promptly, "he won't bother you again—the coward!"

"Then he must have been persuaded—been paid back the money he advanced, because I—I promised something. Who paid him? *You?*"

Jack flushed painfully. "You see," he stammered, "I got into a little row with him when I first saw him, and he went to law about it. But things kind of ran against him, and—some more things came out before the lawyers, so I got a good chance to scare him, and he sneaked away from Nantucket for good."

"But the money he 'd spent in backing the company, and then in paying all the bills—did he say nothing about that?"

"Ye—es." Jack fidgeted in his chair. "That was part of it. But we made it all right at last."

"*You* paid him—I know it!"

"Well, if I did—it wasn't much, and—and—if you only knew how—how *thunderin'* glad I was to do it you 'd never say another word. Please—please don't speak of it. You—it does hurt me so, Miss—Barbara."

She looked at him with luminous eyes. "Another time you will let me speak, perhaps. There is no use in my thanking you. You understand."

"It wasn't anything," Jack repeated doggedly.

There was a pause, and the tall clock in the corner struck the hour of eight. Very soon Captain and Mrs. Starbuck would return from church, and supper-time would come.

"I should like to explain a few things to you," the girl said chokingly. "I 'm sure you don't think badly of me or you wouldn't have brought me to your mother's house. But you are charitable—when you know I tried to kill myself. Everything was so hard! I was far from my own country, and that man had once pretended to be such a friend. He had put money in our company, but I think now he believed all along that we should fail, and that he would have me in his power. He said he would send no more money, unless I promised to marry him—and I sold all my jewellery, but it was not enough, not nearly enough. The people in the company soon found out how it was, and those who had been my friends were so no longer, for they said I was selfish—that I had got them into trouble, and must help them out, no matter what happened to me. I was nearly mad, and—you know the rest." Her voice broke, and she

buried her face among the pillows, which bulged protectingly around her golden head.

What would Jack Starbuck not have given if he might have touched, ever so lightly, one stray curl? But he sat rocking miserably to and fro, pulling his fingers, and tracing the pattern in the carpet with his ungainly fashioned boots.

And then Captain Starbuck's voice was heard at the front door.

* * * *

"A letter for Miss Zephine Dayton."

Jack held a businesslike-looking envelope in his hand.

Barbara Lincoln had been filling the captain's pipe, and when this task was finished, she meant to read aloud such news as might have strayed into the Nantucket paper. For it had come to pass in the six weeks during which she had been an inmate of his house, that an exceeding tenderness for the young girl had filled the old man's heart, and it was sweet to him that she should minister to all his trifling requirements.

A letter for Zephine Dayton! During the past few weeks "Zephine Dayton" had been well-nigh forgotten by the Starbucks, Barbara Lincoln alone living in their thoughts and affections.

Barbara handed the captain his pipe. Then she walked to the farthest window with her letter. Jack and his father eyed her wistfully. How did it happen that she should have a letter? Who knew that she might be addressed in care of Captain Abinadab Starbuck, Nantucket? And would the missive bring her tidings good or ill?

She had nothing to say, however, when she had read the letter, merely putting it quietly away in her pocket.

But that night, at the supper-table, after maintaining an unusual silence throughout the meal, she spoke at last.

"I must tell you," she said sadly, "that I shall have to go away in a few days."

"Go away?" The echo of her words came from all three of the Starbucks—and Hannah, at the dining-room door.

"Yes. It had to come some time, though I have been so happy. It was too good to last. I could not be always—I mean, I knew I must go to work again. So I wrote to the dramatic agent in New York who got me my first American engagement. I wrote nearly three weeks ago, and he has answered saying he can offer me something—not very good, but it is better than to be idle and—dependent."

The Starbucks were not a family of many words. They thought much and talked little, like most Nantucketers. When Barbara had told her news silence fell upon the group. But nobody cared for any more supper. By and by Barbara slipped away to her own room. Everyone felt sure that now she would be replying to her letter.

The captain could not smoke. Something, he said, must be wrong with that new tobacco. Mrs. Starbuck knitted industriously, and for many moments no sound was to be heard save the measured ticking of the clock and the click of the glittering needles. Jack watched their quick play almost sullenly. Life had been so full of meaning to him of late. Of course he had known for a long time that he loved Barbara. He felt for her the dumb devotion of a dog. For what was he save a country lout, with clumsy ways, and little learning, save of the sea? She was going away now, and she had been sweet to feel content in the dullness of his home for so many weeks. She must be longing for her own world again. How poor and mean the old-fashioned bravery of the house must have seemed in her eyes all this time! How kind she had been not to smile at the Books of Beauty, and the pictures and the shells! A pained sensitiveness, born of his great love, told the young islander that the surroundings he knew could not be what she had been used to. As he sat watching his mother's needles and eating his heart out in his dumb misery, the captain spoke with sudden gruffness.

"Look ye here, boy! Do you mean t' let thet gel go away from us?"

"I? How can I help it? What can I do?" stuttered Jack.

"*Do?* Ye darned young idiot! What

should an able-bodied, well-grown feller o' your age an' build do t' keep a gel from goin' out o' the family?"

Jack was shocked into silence, and the knitting-needles had ceased plying.

The slip of a woman looked excitedly from the face of tall husband to that of tall son. But she knew the duty of woman, and held her peace.

"Well?" queried the captain. "I little thought ever t'ask a son o' mine such a question about a play-actin' gal. But queer things come to a man when he's on shore and grown old. I tell ye, I want thet little crittur in this house as long as I'm alive, an' I guess there's on'y one way to keep her."

"I—she wouldn't hev me, father," muttered Jack, shamed in his own eyes, and before his parents.

"Well, damn it! ye kin *try*, can't ye?" The captain brought his fist down upon the table with a violence which, mingled with his profanity, caused Mrs. Starbuck to jump.

"Don't ye *want* her? What sort o' stuff are ye made of, boy?"

Jack was on his feet, his blue eyes flashing. "Yes, I *do* want her, father. But I can't hear another word from you now."

When he had left the room Mrs. Starbuck tiptoed gently to the window. She was glad to see that her son's emotion had carried him no farther away than the high front "stoop." There he sat, the picture of despair, dangling his long legs among the creepers. It was not much later when Barbara appeared at the sitting-room door in hat and jacket.

"I thought I'd walk down to the post-office before it grows too dark," she timidly explained, involuntarily glancing about for someone who was absent.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Starbuck, "Jack's on the front stoop. I guess he'll be glad to go with ye."

"Will you come?" asked Barbara. And without a word, Jack came. Down the shadowed, hilly old street they walked side by side in silence. Past the quaint "shingled" houses and the fragrant gardens, bright now with the gaudy flowers of autumn. Darkness was falling. The streets were deserted, but lights gleamed cheerily from many a small-paned

SHE WALKED TO THE FARTHEST WINDOW WITH THE LETTER.

window. A keen, salt-laden breeze from the ocean smote their faces, and Barbara's hair clung to her forehead in clusters of small damp rings.

"Are you goin' to mail your letter?" Jack ventured at length.

"Yes. It will leave by the morning boat."

"Won't you walk down to the water first? We can go the straight way, and back by the post-office, later."

"Very well," said Barbara with a sigh—a sigh which came because a letter must be sent at all. And Jack misunderstood, and dared not hope. His heart beat sickeningly, and a throbbing in his throat half suffocated him. He had made up his mind to risk everything to-night, but he thought he was sure of what his answer must be.

Presently they stood together by the water-side. Far away red and yellow lights cast quivering ladder-like reflections into the liquid depths. A star gleamed suddenly out of the purple sky, and a faint pearly radiance growing along the horizon heralded the rising of the moon. The only sounds were the water rippling against the shore and knocking faintly upon the sides of a flock of moored boats.

"Oh, it's all too lovely!" cried the girl. "And I shall go away from it, and see it no more."

"Could you—you wouldn't really mind *living* here?" Jack scarcely knew the sound of his own voice.

"*Mind?* You don't know how I've always loved the sea."

"And the theatre?" breathed Jack. "All the world that's lying off there?" he pointed across the heaving water. "Could you give it all up, Miss Barbara?"

"I hate the theatre—I hate the world," she protested. "Yet I must go back and fight the battle over again."

"Why must you go?" He scarcely knew what words came from his lips—so confused, so wild were they in his own ears. But somehow, at last, he made her understand, and stood waiting, agonising, till she should pronounce his doom.

"Don't!" she cried brokenly. His heart stood still, though he had known how it would be. Then—"Do you think I can bear to be—*pitied*—as much as *that?*"

"Pitied?" he echoed unbelievingly. "I don't know what you mean. I've loved you better than my life since the first day I saw you. Only I didn't dream I could be any more to you than the ground you walk on—fur that's as near as I'm fit t' come to you."

For answer, she bent impulsively and kissed the big brown hand that was closing and unclosing in his agitation.

Jack Starbuck drew his breath sharply.

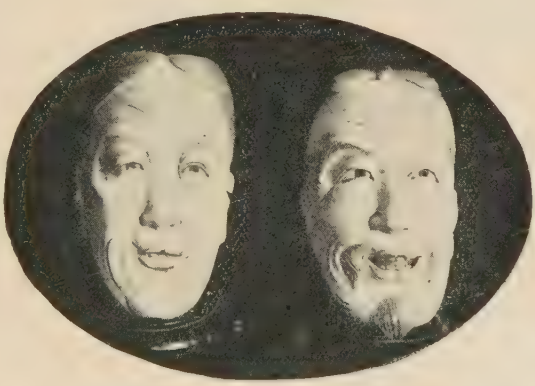
Over the sea the moon was rising and casting toward them a bridge of living light. But they did not see it, for the tiny spot of earth circled round with wide dark water was a world beyond which they needed not to look.

# FACES IN IVORY.

(*Photographs by Shelley.*)

READERS of Mr. Douglas Sladen's clever novel, "A Japanese Marriage," will doubtless recall without difficulty the exciting chapter wherein is described the hero's midnight struggle with a couple of armed desperadoes, who have risked their own lives, and are quite ready to sacrifice his, in order to regain possession of the sacred crystal ball, incontinently purchased on the previous day by the wealthy young Englishman. Mr. Sladen knows his Japan well, and the incident is doubtless founded on fact. The Japanese, as is well known, have a morbid aversion to parting with the more sacred of their art treasures; and for this reason, until quite recently, the curious ivory masks, in the carving of which these strange people are such adepts, were practically unpurchasable by Europeans. They were wrought for the decorating of the temples of the gods. And that was deemed an all-sufficient reason for guarding them jealously. Even after the religious views of the people had been modified by the revolution of 1868, it was found difficult to get together anything like a representative collection.

But your true curio-enthusiast regards danger and difficulty but as twin sauces, minus the addition of which his favourite pursuit would be bereft of half its piquancy. And for this reason, when, years ago, Sir Julius Raines began collecting these quaint-looking "Pictures in Ivory," and discovered that he could only obtain a specimen here and there at long intervals and with the greatest difficulty, he became all the more determined to secure for himself and his country as many as possible. And he succeeded. At his pretty house in Sussex Gardens are some hundred and thirty-five specimens, most of them possessing considerable intrinsic value, many of them life-sized, and all of them exquisitely carved. It has been more than once publicly stated that Sir Julius intends bequeathing this superb collection to the nation, and it is to be devoutly hoped that the statement is not devoid of foundation.



DARBY AND JOAN.

In the meantime the series of photographs herewith reproduced affords a very good idea of the main characteristics of this peculiar and now, unfortunately, rapidly vanishing art. Take, for instance, the two faces which Lady Raines has appropriately christened "A Japanese Darby and Joan." Note the peculiar simplicity in intricacy, which is the special virtue of the Japanese craftsman. Untold labour has been lavished to produce a result in which all evidences of labour are carefully eliminated. The old couple have evidently travelled the road of life

so long together that at last they have come to resemble one another in appearance as well as in disposition. The faces are, in the main, the same. And yet there

THE GOD AND GODDESS OF DAILY FOOD.

is a subtle difference. He is evidently a bit of a "jolly dog," a "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody. Joan, on the contrary, is "canny" and shrewd, and looks as though she might, on occasion, be even shrewish. It is easy to guess which of the twain "wears the breeches."

In another illustration we are introduced to the god and goddess of daily food—important divinities in a land where, until recently, famine was endemic. The gentleman's name is Ebisu, literally "The Fisherman." He is a member of the same group of semi-divine, semi-mythological beings as the great god Diakoku; and, like him, he is emblematical of prosperity and good luck. The turban encircling his head is an unusually beautiful piece of workmanship, as delicate in its way as a Jacquemart etching or a Vandyck panel. His companion is a saki-woman; a glorified species of barmaid, whose chief duty it is to superintend the preparation of "saki," or rice-beer, the ordinary stimulating drink of old Japan.

A marvellous piece of carving is "A Good Story." We are, of course, in blissful ignorance as to the precise nature of the "wheeze" which has so worked upon the risible faculties of the two old worthies. Perhaps they are in the act of listening to some two-thousand-year-dead Dan Leno, or regaling themselves with an extra choice morsel from a prehistoric Tokio *Punch*. "A Visor Mask" presents several points of difference from the others, inasmuch that it is not intended for a representation of the human face. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than a reproduction in ivory of the steel visor formerly worn by the Japanese nobles, and belongs to the period of Gingu Kogo, a famous warrior-Empress who flourished about a thousand years before our Elizabeth. The heavy bosses on the forehead, the beard so elaborately

A GOOD STORY.

plaited and curled up at the side, and, in fact, the entire mask, are cut from one solid piece of ivory. One cannot help speculating what manner of elephant it was that furnished the tusk for this Brobdingnagian cameo. Jumbo must have been to him as a duodecimo to a wide-margined quarto.

For more than twelve centuries no Japanese exponent of the histrionic art was permitted to appear before the audience with his face uncovered. A play must have been a cheerful spectacle

A VISOR MASK.

under these circumstances. Fancy "The Geisha," with Letty Lind's bewitching little *moues*, Marie Tempest's charming smiles, and Huntley Wright's quaint grimaces, all hidden beneath huge, ungainly wooden masks! Or try and image Irving declaiming "To be, or not to be," under similar circumstances!

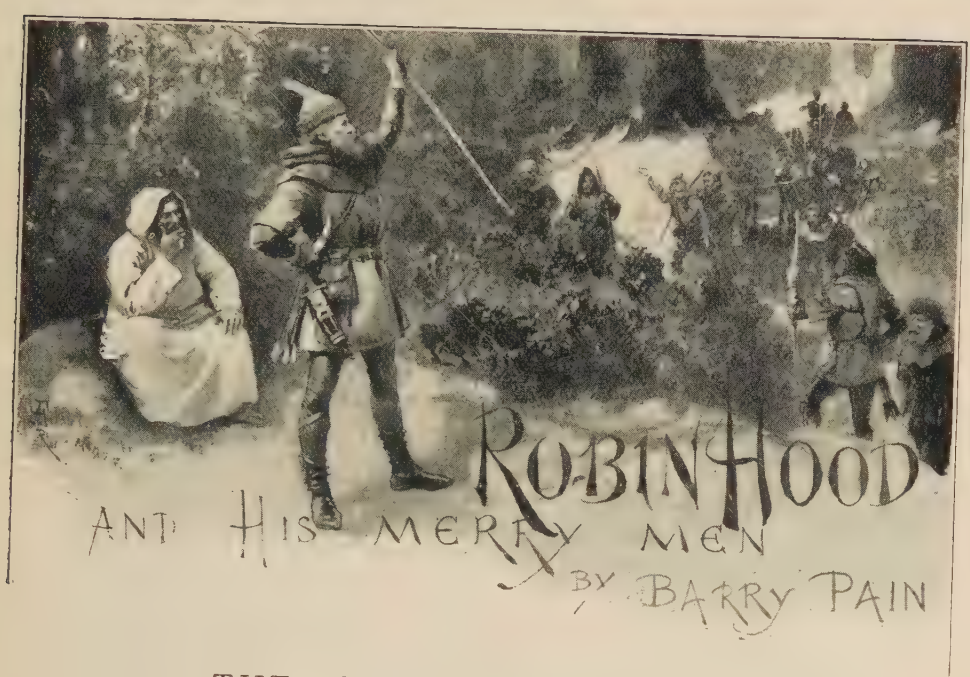
Futen, the god of storms, another mask reproduced, is one of the heaviest specimens in Sir Julius's collection, and likewise one of the most valuable. The eyes are of mother-of-pearl. This gentleman is usually shown carrying a choice and varied assortment of winds—half gales, whole gales, cyclones, hurricanes, etc.—in a bag conveniently slung over his shoulder. He is an exceedingly important personage in Japanese mythology, and is a close friend and relative of Kaminali, the god

THE GOD OF THE WINDS.

of thunder, with whom he amuses himself, in his intervals of storm-raising, by playing at bowls. A curious parallel this to the well-known Teutonic legend.

AN AGED BEAU.

LED HORSES DRAGGED A LOW-WHEELED BIER ON WHICH, BENEATH ITS BLACK PALL,
THE CORPSE RESTED.




## THE GREENWOOD CALLS.

THE months passed slowly. Robin was gone from Sherwood and fighting in the King's wars. Even as the King had foretold, his band was scattered and broken in different parts of the country. Some had been captured and had made their last leap into the air, facing an infamous death merrily. News came now and then that two of the band—the Friar and Little John—still flourished away in the north, and that they would yet return to Sherwood. Old dames, gathering sticks for their fires at sundown, would even bring home the story that they had seen the Friar. But their heads were full of the old romances, and in the growing dusk any man of great stature that passed amid the trees was to them Little John; any that wore a habit was Friar Tuck.

The Sheriff was growing very old and feeble now. His only daughter Mary, who should have borne him grandchildren, had strangely and obstinately refused marriage. She had entered upon the holy life many years ago, and was now the Prioress of Kirklees. The Sheriff was a lonely man. Sitting and dreaming half his days, he gradually came to think that what he had wished was what had really happened: that he, by his own skill and prowess, had driven Robin forth from Sherwood.

"But a few months ago," said the worthy Abbot that was the Sheriff's guest, "I had hardly dared to come through Sherwood to Nottingham without a good company of men beside me. 'Tis God's mercy that this countryside is quit of that villain at last."

"Aye," said the Sheriff slowly, "a villain, doubtless a villain. But albeit it was my duty to apprehend him, he was one of fine parts; he had more gifts than you shall find in a hundred honest fellows."

The Abbot smiled sarcastically.

"And yet," he said, "it was, as you say, your duty to apprehend him."

The Sheriff saw no sarcasm.

"I have never," he said, "been one to shirk my duty. When the King came he took counsel of me. I said: 'By your leave, Sire, this same Robin Hood is one of such great and uncommon gifts that it will be ill to waste on the gallows-tree a life that might well be spent in your Majesty's service.'"

The Sheriff nodded his head gravely.

"Yes, yes," he went on, "I persuaded him. I invented a scheme, the details of which are now passed from my memory (for I grow old very rapidly), by which the King and Robin should meet together. One needed but to know the forest well, as I know it, to put skill against skill, daring against daring. And so, by God's mercy, acting through so humble a minister as myself, the countryside is safe again."

The Abbot stared blankly at the Sheriff, refilled his wine-cup, and turned to speak of other matters.

* * * *

The winter broke up and the spring came. The sap rose and the sun grew warmer. In mossy nooks the air was laden with the scent of the thickly flowering violets; the bees hummed in a busy crowd over the blossom. With stately grace the deer passed along the forest way, unharmed and unharried. In every man's heart there was a new elation, a new love of the green forest and the open air. Strongest is this call to those who have once lived the forest life and slept in the open, bathed in the cool stream in the early morning, and fought with Nature for the right to live with her; eating of what their hands have gathered or their arrows have slain.

But at this time Robin heard not the call. In the King's service there was so much else to fill his mind: long marches, the boisterous life of camps, hard drinking, hard living, and the hard fighting which he loved. Not once nor twice word of his exploits came to the ears of the King, and the King was glad, and said to himself, "I did well to make this man a soldier."

But with the end of the war came the end of Robin's peace of mind. It meant but little to him that he enjoyed the favour of the King, for he had no courtier's ambitions. He cared not at all that it was within his power to live again in such comfort as had been his before his outlawry. He became grim and ill-humoured. His dark mood came back upon him with his enforced idleness. His sleep left him; he drank more heavily and became good company for no man. Little wonder was it that the King forgot him, that the favour which had been so lightly won passed as lightly, and that it seemed likely that for the rest of his life he would be little better than a hanger-on, a useless person with a paltry but assured position. But the next spring came, and once more the greenwood called.

And this time Robin heard it. In such short snatches of sleep as came to him he seemed once more to walk beneath the giant oaks of Sherwood. The birds were building, the primroses were in flower; his bow was in his hands, and his arrows in his belt; even as he fitted the arrow to the string he awoke. And so, day after day and night after night, now elated and now depressed, and always, as it seemed to those that spoke with him, half mad, he heard the call of the forest until the impulse became irresistible. And then, late one night, secretly and taking leave of no man, he set forth, and day after day made his way northward.

Before two days of the journey were over his heart was lightened. It was good to be free again, to live from hour to hour, and never to know what the morrow would bring forth. He had made no plans except to get back to Sherwood, and once more to earn his livelihood by his knowledge of wood-craft and by good yeomanry — by more violent and less creditable means if need should arise. He was as one who after many years of absence returns home again. Shortly before he reached Nottingham he procured a disguise. Doubtless the hunt was out after him, the King would be enraged at his desertion, and it would be as well for the present to run no risk. It

was easy enough to find an old beggar who for a piece of silver would change clothes with him. Bent, and slow of gait, with his meal-bag slung from his shoulder, and with the dust of the road white on his broken shoes, Robin passed through Nottingham; through the busy market-place, and out in the open country again, into the forest which he loved—the forest possible to hear, though faintly, any sound within the cave. He heard two voices. The first was round and jovial; it spoke at length and ended in a burst of uproarious laughter. The second was a more stern and harsh voice, the voice of one who spoke but little, and spoke briefly, and answered in monosyllables. Then did Robin rejoice indeed, for he

HE DRANK MORE HEAVILY AND BECAME GOOD COMPANY FOR NO MAN.

of which he might once more call himself lord and master. Grasping his oak staff in his hands, he made his way to the caves. He had little fear that any but his own men would have found the secret of their entrance, nor did he expect that even of his own men there would be any now left.

Near the entrance to the cave, at a spot known only to himself, he knelt down. He put his head on the ground and listened intently. At this spot it was knew that those who spoke were the two whom he would most wish to have by him. He withdrew to some distance, and seating himself on the grass, watched the entrance to the cave. His beard was grown long and straggling; his face was stained and altered, and he had no fear that he would be immediately recognised. He watched until the light had gone, and then, as no one had come forth, gathered an armful of fern and addressed himself to sleep.

In the early morning footsteps drawing near awoke him. He saw the Friar and Little John approaching, and saw also that they had seen him and had not recognised him. He stretched his arms and yawned.

"A murrain on this forest," he exclaimed, "and on all that are in it!"

"How now?" said the Friar, with his hand on his hip, surveying the beggar with a smile of placid good temper, "this is but scant civility to give a worshipful friar for his morning's greeting. What mean you by your curse on all that are in the forest when, with your own eyes, you may see that I myself walk therein?"

"A fine friar," exclaimed the beggar with apparent ill-temper, "one that rises early for no other purpose doubtless but his devotions! One whose paunch bespeaks his habits of fasting! I say again, a curse upon all that are within this forest, for they are either such wretched beggars as myself that have lost their way, and see no half-way house between themselves and starvation—men that a curse cannot hurt since they are indeed cursed already; or they are the King's keepers—men that take his pay and cheat their master. Or they are knaves and robbers, as indeed I proclaim you to be in spite of your friar's robe, and that mountain of flesh who walks by your side."

"An you were a younger man," said Little John, "I would play at quarter-staff with you, and for your insolence crack your skull. But seeing that you are old and worn you shall have your choice—to ask our pardon or to be ducked in the nearest pond."

"I ask no man's pardon," said the beggar; "and though I may seem to you old and infirm, if your deeds were twice as good as your brag, it would still be your skull and not mine that should suffer."

The Friar burst into laughter.

"Come, Little John, it is a fair challenge. We must even make a match of it. You have your staff with you; fall to and chastise him gently; and in the meantime I will sit by and see fair play."

So far it had been fairly easy for Robin Hood to maintain his disguise. His face was in shadow and bent downwards, his voice was altered, his back was bent. But it was another matter when he stood out in the sunlight against Little John. Robin knew him, and knew that staff-play with him needed the whole of one's attention, and left nothing for the maintenance of such slight change in the lines of the face as now helped out his disguise. Their eyes met. Hardly had the play begun before, with a loud cry of "Hold!" Little John flung down his staff and took a pace backwards. Carefully and eagerly he scrutinised the beggar's face, and then stepped forward again, holding forth his hand.

"Welcome, master! Welcome back to the greenwood!"

* * * *

The Friar was one by no means heedless of the good things of this life. He could fast if need were, but when he saw no necessity he preferred to feast. He and his companion had been but two days in Sherwood and already there was stored in the caves many a flask of good wine and material enough to stay the appetites of many men. Before long breakfast was made ready in the open, and the three men had gathered round. There was many a question to ask and answer while they ate.

"See now," said Robin when breakfast was over, "you have asked me much of myself, and of the King, and of the King's wars, and of my reasons for leaving Sherwood and for now returning again. I, in my turn, would ask you somewhat. How have you fared? Whither is all that goodly company gone that was used to meet here? Are you still minded to follow me; to take up with me the old life again?"

"I can but tell the story, master," said the Friar, "so far as I know it. When you went away in the King's train (to our rage and sorrow) there was left behind a rich and plentiful store which was, by your direction, fairly and duly divided among the band by Little John and myself. And at the first we were all

minded to keep together, to move in a body to some convenient spot far north of this, and there resume our sport. But in truth men with empty heads made poor

you no longer led them, slipped away with their share of the spoil and chose some other path of life. Moreover, those that were left quarrelled among themselves, and

"A MURRAIN ON THIS FOREST," HE EXCLAIMED, "AND ON ALL THAT ARE IN IT!"

leaders, and men with full stomachs poor followers. Neither Little John nor I could hold them entirely. They had enough for their present needs, and many, thinking that the danger was now greater since

divided into groups; and since no man fully trusted another or would be obedient to another's bidding, it may well be guessed that success was slight and disasters were many. It is a sorry story. And at the

last—since the time was now past in which we had sworn not to enter Sherwood—Little John and I came hither, having, indeed, no hope of the happiness which has now befallen us, but thinking that with the trout-stream, the venison forest, and the occasional pillaging of some fat prelate we might make us a livelihood. Are we ready to begin once more the old life with you? For myself, yes, and with the best will in the world."

Little John nodded his head.

"Aye," he said, "it shall be as before. Many of the old band will get wind of your return, master, and will come back to us."

"Our friend the Sheriff," said the Friar, "would sleep ill to-night could he know of this merry meeting."

For long they remained talking together, and then, stamping out the ashes of the camp-fire, they went within the caves. But first they saw to their bows and arrows and other gear, and then they lay down to sleep, for they were minded to be up and busy that very night.

* * * *

But neither on that night nor on the many days and nights that followed did the three men find again their old luck. Many of those who had served as spies for Robin had gone elsewhere or had not yet heard of his return, and no longer was he so well served with news of the road. There seemed to be a fatality about it. If they watched by one path the travellers took another, or, if they did find a party on their way through the forest, it was so numerous and well armed that it would have been madness for three men to make an attack. Once a solitary horseman came their way, but the speed of his beast saved him from them.

"Has the forest called me back again," said Robin, "that I may die of starvation and rot in its marshes?"

"It seems so," said the Friar grimly. "But it is commonly said among gamesters that when the jade Fortune has left you, a sacrifice may win her back to your side again."

"We will try it," said Robin. "To-night we will watch the north road, and whoever passes first shall pass without let or hindrance from us—aye, though it were my own enemy, the Sheriff of Nottingham himself, with six mules laden with treasure, and none but himself to protect them."

That night, as they watched, Little John, who had been some distance away on the look-out, brought back word that there was the light of torches at a distance down the road, and the sound of voices as of people singing, and that it came nearer, but very slowly. Then Robin Hood laid aside his bow, and bade the others do the same.

"This is the one," he said, "with whom we have no quarrel."

Slowly the light of the torches came nearer, and the sound of the voices more distinct. They stood in silence as the procession passed them and vanished in the distance. It was a funeral procession. Led horses dragged a low-wheeled bier on which, beneath its black pall, the corpse rested. In front of it and beside it rode men-at-arms; behind came the monks chanting their hymns.

"It is an ill omen," said Robin.

Later that night they found a rich booty, but Robin remained still in melancholy mood, and on the morrow, when he learned that the Sheriff of Nottingham was dead and that his body had been borne to the city of York, there to be buried, he again repeated—

"It is an ill omen. The forest has called me to take farewell of it and all things."

# A WOMAN'S CHANCE OF LIFE.

## WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[*Copyright, 1898, by J. Holt Schooling.*]

"*Health and long life to you, mistress.*"—
SHAKSPERE.

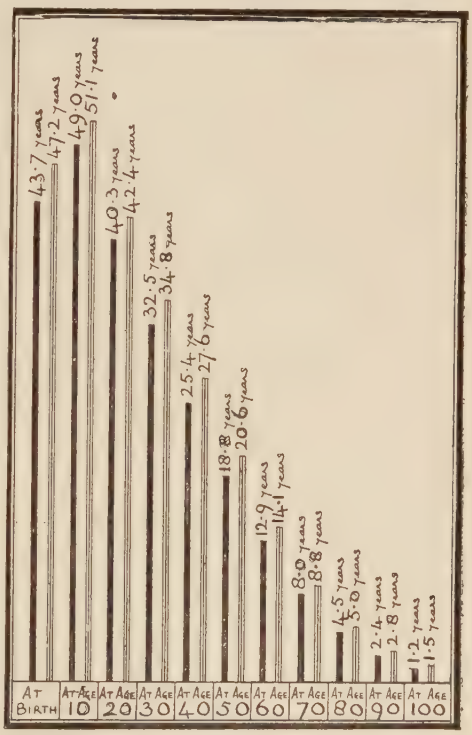
G. H. LEWES defined life as "a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity." Mr. Herbert Spencer has gone one better, his definition of life being that "It consists of the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in combination with external co-existences and sequences."

I give these two very nice definitions so that no woman may be in doubt as to the exact meaning of the term life, although personally I prefer to these definitions of the learned, the cheery words of Shakspere above quoted, even though they contain no definition of life: perhaps, when Shakspere wrote, people were content to live without a scientific definitive label tacked on.

The qualification *long*, which Shakspere added to life has nowadays become actuality — especially as regards women. As we shall see, a woman's chance of life is appreciably greater than a man's, and this fact suggests that a rather strong case may be made out in favour of the superiority of woman over man, if we assume to be true the scientific statement as to "the survival of the fittest." Here is the case in brief—

> The average woman survives the average man.
> *Therefore,*
> The average woman is superior to the average man.

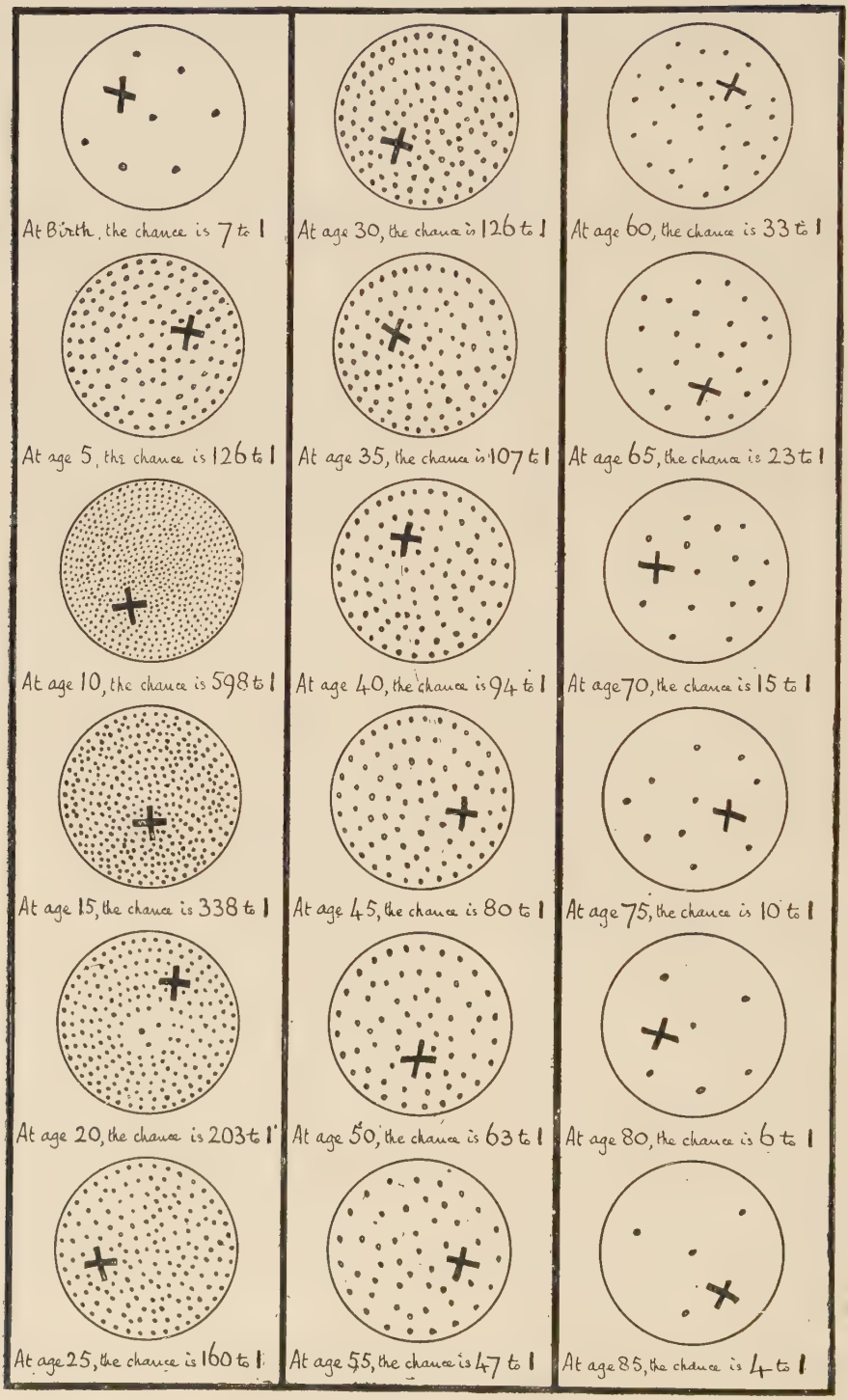
What can you have more conclusive than this? And yet in all the discussions and arguments that I have come across, where women "Combine together 'gainst




No. 1.—*The Superiority of a Woman's Chance of Life (striped columns) over a Man's Chance of Life (black columns), at all ages from birth to age 100.*

the enemy," never has anyone based an argument for the superiority of woman upon the plain matters of fact that I have now to show.

Although in this paper I am chiefly


At Birth, the chance is 7 to 1
At age 5, the chance is 126 to 1
At age 10, the chance is 598 to 1
At age 15, the chance is 338 to 1
At age 20, the chance is 203 to 1
At age 25, the chance is 160 to 1
At age 30, the chance is 126 to 1
At age 35, the chance is 107 to 1
At age 40, the chance is 94 to 1
At age 45, the chance is 80 to 1
At age 50, the chance is 63 to 1
At age 55, the chance is 47 to 1
At age 60, the chance is 33 to 1
At age 65, the chance is 23 to 1
At age 70, the chance is 15 to 1
At age 75, the chance is 10 to 1
At age 80, the chance is 6 to 1
At age 85, the chance is 4 to 1

No. 2.—A WOMAN'S CHANCE OF LIVING "ONE YEAR MORE" AT THE EIGHTEEN AGES MENTIONED.

concerned to show a woman's chance of life, yet interest may be added to the subject if we also include a comparison between a woman's chance and a man's chance; moreover, this comparison will

AT BIRTH 1,000 LIVING
AT AGE 10 766 LIVING
AT AGE 20 744 LIVING
AT AGE 30 700 LIVING
AT AGE 40 639 LIVING
AT AGE 50 564 LIVING
AT AGE 60 458 LIVING
AT AGE 70 299 LIVING
AT AGE 80 115 LIVING
AT AGE 90 13 LIVING

No. 3.—THE CHANCE, AT BIRTH, OF A FEMALE LIVING TO AGES 10, 20, 30, . . . 90.

*Illustrated by the black encroachments of death upon the striped columns which represent the living, commencing with 1000 Females born.*

serve to make quite plain the case as to woman's superiority over man, upon the basis, just mentioned, of the survival of the fittest.

[Mind, I am not going to pin my faith to the theory of the survival of the fittest; all I say is, that if you like to do so, then I can put before you certain plain facts that will give you a strong case in argument with people who differ from you as to the superiority of woman over man—you, I take it, being inclined to back woman's superiority.]

To begin at the beginning, *i.e.*, at birth, a female baby's chance (or expectation) of life is 47 years and 9 weeks, the expectation of a male baby being only 43 years and 34 weeks. Here is an initial female superiority of more than 3½ years. Moreover, and noting the adage that "good things are scarce," we have another initial female superiority in the fact that female babies are appreciably fewer than male babies, the proportion being 1034 males born to 1000 females born. These results are the latest ascertained in the population of England and Wales; but this relative scarcity of female babies as compared with males is found in all other countries, and so also is the other initial superiority of woman—her greater chance of life at birth. Observe, if you please, that I offer you these evidences in favour of woman's superiority, based not merely on local facts, but upon facts which are catholic in their extent.

Diagram No. 2 shows, for women, the chance of living one year more at every fifth age from birth to age 85. This has been drawn upon the same plan as the diagram showing a man's chance, which may be recalled by readers of last month's issue of this Magazine, and with which I will shortly compare the present diagram, without troubling readers to refer to my article, "A Man's Chance of Life."

First, however, let me make quite clear to women the exact meaning of No. 2. At birth, for example, the chance of a female baby living at least one year more is seven to one in favour of living—*i.e.*, there are seven "chances" of living one year [the seven dots in No. 2], and one chance of dying within the year [the black cross in No. 2]. At age 10, the chance of living one year more has risen to the high degree of probability represented by 598 chances of living to only one chance of death. The age at which the chance of living one year more is the greatest of any throughout female life is age 11—not given in No. 2, which relates only to every fifth age.

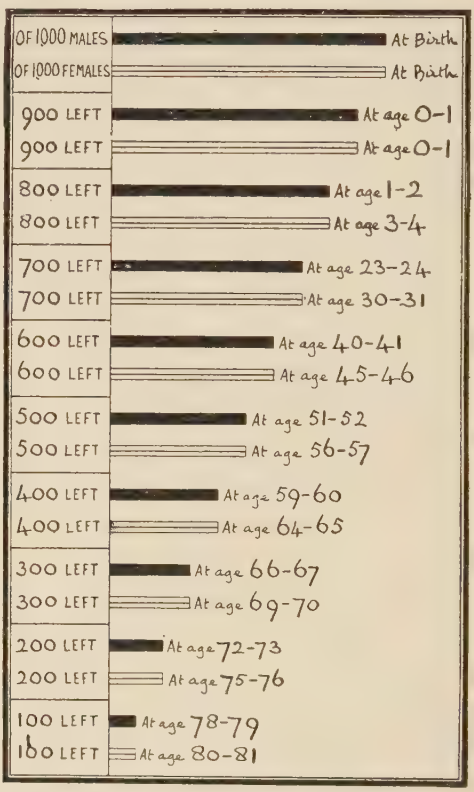
Glancing down the three columns of No. 2, we see that at every age the chance of living one year more is always greater than the chance of dying within the year, and even at age 85 the chance is four to one in favour of living. As regards

ages beyond age 85, women are so persistent in living that not until age 102 is reached does the life-chance become smaller than the death-chance; and then, at age 102, the chance of living one year more is only very slightly smaller than the chance of dying within the year of age 102—103.

Turning now to a brief comparison of a man's chance with a woman's chance of living *one year* more, one finds the only exception to the pronounced general superiority of women over men, as regards persistence in living, in the fact that, at ages 14 to 21, the male chance of living one year more is very slightly greater than the female chance. However, this is merely a slight and transitory advantage, which does not have any appreciable effect in reducing the superior chance of a woman, when we regard the chance of living as extending over a term of years instead of over *one year only*, as in the comparison just made for ages 14 to 21.

Diagram No. 1 shows very plainly the pronounced superiority of women over men just mentioned. Here we have for every tenth age from birth to age 100, a woman's chance or expectation of future lifetime, as compared with a man's. The two chances are seen side by side, and at each age the striped column, representing a woman's expectation of life, is quite appreciably taller than the black column, that represents the average man's expectation. This No. 1 shows that the initial superiority of woman at birth, already mentioned, is extended throughout life right up to advanced old age.

In diagram No. 3 we see the chance, *at birth*, of a female living to age 10, to age 20, to age 30, . . . to age 90. For example—at birth, the chance of living to age 10 is very much greater than the chance of not living to age 10; the fact being that 766 female babies in every 1000 females born do attain age 10. We may say then, roughly, that the chance at birth of living to age 10 is rather more than three to one in favour of living. Observe, in No. 3, that the chance of living from birth to age 20 is nearly as great as the chance of living only to age 10; this chance being 744 out of 1000 born, or very nearly three to one in favour of living from birth to age 20. Again, at birth, a female baby is more likely to reach age 50 than to die before age 50; for we see that 564 of 1000 born do live to age 50. Not until age 56—57 is reached do the original 1000 females become reduced to 500 by the encroachment of death, so we may say that, at birth, a female baby has an equal chance of living to age 56—57, or of dying before age 56—57. The unfortunate males are similarly half-extinct by the time age 51—52 is reached; thus on this score there is a female superiority of five years or so.




No. 4.—*Showing the extent to which 1000 Females born outstay 1000 Males born, in persistence in living to adult life and into old age. (Black lines, males; striped lines, females.)*

In this connection it is rather interesting to show side by side the gradual extinction of 1000 males and 1000 females, and to notice what a bulge (pardon this vulgar

but expressive word) women have over men. Here are the facts—

| At Birth | *Males.* 1000 | *Females.* 1000 |
|---|---|---|
| Remaining at | | |
| Age 10 | 733 | 766 |
| ,, 20 | 713 | 744 |
| ,, 30 | 669 | 700 |
| ,, 40 | 605 | 639 |
| ,, 50 | 518 | 564 |
| ,, 60 | 398 | 458 |
| ,, 70 | 239 | 299 |
| ,, 80 | 80 | 115 |
| ,, 90 | 7 | 13 |

This shows pretty clearly the persistence of woman in living, as compared with man, and, as I have already suggested, this persistence may be used as an argument in favour of the general superiority of woman over man—upon the basis of the survival of the fittest.

Still more succinctly than in the little statement just given, we may look at the greater persistence of woman, thus—

| 1000 *Males born are reduced* | 1000 *Females born are reduced* |
|---|---|
| To 750, at age 5—6. | To 750, at age 18—19. |
| To 500, at age 51—52. | To 500, at age 56—57. |
| To 250, at age 69—70. | To 250, at age 72—73. |

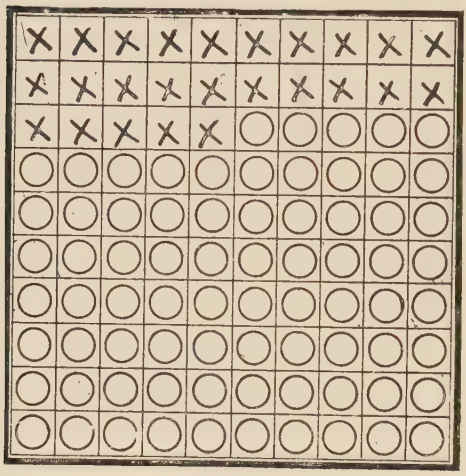
The remarkable difference in favour of young females here seen to exist as regards the reduction of 1000 born to three-quarters of this number—*i.e.*, to 750, which reduction occurs at age 5—6 for males and not until age 18—19 for females, is due to the considerably higher death-rates of males at early ages, prior to age 5—6, as compared with the death-rates of females.

This feature of the persistence of the woman in living is also illustrated by diagram No. 4, which shows the ages, for males and females respectively, at which the original 1000 of each sex is successively reduced to 900, to 800, to 700, . . . to 100. For example, the reduction of the 1000 to 700 occurs for males at age 23—24, but for females not until age 30—31; with the exception of the first gap in the ranks, *i.e.*, the reduction from 1000 to 900, which occurs for each sex during the first year of life [age 0—1], we see by No. 4 that these successive gaps of one hundred occur much more quickly in the male ranks than among women.

I now present a summary of a woman's chance at ages 20, 30, 40, . . . 90, of living ten years more, twenty years more, thirty years more, etc.

| | Live 10 Years More | Live 20 Years More | Live 30 Years More | Live 40 Years More | Live 50 Years More | Live 60 Years More | Live 70 Years More |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 20 | 940 | 858 | 758 | 615 | 402 | 154 | 18 |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 30 | 913 | 806 | 654 | 428 | 164 | 19 | — |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 40 | 883 | 716 | 468 | 179 | 21 | — | — |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 50 | 811 | 530 | 203 | 24 | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 60 | 654 | 250 | 29 | — | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 70 | 383 | 45 | — | — | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 80 | 117 | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Of 1000 Women Living at Age 90 | 12 | — | — | — | — | — | — |

This summary shows, for example, that of 1000 women at age 20, 940 live ten years more, thus 94 in 100 live ten years more and 6 do not; the chance at age 20



No. 5.—*Of every 100 Females born, 75 attain the marriageable age 18, and 25 die before age 18.*

of a woman living to age 30 being, therefore, nearly 16 to 1 in favour of living. Similarly, of 1000 women living at age 30, 806 live twenty years more; so we may say that 80 in 100 live to age 50 and that 20 do not; the chance at age 30 of a woman living to age 50 being, therefore, 4 to 1 in favour of living. Again, of 1000 women at age 60, 250 live twenty years more, *i.e.*, 25 in 100 live to age 80, and 75 in 100 do not; the chance at age 60 of a woman living to age 80 being, therefore, 3 to 1 *against* living. At age 90 only 12 per 1000 live ten years more; so that the chance at age 90 of a woman living to age 100 is about 82 to 1 *against* living to the completion of her hundred years of life.

Finally, diagram No. 5 shows that of every 100 females born, just three-quarters of them (75 per 100) attain the marriageable age eighteen. How these surviving women fare, as regards their marriage chances when they attain that pleasant age, is not the question here, and women interested in this part of their chance of life can refer to my little book, "A Woman's Chance of Marriage." I have now shown their chance of attaining a marriageable age.

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## FORGET-ME-NOTS.

A SONG of forget-me-nots I sing!
Forget-me-nots are my favourite flowers,
Love, because they are like your eyes,
Blue as the wild blue butterflies.
They stare and dream through the singing hours
Under the turquoise and silver skies. . . .
Under the fickle skies of Spring.

They see the sky like a looking-glass
That waits for the beautiful face of Day,
For the face of the Dawn is cold. . . .
Stare with eyes more yellow than gold
When the noon sun sends the clouds away!
And at twilight-time with gaze as bold
They watch the pomps of sunset pass.

And sleepless under the star-lit sky
They listen and look with their petals wide;
For though the moon be lost for hours
Hidden behind her high cloud towers,
A brown bird sings by the river-side. . . .
Forget-me-nots are my favourite flowers,
Love, because they are like your eyes.

OLIVE CUSTANCE.

# THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

## *STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

### NAPOLEON AT BAY.

THERE was something noble and pathetic in the firm attitude displayed by Napoleon after his terrible overthrow in Russia. It has been said that a good man struggling with adversity is a sight for the gods. Napoleon was not a good man—far from it; he was a monster and a scourge. Yet his desperate and tenacious efforts to retrieve disaster command admiration and respect. The waters might be closing over him, but he would still fight hard for life. We almost forget that the mainsprings of this prolonged resistance were pride and vainglory; rather than accept peace without new victories he would continue the war at all hazards and at all costs. He held life too cheaply to hesitate; he was ready to make any sacrifices to re-establish his power. Hecatombs had been slain to create it, more would be poured out to maintain it. Now the very last man should be spent to save him. "I grew up in the field," he told Metternich, "and a man like me troubles himself little about the lives of a million of men." France was nearly exhausted already, but he was resolved to drain her to the last drop. His first act on his return to Paris in December 1812 was to organise a fresh army out of the sparse materials to hand.

Never in the whole course of his active and eventful career did Napoleon show to greater advantage than now, when on the brink of despair. His labours during that winter were almost superhuman, and were concentrated upon the organisation of his new levies. They numbered 350,000, and included men left on previous conscriptions, the first line of the national guard. Several fine regiments of marine artillery were incorporated with the infantry of the line, and large bodies of seasoned veterans of the Young Guard were withdrawn from the contest in Spain. France, in spite of her bereavement, was eager to wipe out the memory of recent defeats, and moved by real patriotism rather than flattery or fear, willingly seconded Napoleon. The great cities voluntarily supplied contingents of men and horses. Ten thousand youths equipped themselves at their own charges to form a reserve of cavalry. All these forces were manipulated with the skill and energy of the great master-hand. Four great corps of observation were formed upon the Rhine, in Illyria, and on the Elbe, to which the various units were directed as they were raised, there to be organised, drilled, and trained. Good officers were luckily not wanting; 3000 officers and sous officiers were transferred from the gendarmerie to the line; a good proportion of experienced officers had escaped from the horrors of the Russian retreats; many of the best leaders were still in command, although the necessity for extensive promotions to fill gaps had advanced a number of subordinate Generals little accustomed to handling large bodies of men. The great dearth was in horses; so many had been used, and the supply was limited. For the same reason, Napoleon's new cavalry was of a low standard. It is an arm that cannot be improvised; the training of both men and horses takes time.

The result of these extraordinary efforts was the appearance of a new army as if by magic in the spring. It numbered

140,000 men, and was posted towards the end of April 1813 from the Rhine towards the Saale. Prince Eugène, with the remains of the grand army, some 40,000 men, was more advanced, and held the Elbe, between Magdeburg, Dessau, and Torgau. Napoleon's point, his "principal objective," was Dresden, where his two chief enemies, the allied monarchs of Prussia and Russia, held their headquarters, but in a country that was supposed to be friendly to the French. Their positions were very scattered, their numbers inferior, for neither of the Allies had the means or the ability of their great adversary.

Russia was gathering up slowly the reinforcements needed to replace the inroads of 1812. Prussia had splendid reserves under the system introduced after Jena, when she had been forbidden to keep a large army on a war footing, but all these were not brought into line. At this time their forces in the field numbered 133,000, with 30,000 good cavalry included. About half of these were Russians under Wittgenstein, who watched the Elbe about Dresden; Blücher, with 25,000 Prussians, was in Silesia; the rest were near Magdeburg or in Berlin.

As the spring advanced, the Allies entered Dresden, and, for the moment, gained the Saxons to the coalition, then, having concentrated, they advanced beyond Leipsic, meaning to take the offensive against the French line of communications. Wittgenstein was quite unconscious that he had a new and numerous French army in his front, and was caught on the move. Napoleon, who was at Erfurt on April 28, was marching forward in strength on May 2, and fell in with Wittgenstein's advanced guard at Lützen. The French were scattered along the line of march, for their inefficient cavalry had given no warning of the enemy's approach. Ney, with the 3rd corps, was at first severely handled, but was soon strengthened, and the fight became general. At six p.m. Napoleon had lost ground, but just before nightfall he had recovered the key of the position with the Young Guard. The victory remained with him, although it was indecisive from the want of cavalry to pursue, but it raised the spirits of the young conscripts and revived confidence after the late reverses in Russia.

Now the Allies fell back towards the Elbe, and Napoleon entered Dresden, where the King of Saxony, deserting the coalition, joined him. Meanwhile, Ney had reached Torgau, lower down the Elbe, and being ordered to rejoin Napoleon had moved by the farther or eastern bank, where he was attacked *en route*. This brought on the battle of Bautzen, in which the Allies occupied a strong position behind the river Spree. Napoleon, who was in greatly superior numbers, made a great flanking movement with sixty thousand men under Ney, while the rest attacked the front. Ney's march was successful, and obliged the enemy to retire, but they did so in unbroken formation; for the French cavalry were checked by the Russian, and could make no impression. The fighting lasted through two days, May 20 and 21, and at the end the Allies withdrew worsted to the Oder. An armistice was now signed and hostilities were suspended.

It is generally believed that Napoleon might now have rehabilitated himself completely. The recent successes of Lützen and Bautzen had in a measure retrieved his position and raised him from the Slough of Despond. There was no strong bond of union between his enemies. Russians and Prussians were bickering, blaming each other for the late defeats. Austria was still wavering, having no prepossessions for the coalition, yet not definitely disposed to support Napoleon. She needed humouring, asked for concessions that Napoleon might have granted but still would not, declaring that it would discredit him at home. Peace seemed abhorrent to him on these terms. Much as it was longed for by his troops, and especially by many of his marshals, who were sick to death of war, he would make no peace until he had driven his enemies from the field. Nothing less, he argued, would re-establish him permanently in France. He was a gambler playing his last stakes, and reckoning still upon his superior knowledge of the game. Might not his

FIELD-MARSHAL G. L. VON BLÜCHER.

*From an Original Drawing by John Boaden.*

PRECIPITATE FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH THROUGH LEIPSIC, PURSUED BY THE ALLIED ARMIES, ON OCTOBER 19, 1813.

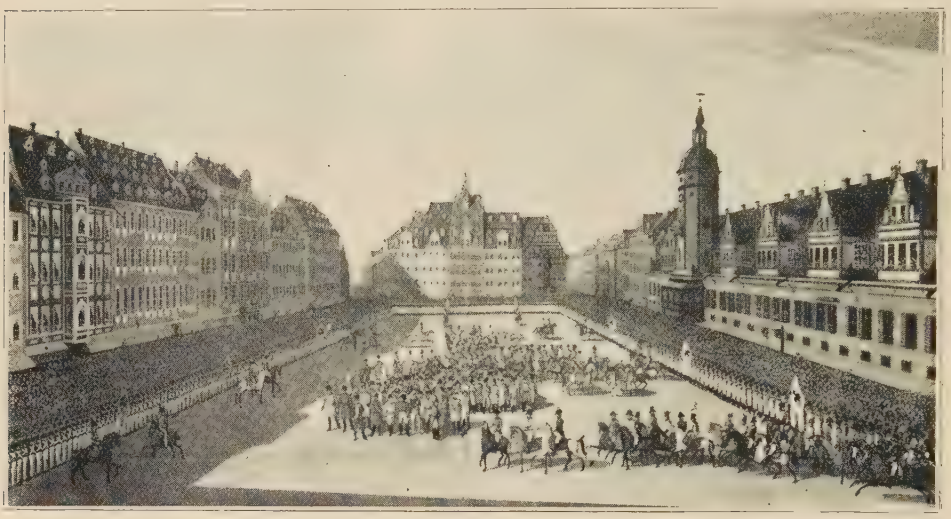
generals yet save him by one or two masterly strokes, backed by good fortune, as of old? Yet a less superstitious man might have begun to think even now that his luck had turned, that he had better compound with it and not affront it further. Recent events showed that it had not deserted him entirely, but the very nearness of the better fortune that still proved elusive might be taken as a sign that his star was declining.

So he made no effort to win Austria, but offered her only preposterous and impossible terms. In the end she joined the coalition, bringing it a very notable accession of strength — an army of 130,000 men, as yet fresh and untouched in recent campaigns. In the new campaign now imminent the Allies were the strongest; they had half a million of men in the field, and the French not much more than half that number. But Napoleon held his force compactly together in a central position, while the Allies had three separate armies in the field, and were not, like the French, controlled by a single imperious master-mind. There was the army of Bohemia, 240,000, under Schwarzenberg; that of Silesia, under Blücher, 95,000; and, lastly, Bernadotte, now King of Sweden, was at Berlin with 90,000 more. Besides these, two smaller corps were opposite Hamburg and Dantzic; others watched the Bavarians and Italy; while the Russian reserve, 50,000 men, under Benningsen, was at Kalisch, and came up later in support. Nor did these numbers exhaust the allied resources, for there were reserves untouched in the second and third lines.

Napoleon, who held the strong places of the Elbe, confronted his foes with three main bodies. Oudinot, with three corps, watched Berlin from in front of Torgau; Macdonald, with four, was in Silesia, opposing Blücher; he himself, in the centre, watched Bohemia with four corps and the guard. One corps of cavalry was at Leipsic, the other three with the Silesian forces. His plan had been to send Oudinot against Berlin, while he held Blücher in check on the side of Silesia, and Schwarzenberg on that of Bohemia, a new danger following Austria's defection. The first movement was well begun and promised great things indeed, for the capture of Berlin would have been a serious blow to the coalition. But now Napoleon, who was with Macdonald in Silesia, heard that Schwarzenberg had advanced, and, crossing the frontier range of Bohemia, was aiming at Dresden, the central point of Napoleon's system of defence. He left Macdonald, therefore, to "contain" Blücher, to prevent him from moving to right or left against Oudinot, or to reinforce Schwarzenberg, and retraced his steps, hoping to fight a decisive action. He thought Dresden, which had been fortified, could hold out some days, and he meant to fall upon Schwarzenberg's rear. Then Gouvion St. Cyr sent to say he could not defend Dresden with a garrison of children; and Napoleon hurried thither with two cavalry and three infantry corps, leaving Vandamme at the mouth of the Bohemian mountain-passes, where he was to fall upon the enemy retreating—after defeat — for Napoleon confidently counted on a great victory.

Schwarzenberg had reached Dresden on Aug. 25, but hesitated to attack at once, as all his corps had not come up. Napoleon arrived next morning at nine a.m., and, as usual, his mere presence changed the situation. His sagacity in perceiving the right course, his promptitude in carrying it out, brought him now at the critical moment to the decisive point. On the other hand, the Allies were fixed and hampered by divided counsels, for their camp was crowded with Emperors, Kings, and Ministers, all of whom argued and interfered with action; and the attack, ordered for that day, Aug. 26, was countermanded when news came of Napoleon's presence in Dresden, and yet was made in a desultory fashion that ended in a costly repulse. Next day, Aug. 27, Napoleon took the initiative, and attacked both flanks of the allied position, which was on the heights south of the Elbe but faultily occupied. Their mass was about the centre, their left at some distance, much isolated and with a gap in the line. Murat was charged with this attack, and while

his infantry assailed the front, his cavalry, penetrating by the gap, overflowed the rear. The Austrians soon broke and fled. Then Napoleon sent his left forward under Ney against the Russians, who fought stubbornly, but were presently driven from the field. In the centre the battle was no more than an artillery duel. Torrents of rain fell during the action, which broke up the roads and greatly impeded the retreat of the beaten army. It had been Napoleon's aim to cut it off from the road to Freyburg on one side and Pirna on the other, thus forcing it into the difficult country where Vandamme was in waiting to destroy them.



GRAND ENTRY OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS INTO LEIPSIC, ON OCTOBER 19, 1813.

The army of Bohemia was now in full retreat, and in the direction Napoleon wished, his columns in hot pursuit. On the morning after the battle, Aug. 28, he had established the Imperial Headquarters at Pirna, whence he could direct in person the decisive operations that must soon deliver the enemy into his hands. He must almost infallibly have captured the two Emperors—of Austria and Russia—and the King of Prussia, and the triumph must have gone far to re-establish his prestige. And yet now he lost it all—the last and perhaps the greatest, at least the most momentous chance of his life. Suddenly he relinquished the personal command and went back to Dresden. Various reasons have been offered for this abandonment of a pursuit that promised him so much. One is that he had received bad accounts from Silesia, where, in truth, Macdonald had been grievously handled by Blücher on Aug. 26; another that he thought he might organise an attack which would secure him Berlin, for the news of Oudinot's reverse at Grosbeeren had not yet arrived. The third—the most probable, and that generally accepted now—is that he was seized with strange mysterious illness, the first symptoms of the malady that killed him. De Fezensac says that he had breakfasted as usual on Aug. 28 and was reviewing the troops as they passed on in pursuit, when he was seized with violent internal pains. It was thought at first that he had been poisoned. Whatever the cause, his mental and physical prostration was such that he was unfit for duty, and now, at the critical moment, became suddenly an altered man. The breakdown was, after all, intelligible. On the day he reached Dresden he had been drenched to the skin, yet without changing his clothes he made all his dispositions for the fight, and again during the battle was exposed to the fury of the

elements. It may be well believed, too, that the mental strain of anxieties, weighty enough to crush a dozen, was beginning to tell upon this extraordinary man, and that nerve exhaustion helped to develop disease.

Undoubtedly now the luck had turned. Here its last great prize had slipped away from causes that defied prevision. From now henceforward Napoleon encountered almost unbroken misfortune. His great military genius flickered up once again for the defence of France in 1814, and with so bright a flame, that this campaign is held up as one of the finest illustrations of war, but for the rest of this year, 1813, he experienced nothing but defeat. Blow followed blow, each with more destructive effect, limiting his power of resistance. The battles on the Katzbach, and at Grosbeeren, had actually preceded the victory at Dresden. Immediately afterwards came Vandamme's overthrow by the army he was supposed to intercept, for the pursuit had relaxed after Napoleon left, and the Allies continued their retreat more leisurely and in good order. On the 29th Vandamme attacked the Russian Guards at Töplitz and was driven back; next day they attacked him in position at Culm, and, being in great strength, all but destroyed him. Nor was this all. After Oudinot's defeat by Bernadotte, Napoleon had given Ney command of the Army of the North, and desired to again threaten Berlin, but he was met by Bernadotte at Dennewitz on Sept. 6, and completely defeated. The causes of these repeated disasters were not far to seek. They have been largely, and, no doubt, rightly attributed to the care with which collision with Napoleon in person was avoided, and attacks made on his marshals when without his guidance. If the Emperor was in the field, the enemy retired before him. When he moved to another sphere of operations, or when a marshal was detached alone, issue was joined, with the result we have seen. Thus Napoleon, in spite of his personal activity, failed in bringing on the great battles and decisive victories he sought and expected. This

GRAND ENTRY OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS INTO PARIS, ON MARCH 31, 1814.

was the counsel given by Moreau, now in the Russian service, and by Jomini, the great writer on war. It was followed when Blücher in Silesia, having driven the French across the Bober, retired on the approach of Napoleon. When Napoleon started for Dresden Blücher again advanced, and won the battle of the Katzbach. Napoleon returned, Blücher withdrew; and again, a third time, the Prussian general did the same. Schwarzenberg advanced on Dresden, thinking Napoleon occupied in Silesia. The loss of that battle convinced the Allies that their system of retreat was wise. Three times Schwarzenberg fell back at the approach of the Emperor. Vandamme, Oudinot, Ney—all were defeated in the absence of Napoleon.

Yet this explanation is not altogether sufficient, for the French marshals were surely not inferior to the generals who thus beat them. They were as good men, yes—as expert leaders in the field; but they had no heart in the business: they would not work together, their jealousies and constant quarrels did infinite justice to the common cause. Napoleon complained often of their lack of confidence in themselves and in their troops. All wanted him with them to enforce their orders and infuse energy in all ranks. Ney found command most irksome, and after Dennewitz said he would rather be a simple grenadier. The morale of his generals, of all his officers, was gone. His colleagues subordinate to him would not obey his orders. "I am tired of repeating that it is impossible to make General Reynier do what he is told. I beg that either he or I may be removed," Ney wrote on Sept. 23. Macdonald, after the Katzbach, complained that he tried his hardest, but was neither seconded nor imitated. No concerted action could be carried out, no combinations made under such conditions; operations failed, movements were retarded, because orders were misunderstood or openly defied. We have thus in Germany the same fatal consequences from these dissensions as in Spain.

But there was yet another cause, and that was the inferior quality of the fighting machine. At Wagram, as far back as 1809, Napoleon said he no longer commanded the soldiers of Austerlitz. The army of 1813 was far worse than that of 1809. The places of the veterans who had fallen wholesale in Russia were now largely filled with mere striplings—brave lads, no doubt, who were capable of fine feats; but their enthusiasm was short-lived, and they were physically unequal to the hardships of a prolonged campaign. With constitutions still unformed, and wanting in the patient hardihood of old soldiers, they broke down under the combined effects of hunger, fatigue, and persistently inclement weather; they were easily discouraged, and fought badly against older and more seasoned troops, while the want of subsistence brought on marauding and so much misconduct that the French army was rapidly becoming disorganised before the end came at Leipsic.

It is recorded of Napoleon that, as the waters closed over him, he displayed unwonted patience; an unwearied dignity and constancy that deserved the highest respect. He never reproached his defeated marshals, but took their failures as part of the bad luck that haunted him, and forgave them even their faults. When they quarrelled, he interposed with almost paternal kindness, and reconciled them without wounding their feelings. "He calmed the irritation of one, revived the courage of another, reminded a third that a soldier must obey orders, a fourth that he must treat his subordinates well." Ney and Macdonald retained their commands; Oudinot was put at the head of the Young Guard. It was a time to close the ranks around him, to keep his adherents together, to lose the help of none. The French army was already reduced to half its numbers. The allied forces were gaining ground on every side. Bernadotte, with his Army of the North, was across the Elbe; so was that of Silesia; that of Schwarzenberg was moving on Freyberg, to strike at the communications. It was a combined effort to enclose Napoleon in Dresden, for now Benningsen had come up with the Russian reserves, 50,000 fresh men, and the Allies dared at last to try conclusions with their

redoubtable foe. The Bavarians were also at the point of joining them.

Napoleon was now concentrating on Leipsic, and he arrived there on Oct. 15, having seven *corps d'armée*, the Guard, and two cavalry corps in Leipsic, with two more infantry corps and one of cavalry outside, at Mockern—in all, 160,000 men with 720 guns. Schwarzenberg's Bohemian army and Blücher's combined, with a portion of Bernadotte's, numbered nearly 200,000, with 970 guns. The French were on both sides of the river Elster, but the main force to the south, opposed to the allied centre, while to the westward at Mockern Ney made head against Blücher. The result of the first day's fighting on Oct. 16 was a drawn battle. Napoleon had taken the offensive with some success; but Ney had lost Mockern, and during the night the French line was drawn in and now occupied a semicircle around Leipsic, with one flank on the Elster, the other on the Partha, a smaller stream. The 17th of October passed in taking up the new positions and bringing up reinforcements, but on the 18th Schwarzenberg directed all his efforts to crush the French centre to the south of Leipsic, but failing there, attacked the left also without success. Meanwhile Bernadotte and Blücher had joined forces, and by a vigorous advance so compromised Napoleon's left that the position at Leipsic was untenable. During the night he ordered a retreat, and fell back in much confusion towards the Rhine, covered by a gallant rearguard which fought well but was eventually overwhelmed.

No doubt this defeat was accentuated by the lack of due preparation for retreat. There was but one bridge across the Elster, although several of Napoleon's leading lieutenants had urged upon Berthier, the chief of the staff, the vital importance of providing other passages across the river. Berthier would not take upon himself either to order the bridges to be constructed or to point out to his imperial master that they were necessary. He was a man of strict routine, extremely accurate in carrying out his instructions, but he so dreaded Napoleon's fierce outbreaks of temper that he had long vowed to himself that he would never take the initiative, never even ask questions, or seek instructions. So when the Emperor overlooked any matter, as now, it was neglected altogether. Hence, as Marbot tells us, when the retreat began "on Weissenfels and the Saale there was not a beam or a plank across a single brook." This carelessness for their safety produced much illwill in the army, and we learn on the same authority that when the Emperor galloped by the retreating columns, he was not greeted by a single cheer.

Leipsic was no better than a massacre. The French in all lost 60,000 men, including prisoners; the Allies, 45,000. Napoleon had some 80,000 only remaining of the army he had led forward in the spring, and with these shattered forces he reached the Rhine on Nov. 2, to begin for the first time in his military career a defensive war. France was to be now invaded as the last outrage imposed by the Napoleonic régime. X. Y. Z.

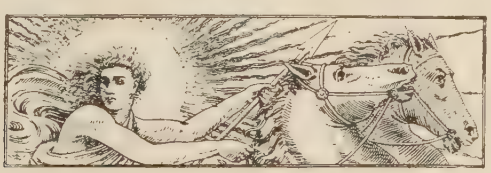


*Photo by Chancellor, Lyceum.*

HER LADYSHIP.

# AN EXCEPTIONAL GIRL.

By MAX RAYLTON.

I.

EIGHT o'clock. A dark, dreary winter's day had just drizzled into night. The mud lay in slippery patches even on the pavement, and fitfully the rain fell in thin fast streams.

The gas-lamps on London Bridge threw dimly into shadows the people moving listlessly from one side to the other. Clerks and workgirls plodded dismally on, elbowing each other heedlessly, returning dead-beat from their day's toil to supper and bed, and the beginning of another day. Heavily laden 'buses passed them, and as they heard the rumble of wheels, or the snort of the horses, they looked up hopefully. But the shaky light within the vehicles disclosed no vacant seat, so they bent their heads resignedly and tramped on.

One girl, however, tall and slight, neatly, even coquettishly dressed, though in a cheap, tawdry style, took no notice of passing 'buses, but, with her eyes on the ground and one hand firmly grasping a small umbrella, walked on in dogged sullenness, her thin lips compressed, and a set expression on her pallid face, as if defying the elements. Since nine o'clock in the morning of that day she had been toiling as a waitress in a large City restaurant, and the cries of the customers seemed to ring in her ears still, and deafen her to the hackneyed tramp of the street traffic. She was not a popular girl with the young men who thronged in little gregarious batches to dine at the one-and-sixpenny *table-d'hôte* which an enterprising German had established not far from the Mansion House. The cheap wit, coarse familiarity, and loud, empty laughs of the customers were met by a freezing contempt from the girl, so ill concealed that they gradually abandoned her tables altogether; and so, little by little, the younger men deserted her, and she ministered to the wants only of the old and grey. These, at least, were supportable; they sat quietly chewing the meat with their toothless jaws, reading between each mouthful a halfpenny paper, and never addressed her, except on entering with "Good-morning!" and on leaving with a humble, ill-asserted nod as they walked to the desk to pay their bill. They were all subdued, harmless creatures—all failures in life, all faded, broken men. But the others, the young generation, the grinning, self-satisfied, brainless imbeciles—these she could not trust herself even to speak to. She stood sometimes watching them from her lonely corner, and shuddered as they burst into their horrible mirthless laughs. If by chance she overheard a fragment of their conversation, it was always about sport, or music-halls, or girls. And, oh! the leer in their expressionless eyes when her own sex was mentioned! Idiot was written on every feature of their faces. She instinctively guessed the blankness of their minds, the uselessness of their lives, and mentally comparing them with the old men who were noiselessly munching at her own tables, she thought, "These have, perhaps, been like those, and those will become like these!" And she shivered, and through the window near her let her gaze rest, with a sigh of relief, on the sleek, muscular horses harnessed to the vans below.

The rain ceased for a moment, and she closed her umbrella. In the Borough High Street, as she walked along, her head erect, her eyes straight before her, men coming from the opposite direction gazed fixedly at her without obtaining the

slightest return glance. One or two behind hurried until they reached her side, then turned boldly round and looked full at her. After walking silently a few yards she had never known a Man! — an intellectual, sentient, thinking man!— with some object in life beyond sport: some knowledge beyond a répertoire of

SHE MINISTERED TO THE WANTS ONLY OF THE OLD AND GREY.

they hazarded a "Good evening!" Then she fixed her large grey eyes upon them with a contemptuous stare, and they slunk away. And she thought bitterly to herself that of all the hundreds of male beings she had seen and spoken to, sensational novels or comic songs and dance music.

Arriving at St. George's Church, she felt so tired that she determined to wait for a tram. Under the heavy gas-jets at the corner, her slight, well-clothed figure

attracted attention from the few women lounging against the rails.

"My eye!" exclaimed one, a fat, greasy creature in a flaming shawl. "Pipe that 'at! W'y, if I'd er known ther Princess o' Wyles was darn 'ere a-wisitin', I'd er put on my Sunday togs, and chawnst it, blow'd if I wouldn't!" A roar of laughter burst from the others in a strident voice which had nothing human in its sound. The young girl, who had been standing dreamily, lost in her own thoughts, looked round at the group with a glance of pitying disdain.

"Don't you go too near, 'Liza," continued the woman, "or you'll git yer nose froze orf! My eye, ain't she 'orty, nar!"

Feeling how useless any discussion could be with such creatures, the girl turned and walked slowly away, pursued by the vituperative tongue of one of a class that ought never to have been endowed with the faculty of speech.

This incident made the girl more than ever embittered against humanity. What was the use of living, under such conditions? Day followed day, bringing no change or improvement in her monotonous life. With the people among whom she dwelt she had no sympathy, and apparently little in common. Was her existence to flow to its trivial end, aimless, purposeless, like a rudderless boat? Why had she been created and thrust into a sphere of life which was distasteful to her, and for which she was not naturally fitted? The thought that years would roll on in the same dull round made her shiver with anticipative dread: surely, she told herself, there was some way out of the dark labyrinth.

The rain began to fall again. She opened the umbrella, and walked more quickly, for she had turned into the Old Kent Road, and was nearly home now. The battered stalls lay yawning with food and gaudy wearing apparel. The flaring oil-lamps swung, rusty, in the wind, whilst the rain dripped from old bits of tarpaulin covering the more delicate merchandise. Children were huddled together in every doorway; dirty, half-dressed, and unkempt: fighting, squalling, swearing. "What men and women will these become!" thought the girl, with a sigh. "Why were they made? There seems no system in the working of the world. It all drifts on so hopelessly!" Outside a public-house a man and woman were quarrelling. The man, an evident lounger of beer-bars, with shifty eyes, a narrow brow, and protruding jawbones of abnormal size, raised his hand to strike the woman, a bloated, dishevelled creature; but she stepped back, pouring horrible imprecations upon his wretched head in a hoarse, snarling tone. The rain was running down her face in streamlets, soaking into her hatless hair, which lay partly loose on the tattered black shawl covering her shoulders. The girl passed on, and turned down a narrow thoroughfare, dark and dismal. The houses were small, and seemed to have been built many years ago. A garden, bare of flowers, and containing, generally, a leafless tree or some cheap broken statuary, led to an area of three or four well-worn steps. The houses were all exactly alike: all decayed, dirty, and disheartening to gaze upon, although here and there attempts had been made in some of the windows to enliven their appearance by showy ribbon and imitation-lace curtains. The girl stopped a few doors down, sighed deeply, and entered a house. She walked through the shrubless garden, and descending the area steps, opened a tottering old door. She had reached home.

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## II.

"Hullo, Lil!" cried one of her sisters, a sharp-featured anæmic-looking girl of fifteen, "about soaked, ain't you?"

Lil carried her dripping umbrella into the kitchen, without speaking, and placed it upright in the sink. When she returned to the shabby breakfast-parlour, she took off her things wearily, and sitting down on a rickety sofa, surveyed the room and its occupants absent-mindedly. Her father, a short, shrivelled, silent man, in a huge, discoloured arm-chair, was seated by the fire, smoking and reading. He looked round as she entered, muttered an "Ah, Lil!" without removing his pipe, then resumed his paper, with his head sunk on his bent shoulders. Her mother, red-

visaged and of immense proportions, as if she had absorbed the missing flesh of her lean husband, bustled about with a battered tea-tray, and finished by placing a plate of hot something or other in front of her daughter.

"Liver and bacon, Lil," she explained. "I thought you'd like it for a change."

Lil, who remembered that the dish in question figured on the family bill of fare at least twice a week, drew her chair up to the clothless table, and commenced to eat slowly, without appetite.

"You're very quiet to-night, Lil," said her sister. "Ain't you well, or are you in love?"

"Oh, don't bother me!" returned Lil.

"Dear, dear!" answered her sister. "We're on our dignity to-night, because Ted's coming!"

"Ted?" asked Lil in a surprised tone.

"Why, of course," replied her sister pertly. "*Your* Ted, dear. This is Saturday, isn't it?"

Lil sat silent, while her eyes wandered with a bitter smile to a ring on her left hand. She was engaged to be married! Pestered by the man, worried by her mother because he was "earning good money in a large wholesale firm in the City," she had accepted him with a faint hope that she would find peace of mind and happiness as the companion and wife of a man who really loved her. But it was another deception. Although affectionate and kind to her, he was of the same stamp as the rest—narrow-minded, without ambition, and with no knowledge of or interest in any subject in the world beyond haberdashery. Yet how could she undeceive him? Their marriage was regarded as settled; he had even begun to buy odd bits of furniture, and had begged her repeatedly to fix their wedding-day.

She pushed the plate from her, scarcely touched.

"What's the matter, Lil?" asked her mother, anxious for her daughter's health. Illness meant doctor's bills, wages lost at business, worry and labour at home.

"Nothing, mother, only I'm tired," replied Lil. "Put my dinner in the oven to keep warm. Perhaps I shall be able to eat it later on." And she returned to her seat on the sofa, and lay there musing. The smoke from her father's pipe went curling to the blackened ceiling. She watched the blue rings rise, dissolve, and disappear in the air. Lulled by the quiet of the room, for her mother and sister were washing up in the kitchen, her head sank upon the hard pillow, her eyes closed, and she lay dozing vaguely.

The banging of the street-door above, a confused murmuring of voices, and a shuffling of feet aroused her. She half-opened her eyes in a vacant wonder, but did not move.

"Lil!" cried her sister from the top of the stairs.

"Well?" replied Lil drowsily.

"Come on up, here's Ted!"

Lil hesitated for a moment, then rose slowly. Her father was still in the arm-chair, but his head was dangling over the side, his eyes were closed, and his mouth was wide open, emitting heavy snores. His paper had fallen to the floor, and the ashes of his pipe, which had dropped to his knees, lay in little heaps on his bestained waistcoat. Lil lingered, regarding him for a few seconds, then, dragging herself wearily upstairs, she entered the sitting-room.

A tall, lanky fellow stood awkwardly awaiting her, embarrassed by his hands, the fingers of which he twisted nervously. He was about thirty years of age, with scanty hair of a faded sandy colour and a thin, faint moustache. His face, of a light pinkish tint, had a curious expression of heavy infantile imbecility, whilst his eyes, of a nondescript diluted sepia, had a blank wondering stare never illumined by an intellectual gleam.

He advanced to meet her. "How are you, dear?" he asked, kissing her. She returned his kiss with a cold mechanical movement of the lips.

"You look pale, Lil," he continued, with genuine concern. "Aren't you well?"

"Don't worry me, there's a good fellow," she answered peevishly. "I'm tired, that's all."

She sat down, and he took a seat near

her. The usual stereotyped conversation then commenced. He talked of the weather, of his busy day at the office, his prospects there, and finally of a second-hand wardrobe he had seen, as good as new, in a shop close by. "It was marked £8, but I 'm sure I could get it for six or seven," he explained, with a lumbering conceit of his commercial ability. She answered him in monosyllables, without interest. Dimly feeling at last that his powers of conversation were scarcely equal to a more prolonged effort, he asked her if he should cheer her with a "tune," and upon receiving an encouraging "Do, Ted!" given more that she might be alone with her thoughts than from any pleasure anticipated from the actual playing, he seated himself at the old piano, his face beaming stupidly. He was very proud of his talent as a pianist; he felt that it lifted him above the common herd, and gave him a superiority over his fellow-clerks not easily to be contested. He had a sister who gave lessons at Tooting, a poor, spiritless, effaced creature, who by dint of many years' scales and exercises, could amble through a well-practised piece so as to satisfy easily pleased parents who paid her sixpence a lesson.

HE SEATED HIMSELF AT THE OLD PIANO, HIS FACE BEAMING.

Ted brought his huge, shapeless hands down on the keys with a heavy thump, his foot pressing the loud pedal. He waded through a vamping, formless "march," his blunt, rigid fingers sometimes striking two notes at once, his eyes watching the keys with great anxiety as he made little uncertain dabs with his left hand, followed by a quick jerk of the head in the direction of the treble, as if fearful that some terrible catastrophe had occurred on that side in the meanwhile.

Lil watched him vaguely for some time. Then suddenly, as the pianist was in the middle of an exciting *finale*, his elbows raised, his head bent, the perspiration running down his forehead in the tremendous labour of the performance, she called out abruply, "Ted!" The noise ceased at once. He turned round on his seat. "Ted, I'm not feeling well to-night. The rain has left off, and I think a walk would do me good. You'll be going soon, anyway; so, if you like, I'll walk with you as far as your tram. Will you come?"

Would he come! The poor imbecile was only too delighted. It was rarely indeed that Lil asked him to take her out; he attributed this last success to his playing, and mentally determined to buy a new "march" he had seen in a music-shop at Tooting as soon as he got home.

He put on his overcoat—a long, hybrid garment—and, taking his hat in his hand, walked to the street-door. The rain had now ceased, and the stars were twinkling brightly overhead in a dull blue sky. Lil returned from the parlour neatly dressed in her cape and little toque. Then closing the old door, which creaked on its hinges, they left the house together.

## III.

Lil walked side by side with her lover, without taking his arm, her dress daintily raised from the ground; he, comfortably content, glad to be with her; she, silent and sombre, longing for the turmoil of the Old Kent Road, that she might escape from her own thoughts. What would she not give to be like other girls of her own age and position in life! They passed her in the dark narrow street, cuddling closely to their sweethearts, looking up to them fondly. *They* were never racked with doubt; they were satisfied and happy with the men they possessed, while she!—she felt more alone by her lover's side than if she had been by herself in her own room. Good-natured, kind, obedient to her slightest wish—all this she conceded; but all this, she told herself, could be just as well found in a dog.

They reached the top of the street, and turned into the Old Kent Road. Here was a motley crew indeed! Every stall surrounded by a little crowd of credulous people, listening open-mouthed to the sellers' cries. The public-houses, and every third shop seemed to be a public-house, were full to overflowing. Thirsty customers poured in and out in a never-ceasing stream. Here and there Lil noticed a girl of about her own age wearily pushing a perambulator containing a sickly infant, whilst the husband, shabby and sallow, dragged one or two little mites after him by the hand. There was her future—a constant struggle against poverty. Cold meat and hashes for dinner, washing the clothes herself, and drying them in a grassless patch at the back of a damp-bricked villa. No pleasure, no change, no feeling the pulse of life; but a dismal comatic lingering until Death should claim her for his own. And somehow, in this comparison, death seemed less fearful to her. Her vague ideas of an after-life, her childish belief in a future hell or heaven, all seemed to resolve themselves into one blissful dream—a long, long rest. With no worry, no work, no mingling with the crowd; but a great nihility, infinite in time and space, an eternal, placid sleep.

"There it is, Lil!" exclaimed Ted, suddenly stopping abruptly outside a furniture-shop where a dirty Jew-typed man was standing in an old silk hat. Ted pointed to a wardrobe marked £8, and nudged her with his elbow, as a hint to say nothing while the sharp-eared, ferret-eyed proprietor was within hearing distance. Cheap suites were straggling all over the pavement, almost down to the curb. Fitted bedsteads gaped from the back of the shop, whilst scattered in every direction were tables, fire-irons, and carpets. As they passed on, Ted enlarged upon the beauties of his discovery, and informed Lil, who was scarcely listening, that if she liked he would offer the man £6 for it.

But she had again abandoned herself to her own thoughts, which were getting darker and more bitter at every step they took. All around her, the streets she had known from childhood, the shops, almost every stall, served to remind her of what

her married life must inexorably become. A spectre seemed to rise before her heated brain, pointing to the filth and dirt, the shabby men and faded women, and she heard a voice distinctly saying, "That is face, she recovered herself and said, although a little tremblingly, "Oh!— nothing! — only, that 's — your tram coming."

"Do you want to get rid of me, then?"

LIL WALKED ALONG IN A LETHARGIC ECSTASY.

your fate: there is your future!" And she shuddered, clutching Ted's arm as if for protection, and cried aloud, "No! no!" He bent over her in alarm, and asked anxiously, "What is it, Lil; what 's the matter?"

At sight of his stupid, good-natured

"Of course not," she replied. "But we have walked some distance, and I think I must be getting home."

"Let me see you part of the way back," he said eagerly. "I have enjoyed this walk so much!"

"I 'd rather go alone, dear," she replied

gently, touched by his affection in spite of herself.

"Oh, all right!" he returned, a little disappointed. "But I shall see you to-morrow, sha'n't I?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she answered, with a vacant look in her eyes.

As the tram approached, he wished her "Good-night!" and clambered up. He stood halfway up the iron stairs as the car moved slowly from her, waving his hat until he could see her no more; while she, who had watched him with a strange, fixed smile, slowly turned and walked back.

She felt better now; a weight, an obstacle, seemed to have been removed: her breath came quicker, and her pace was faster. She saw nothing around her, for an impenetrable veil seemed to hang before her eyes. What charms had life for her? She wanted rest, oblivion. Through the mist in front of her loomed again the Spectre, but not as before, with terrible eyes and frowning visage. It smiled gently now, and in Lil's fevered mind rang the words, "Come, poor little one, come to me; here is the rest you seek!" She glided with quickened steps and panting breath, as it moved faster. It crossed the road; she followed. 'Buses and heavy carts were rumbling along, with jaded drivers only half awake. Lil walked in a lethargic ecstasy, following the Spectre to the promised bliss. A cry—a crash—an oath from the driver—a scream like a disconsolate wail, and the girl lay silent and motionless under the heavy wheels of a passing 'bus.

They carried her gently to a chemist's shop. One man, old and careworn, knelt by her side, and raised her fragile body tenderly. She lay, supported in his arms, her little head bent on her breast, and he wiped the mud lovingly from her thin cheeks with a faded handkerchief. The light of the chemist's gas-lamps, dim and low, fell upon her white face. Her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep; no look of pain or horror transfixed her features, but her mouth was half-open with an expression of ineffable gladness, as if her troubled soul had found content and peace at last.

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# MARY MOSER, A FORGOTTEN ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

By FRED MILLER.

THE visitor to the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House will find placed rather high, and in a corner of the gallery, a picture of flowers, somewhat in the style of van Hysum. A hundred and thirty years of London smoke and dust have dimmed its colouring, and the picture would attract little or no notice did not the eye catch the name Mary Moser, and many learn for the first time that the original members of the Royal Academy of Arts numbered one other woman besides the fascinating Angelica—the painter of this flower-picture, which was Mary Moser's diploma work. The Academicians have never since then paid a woman the compliment of electing her to their ranks, which is ungallant, if not unjust.

Let us see if we can catch a glimpse of Mary Moser, who is described by the gossiping J. T. Smith as "somewhat of a precise woman, though at times a most cheerful companion." She was glancing, it would seem, at Fuseli; but his heart, unfortunately, had already been deeply pierced by Miss Kaufmann, and this—her one romantic attachment, so far as we know—indicates the nature of the woman

who is such a contrast to her fellow-Academician and friend, the universally admired Angelica.

But if we find all the romance in her rival, Mary Moser had one gift denied Angelica—the gift of writing an excellent letter; and if her talk was at all like her letter-writing, she would indeed have been welcomed at the tea-tables of the day. I had thought of giving in the account of the other lady Academician (see the April number of this Magazine) specimens of her letters, but I found them so decorously dull or "Tupperian" in style that I forbore. But Mary Moser's epistolary skill shall be shown.

MARY MOSER.
*From the Picture by Zoffany.*

The bald facts which have come down to us are briefly these. Mary Moser was the only child of George Michael Moser, who had been drawing-master to George III. during his boyhood, and to whose zeal and energy the founding of the Academy was largely due. In association with Chambers, West, and Cotes he framed the constitution of the new body, and on Nov. 28, 1768, presented the memorial to the King, asking for his patronage. The first meeting of the newly constituted body was held in December of the same year, at which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had been elected President, delivered an appropriate address.

This accounts for Mary's election as a foundation member of the Royal Academy, for Michael Moser was the first Keeper of the newly incorporated Academy, and on his death, in 1783, a notice of him from the pen of Sir Joshua Reynolds was published, in which he was described as "the first gold-chaser in the kingdom, possessed of a universal knowledge of all branches of painting and sculpture, and in every sense the father of the present race of artists." Mary, being his only child, would have enjoyed many privileges, both in art training as well as social intercourse, for her father's circle of friends included Hogarth, Garrick, Johnson, Goldsmith, and other artistic celebrities of the day, and she may have been present when Moser, in his broken English, greatly mortified Goldsmith by stopping him in the middle of a vivacious harangue with the exclamation, "Stay, stay! Toctor Shonson's going to say something!" Mary received premiums of five guineas from the Society of Arts in 1758 and again in 1759, and exhibited with the Society of Artists from 1760 to 1768, and sent to the Academy until 1802.

She was so near-sighted that her nose when she was painting was within an inch of the canvas, and an amusing account has come down to us of a small display of tongue warfare between Mary and a Mrs. Paradice at a tea-party at Mrs. Nollekens'. Mrs. Paradice's figure was so neat and small that Mary called her a sylph. "Better to be so," rejoined Mrs. Paradice, "than to be as dull-looking as a mole." "Fie! fie! my dears," exclaimed Dr. Johnson, who was one of the company, "no sparring; off with your mufflers, and fight it fairly out."

It is astonishing with such an infirmity that she could display such harmony in her performances. Her pictures of flowers, for which she was so deservedly famed, possess an elegance of composition, a clearness of colouring, and, in most instances, exquisite finishing. She was remarkably choice in the colour she used, preferring ultramarine upon all occasions whenever blue was required. Queen Charlotte employed her at Frogmore to decorate a room for her, which she called after her name, and for which Miss Moser received over £900.

Henry Fuseli, to whom one of the following letters here was addressed, does not

appear to have given Mary the slightest encouragement, though in 1803, at the re-election of Benjamin West to the Presidentship, the only adverse vote was Fuseli's; and when challenged by the other Academicians for having voted for Mary Moser (then Mrs. Lloyd), he replied, "Well, suppose I did; she is eligible to the office, and is not one old woman as good as another!" By the way, can we put down the non-election of any woman since 1768 into the Academy to the fear of her being elected President?

Fuseli having married in 1788, seven years after Angelica had left England for good as the wife of Zucchi, Mary Moser married Mr. Lloyd, a widower, in 1791, and outlived him many years, for she did not die until 1819, when she could not have been far off eighty, though her exact age is not given in any records I have consulted. The first letter is exceedingly interesting for the glimpse we get of the fashions of the time.

Letter of Mary Moser to Mrs. Lloyd, whose husband she subsequently married—

May 8. *Circa* 1770.

My dear Friend,—Come to London and admire our plumes: they sweep the sky: a Duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one at each corner of her cap! Your Mamma desired me to inquire the name of something she had seen in the window in Tavistock Street: it seems *she* was afraid to ask; but I took courage, and they told me they were rattlesnake tippets; however, notwithstanding their frightful name, they are not unlike a beaufong, only the quills are made stiff, and springy in the starching. Fashion is grown a monster! Pray tell your operator your hair must measure just three-quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other. I should not have said so much about fashions, but I suppose it makes part of the conversation of country ladies. I hope my advice will not be stale: French trimming is quite the *bon-ton*.

N.B.—The Queen and her ladies never wear feathers: they say here that the minority ladies are distinguished from the courtiers by their plumes. Mrs. Sheriff brought a terrible story of a trance, which I suppose your Mamma has told you already; but I have since inquired into the merit of the case, and have been assured by some of the lady's relations, who are likewise cousins of mine by marriage, that the story is fabulous, and they fancy it was fabricated to amuse a good old Aunt who delights in the marvellous. Is there no ghostly story propagated at Carnarvon that would petrify one's friends? In Heaven's sake invent me some. Let them be wonderful indeed, that I may make a figure among the old ladies. I have found very good effects from telling a terrific story when I held a doubtful low hand. Pray keep this secret. I do not know one gossiping anecdote, or it should be at your service. My Father and Mother join me in compliments to you and Captain Lloyd.—And I remain to all perpetuity, your sincere friend and humble servant, MARY MOSER.

Letter of Mary Moser, dated 1770, to Fuseli at Rome—

If you have not forgotten at Rome those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and raree-show of the world, which flourishes in ruins: tell me of pictures, palaces, people, lakes, woods, and rivers, say if old Tiber droops with age, or whether his waters flow as clear, his rushes grow as green, and his swans look as white as those of Father Thames; or write me your own thoughts and reflections, which will be more acceptable than any description of anything Greece and Rome have done these two thousand years.

I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our Exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in Vandyke habit; and Zoffany superior to everybody, in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures, Suttle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the pictures. Lord Carlisle, half an hour after, offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the Knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the Lord, and the *honorarium* to his brother artist (he is a gentleman). Angelica made a great addition to the show, and Mr. Hamilton's picture of "Brisëis Parting from Achilles" was very much admired—the Brisëis in taste, *à l'antique*, elegant and simple; Coates, Dance, Wilson, etc., as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished. You will doubtless imagine that I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse; but when you are tired of my gossiping, you may burn the letter, so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they couldn't obtain diplomas, but the secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy in the Preface to the Travels. The Professor of History is comforted by the success of his "Deserted Village," which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Hornick and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua a few days ago entertained the Council and visitors with calipash and calipee, except poor Coates, who last week fell a sacrifice to the corroding power of soap-lees, which he hoped would have cured him of the stone. Many a tear will drop

on his grave, as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed (*Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente!*) My Mamma declares that you are an insufferable creature, and that she speaks as good English as your Mother did High German. Mr. Meyer laughed aloud at your letter, and desired to be remembered. My Father and his daughter

Rome, April 27, 1771.

Madam,—I am inexcusable. I know your letter by heart, and have never answered it; but I am often so unhappy within that I hold it a matter of remorse to distress such a friend as Miss Moser with my own whimsical miseries. They may be fancied evils, but to him who has fancy, real evils are

PORTION OF PICTURE OF ROYAL ACADEMICIANS BY SINGLETON, CONTAINING PORTRAITS OF MARY MOSER AND ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

long to know the progress you will make, particularly

MARY MOSER,

who remains sincerely your friend, and believes you will exclaim or mutter to yourself "Why did she send this d——d nonsense to me?"

This is Fuseli's reply, which besides being tardy, is not that of a man the least bit smitten with his correspondent—

unnecessary, though I have them too. All I can say is that I am approaching the period which commonly decides a man's life with regard to fame or infamy; if I am distracted by the thought, those who have passed the Rubicon will excuse me, and you amongst the number.

Mr. Runciman, who does me the favour to carry these lines, my friend, and in my opinion the best *painter of us* in Rome, has desired me to introduce him to your family; but he wants no other

introduction than his merit. I beg my warmest compliments to Papa and Mamma, and am unaltered, Madam, your most obliged servant and friend, FUSELI.

To Miss Moser, Craven Buildings, Drury Lane.

Let us catch a glimpse *en passant* of Henry Fuseli, R.A., "Principal Hobgoblin Painter to the Devil," to give the title humorously conferred upon him, which was neither undeserved nor resented by him. A Swiss from Zürich by birth, he was an original and unique figure among the artists of the eighteenth century, and Mary Moser is not the only woman who fell in love with him. He was a man of very varied attainments, for he revised Hunter's translations of his friend Lavater's "Physiognomy," had a complete command of most European languages, as well as Greek and Latin, and gave Cowper material assistance in his translation of Homer. He had a ready and caustic wit, and a very intimate knowledge of the literature of his adopted country; had the pen of the ready writer, and added to all these gifts was an enthusiastic entomologist.

With ladies Fuseli was a great favourite, and they both indulged his vanity and worshipped his genius; yet of female beauty he had little appreciation, as is painfully exhibited in his pictures. He attempted to strike the beholder with awe rather than win him by beauty, but his pictures awaken the sense of the ludicrous by the exaggerations of the actions and expressions of his personages than hush us by their solemnity. Take, for instance, "The Nightmare," "The Lazarhouse," "The Bridge of Chaos," "The Night Hag," "Satan, Sin, and Death," and "Satan calling up his Legion." The very titles suggest the horror of melodrama, and probably gave rise to the story that the painter was in the habit of eating pork late at night in order to have the nightmare to inspire his pencil the following day. Yet this strange character, whose mental habit linked him with that dreamer of dreams, William Blake, the engraver of some of Fuseli's pictures, and whose life-long friend he was, had a passing flirtation with Mary Moser and a serious one with Angelica, for whom he always appears to have entertained considerable regard. Here is a contemporary description of this eccentric lover—

"Fuseli was about five feet two inches in height, his limbs were well proportioned, his shoulders broad, and his chest capacious. His complexion was fair, his forehead round; his eyes were large, blue, and particularly expressive and penetrating; his nose large and somewhat aquiline; his mouth was rather wide; and although his features were not strictly regular, yet his countenance was, in the highest degree, intelligent and energetic. The expression of his face varied in a remarkable manner with the quick impressions of his mind. He was clean and neat in his person and dress, and very particular with his hair, which was carefully dressed every day with powder."

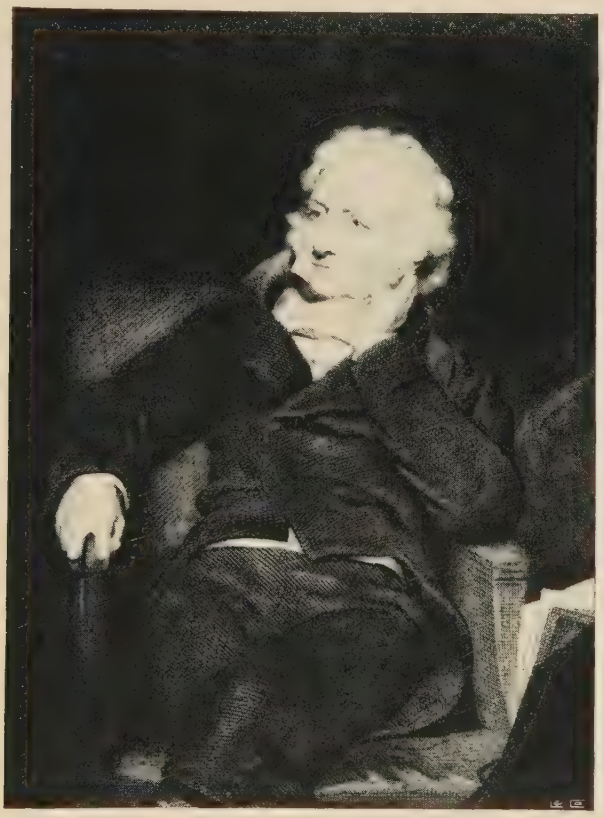
Later on we find his domestic happiness was endangered by the apparent attempts of Mary Wollstonecraft to ruin his affections. Knowles (in his "Life of Fuseli") says that Mary Wollstonecraft had fallen in love with Fuseli, who was already married, and that she got rid of her previously slovenly habits of dress in order to please him. Her usual dress was a habit of coarse cloth, such as is now worn by milkwomen, black worsted stockings, and a beaver hat, with her hair hanging lank about her shoulders. Miss Wollstonecraft calmly proposed to stay in his house in order to be near him, adding to Mrs. Fuseli: "I find that I cannot live without the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with him daily."

Mrs. Fuseli hereupon, Knowles adds, forbade her the house, and Fuseli's admirer went off alone to Paris in December 1792, to break off the attachment; and it was while there that she met Gilbert Tinlay, who had been a captain in the American Navy during the War of Independence, with whom she lived at Havre about the end of 1793, and gave birth to a daughter (Fanny) in May 1794. She appears to have finally broken with Tinlay, whom she found was carrying on a *liaison* with another woman, in March 1796, and in September of that year became intimate with William Godwin, who had

been previously impressed by her "Letters from Sweden." Both of them disapproved of marriage ; but the expectation of a child made a legal union desirable, and they were married March 29, 1797. The birth of this daughter—afterwards the wife of Shelley—was fatal to her, and she died Sept. 10, 1797.

Fuseli had married in 1788 Sophia Rawlins, who is said to have been one of his models, and who often sat to him after his marriage. She proved an affectionate and patient, if not very intelligent wife, to whom he was sincerely attached. Fuseli had previously, when in Zürich, in 1778, fallen in love, but his suit was unsuccessful. This lady, whom he calls "Nanna," had a fine person, lively wit, and great accomplishments, and among the latter her proficiency in music was considerable, which is celebrated in a poem by Goethe. The young lady appears *not* to have been indifferent to Fuseli, but her father, who was wealthy, considered that her marriage with a man dependent upon the caprice of the public for his support was not a suitable connection for his daughter.

Fuseli remained in full possession of his faculties up to the end, delivering his last course of lectures as Professor of Painting to the Students at the Academy in his eighty-fourth year, as well as exhibiting two pictures at the Academy. While on a visit to his friend the Countess of Guilford (daughter of his old patron, the banker Coutts), he was taken ill and died on Saturday, April 16, 1825, in his eighty-fourth year. He is buried between Reynolds and Opie in the crypt of St. Paul's.



HENRY FUSELI, R.A.
*After Howard.*

*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

BY THE STREAM.

"AY," said Johnny Fulford, "there's one thing wi' wummen folk us can always reckon upon, and that's their fulishness."

"And their tongues," said Denny Blake gloomily.

"Iss fay! You knows something about that," the younger Blake said, grinning.

"Naw, naw, lads, you'm wrong. Denny needn't think all wumman folk's like his wife, 'cause they bain't. There's as much difference 'tween 'em as there is 'tween ships."

The three men leant their elbows upon the whitewashed wall and spat upon the rocks below.

"Let a wumman fancy a chap," continued old Johnny, "and the fulishness comes out. It's like maisles, the older they be the worse they gets it."

The younger men guffawed; the three pairs of eyes were fixed upon a couple standing on the sandy mud of the river-bed.

"Betsy's nigh forty year if she be a day, and her looks more 'n that. Her's giving Garge snuff, pore chap. I wouldn't be in his shoes," said Denny Blake.

"Sarve 'un right! I warned 'un. 'Garge,' says I, 'her's gettin' mazed about 'ee, and her's a bad 'un to cross,' says I. 'Her's old enough to be my mother,' says 'ee. Garge be a fule."

Old Johnny wagged his grizzled head. The three were hanging over the wall which runs from the Puss in Boots public-house at the west end of Tregarthen to the life-boat slip.

"Garge" knew that he was watched by the three men. He was trying to carry his shoulders as though he were at ease. Betsy Johns' black eyes looked up at him from under thick black brows. A rusty black straw hat with torn brim was on her head, a tail of dark hair touched with grey hung down her back, her arms were bare to the elbow and covered with mud,

a stained brown petticoat was turned up far above her ankles, bare feet and legs were caked with black mud. Across her shoulders was hung a basket; her large hands grasped a cockle-rake.

"So you 'm goin' to marry her."

"Aye," said George.

He glanced out of the corner of his eyes. She was pushing one great bony, shapeless foot deep into the soft, warm mud, her yellow teeth (one was missing) were biting her under lip.

"Come Monday fortnight," he added.

Her weather-beaten, tanned cheek could not deepen in colour. George was not looking in her eyes. "Monday fortnight," she repeated under her breath.

George glanced over his shoulder at the three men leaning on the whitewashed wall shining in the sun.

"Aye, her 's lookin' for 'ee," muttered Betsy.

A girl in a pink sun-bonnet was come from the Puss in Boots. She leant on the wall by the three sailors and looked across the shingle at Betsy Johns and George. He saw old Johnny Fulford turn his head and speak; they were too distant for their voices to be heard, but George knew that old Johnny was pointing jokes at him and Betsy.

"Go to 'er," said Betsy.

She moved from him, her feet sinking deep into the mud at every step.

He whistled softly, watching that odd stumpy figure pulling its naked feet through the sucking mud. His smile was foolish when he came up to the three men and the girl by the whitewashed wall.

"Nelly 'ull scratch Betsy's eyes out if 'ee don't look out," said Denny Blake, winking.

"What magery you do talk," said Nelly, laughing. She seated herself on the wall, and George sat by her side, his arm round her waist in the approved lover-like style of Tregarthen. The two Blakes strolled into the Puss in Boots; old Johnny remained chewing his tobacco and watching the ebbing tide.

"Her 's lookin' back at 'ee," he said, chuckling.

Nelly twisted her neck, but George obstinately kept his head turned towards Tregarthen.

Betsy had crossed the mud which divided the farther sandhills from the green. She paused, and turning, looked across at the figures in the sun; she could see Nelly's pink sun-bonnet turn towards her, and George's blue jersey sleeve around his sweetheart's shoulders. Then she turned and made her way to her hut among the sandhills.

A passing cloud crossed the sun.

"It 's cold," said Nelly; "I 'm shivered."

She ran indoors and George followed.

"A bad 'un to cross, a taible bad 'un," muttered old Johnny, "and Garge be a fule."

He followed the others into the Puss in Boots.

Six weeks ago Tregarthen had begun to chaff George about Betsy Johns' affections. None dared laugh within Betsy's hearing, for she had the evil eye.

She was avoided, and only "Garge the fule" would have offered to carry her heavy-laden cockle-basket to her hut.

That was how it began. Betsy Johns was thirty-six, and looked fifty. She had never met with any kindness in her life, and she was a woman.

George, coming up with her on her way home from the neighbouring town, where she had been to sell her cockles, walked by her side to Tregarthen. Betsy's black eyes glowed in their depths. Had she but known that George was called a fool because of his soft heart to man, woman, child, and animal! Betsy lived in a hut among the farther sandhills. She lived alone. Her one-roomed cottage or hut (it was but a few boards nailed together) was sheltered from storms and cold in a hollow of the steep slopes of the miniature hills. It was hidden from sight until one was within a yard from the pebbled threshold. George was the only person in Tregarthen who had seen inside that door. He had taken her some fish caught in the nets on the beach of the promontory, and gruffly she had bade him enter.

George and Nelly Blake had been "called" in church before Betsy knew

that they were "keepin' company." The days passed quickly to the Monday fortnight. The marriage morning dawned sunny and warm, a beautiful morning in May.

A crowd of children gathered outside the Puss in Boots where Nelly lived. She was the only daughter of the publican; the wedding was to be done in style. The whitewashed wall was lined with the fishermen unfortunate enough to be uninvited. Mr. Blake, père, had gone to the extravagance of a carriage and pair, but as there was not room for the equipage to turn before the Puss in Boots, its glories of rosetted horses and whitewashed driver were hidden by the corner of the street. There was a running in and out. Mrs. Blake, her face very red, her new black silk dress pinned carefully up from the dust, came to the door to send a child with a penny for a packet of pins. The best man, very hot in his black coat, hat on the back of his well-greased head, came to ask whether the bride was ready, for "Garge was to the church." The bride was coming that minute, was shouted from a window, and the best man went off with the happy news.

"Blest if here bain't Betsy Johns!" said one of the blue-jerseyed men leaning against the wall. She was pushing her way through the women and children about the door.

A child shrilly cried an insult, but was promptly smacked by her mother into silence. Not even the evil eye could hinder Tregarthen children from hooting anyone disliked.

"What 's her doin' here?" whispered the women; the men nudged one another and grinned behind their hands.

On her father's arm the bride stepped down from the threshold as Betsy came up between the women and children, fallen back to let her pass. A little breeze swept along the street and blew the bride's white muslin dress about her feet, her veil against her face.

The crowd drew a breath. Veil! And white gloves! And white shoes! And a great bunch of white flowers! Sakes alive!

Betsy Johns stood before the pretty vision, her bare feet black with river mud, with torn dress and battered hat, hair uncombed upon her shoulders, her swarthy face burning crimson, her black eyes blazing upon the bride's pink young face.

Mr. Blake, perspiring with pride and nervousness, led his daughter down the three steps; Betsy at the foot barred further progress.

"Let her pass, let her pass," said one of the onlookers.

But Betsy was deaf and blind to all but the white figure.

Her eyes were upon the flushing and paling face of the bride. She put out her grimy hand and clutched a slender arm in its white muslin sleeve. Nelly shrank back with a little cry, then she drew herself up and faced the blazing black eyes. Betsy raised the arm twice. She muttered some words; those persons nearest did not hear what; the bride, when questioned afterwards, vowed she likewise had not heard. Betsy dropped the white arm and stepped aside. The bride passed, the onlookers trooped after to the church. Betsy was left standing alone in the small open space before the Puss in Boots.

She strode away from the deserted corner. The little maid left in charge of the house, who had slipped after her mistress to see her get into the grand carriage, ran back, in her hurry knocking against Betsy. She was met by a volley of curses.

"Her 'th witched me!" the child cried, and was found whimpering on the steps by the returning bridal party.

Betsy went to her work in the mud.

For some minutes the bells had ceased their clamour. She stopped her cockle-gathering and looked up at the sky. Above the hills beyond Tregarthen was blackness, overhead the clouds were still fleecy white, over the sea was the clear blue sky of the morning. The flags on the schooners in Tregarthen pool, hoisted in honour of George's wedding, hung brightly red against the darkness of the sky. There was a pause of silence, the wind dropped dead.

Then with a sudden burst of sound the bells clanged again into loud clamour,

the wind swept across the river blowing up little heads of white, a drop of rain fell upon Betsy's face. She tore the basket from her back and flung it far into the water, the cockle-rake followed. Seated on the sand rising from the river to the sandhills she watched the going and coming by the whitewashed wall. The sky was overcast, the rain came down, but she sat and stared across the mud and shingle; the river flowed, creeping up and up towards her, the rain fell in straighter, thicker sheets of water. The tide was washing the mud from her feet before she moved; the loungers on the wall of the Puss in Boots had long ago gone indoors to drink the bride's health. George and Nelly's honeymoon could not be longer than two days. On the third he was back at the salmon-fishing. On the fourth he disappeared.

GEORGE LAY THERE, WITH A BROKEN-HANDLED KNIFE THROUGH HIS HEART.

Nelly had tea ready for him at six o'clock; he had gone fishing by himself and had promised to return by six. Hours passed. The bacon she had cooked for him grew cold, the kettle stopped singing. She ran from neighbour to neighbour, but no one had seen George; her frightened face stopped laughter at her anxiety. The night passed, and he did not come. In the morning his boat was found stranded; some fish, his lines, and bait were lying in the bottom. What had become of George?

"Fallen overboard and drowned," said the policemen.

"Aye!" said old Johnny Fulford; "'tis a likely tale. Garge was likely to fal' overboard on a day as calm as can be."

"P'raps he 'th run away," said Denny Blake gloomily, filling his pipe.

Three, four days passed, and George had not returned. The fishermen looked in one another's eyes and shook their heads. Nelly, dazed with fear and grief, was gone back to her parents. Betsy would come before the Puss in Boots and stare up at the poor girl's window, her lips stretched in a smile, her eyes bright and large in her sunken face. She was wilder, more unkempt; no more cockles were sold by her; she came from her hut in the sandhills only to stand under Nelly's window, gazing up at her at the drawn muslin curtain. Children shrank aside when she passed, the loungers about the Puss in Boots became silent and busied with their pipes, or turned their backs to stare at the schooners and smacks sailing past.

On the fifth day Nelly was standing by the sunny wall beseeching Fulford for

news, when Betsy came round the corner of the street. Nelly's hands were on the old man's arm, her wan face upturned to his, and Betsy laughed a loud, hoarse chuckle, her eyes meeting the younger woman's.

"Her knawth," cried Nelly. "Johnny, Johnny, her knawth!"

"Pore sawl, pore sawl," said old Fulford.

He and the Blakes carried the fainting girl to her mother.

Old Johnny chewed tobacco and spat upon the rocks below the whitewashed wall for a long silence of twenty minutes.

"Denny," at last he said, "us 'll go and see Betsy this 'ere afternoon."

A small crowd of men crossed the mud of the ditch, and pounded through the soft sand to her hut among the sandhills. There was a whisper gone round Tregarthen. When the women and children would have followed, they were sternly ordered back; they waited upon the beach, and watched the men making their way across the yellow sand. The sun shone bright and warm, the meadows were knee-deep in grass, the trees around the Rectory shimmered with the fresh light green of spring.

Betsy's door was shut, she opened it at their knock. Her eyes went from one to the other of the faces behind old Fulford.

"Why didn't 'ee bring his wife?" she screamed, bursting into loud laughter, her head thrown back, her hair falling about her face.

She raised her hand and pointed with her finger past the men. They wheeled round and looked to where she pointed.

On the slope of the sandhill there rose an unnatural mound in the soft dry sand. The reeds on the top of the hill waved in the breeze, and driblets of sand rustled down upon that mound during the second's hush.

Betsy screamed again with laughter, rolling her head to and fro against the doorpost.

It took but a few minutes to brush off the feathery sand from the shallow grave. George lay there, with a broken-handled knife through his heart.

Betsy rolled from side to side in paroxysms of loud hoarse laughter. A yellow cat came out of the hut and rubbed against her bare legs; the fishermen looked from George's stiffened, changed face to the yelling woman.

"I 'll get on and tell Nelly; her 'll be waitin', pore sawl," said old Johnny Fulford.

*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

# SOME HIDDEN HISTORIES.

By GERTRUDE BACON.

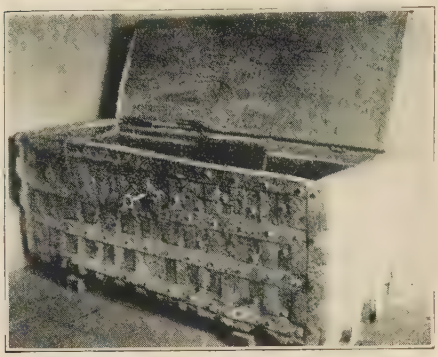
IN these days of ours; these hurrying, bustling, restless, poking, prying, inquisitive times, when the ubiquitous "bike" wheels its way into the remotest corners of the kingdom, and the click of the "Kodak" is heard in our most hidden recesses; when the land is scoured from shore to shore in search of subjects for pen, pencil, and dry-plate, and the birth-places, haunts, and tombs of the great, or even the moderately great, form the object for special pilgrimages with note-book and camera, it is a distinct delight to discover some spot of interest, however small, unknown to tourists and not mentioned in the guide-books. And when such a spot is associated directly with one most famous man and indirectly with many others, and is, moreover, by its picturesqueness, peculiarly well adapted for pictorial illustration, one feels as a book-worm who has unearthed some forgotten manuscript, or a paleontologist with a new "missing link," and an article for *The English Illustrated Magazine* is the natural outcome.

BUCKLEBURY CHURCH.

In the days of Henry VIII., as everyone knows, there lived a famous Berkshire clothier, John Winchcombe by name, more widely known as "Jack of Newbury." This worthy tradesman, by his industry and fair dealing, brought to himself much wealth and honour, so much so, that when Henry and Catherine made a progress through his native town, he entertained them right royally, and subsequently, when the war with Scotland broke out, equipped and armed a band of a hundred men, whom he led with much success and much intrepidity on Flodden Field.

In course of time his money descended to his son, who proceeded to build himself a country-house. The old father, sensible man as he was, was contented to dwell, no doubt, behind his own shop-front, so to speak, in the midst of his business; but, as usual, the son was keen to sever himself from the paternal looms, to possess his own mansion and estate, and to take his place with the county families. Finding in the little village of Bucklebury, some six miles north-east of Newbury, a property to suit him (it had formerly belonged to the monks of Reading, who had just been unceremoniously turned out), he built him a house there. And a fine

mansion it was; of the true Elizabethan style, large and handsome, with most extensive stabling and outbuildings, set in the midst of pleasant gardens and



OLD CHEST IN THE VESTRY OF BUCKLEBURY CHURCH.

ornamental water, well-wooded park and fertile fields. Altogether as fair a country seat as could be desired; and here for many years the Winchcombes lived, wealthy and respected, until there came a time when the last male representative of the family died, leaving the pleasant mansion and its broad acres to Frances, the eldest of his three daughters.

These same broad acres were, it is much to be feared, the inducement that made the great Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, take Frances to be his wife. This was in 1700, before he had made his name, and how much his wife's money may have assisted him towards fame it is impossible to say; but poor Frances had but the worst of the bargain. She was very charming—so much so that a certain poetaster named Philips wrote a Latin ode about her, which is still in existence; and Dean Swift calls her "a great favourite of his," which is higher praise still, for the Dean had most excellent discrimination respecting the fair sex. But her husband never loved her, although she made him a faithful wife; and after fifteen years of unhappiness and vexation, they were finally separated, and three years later she died. Poor Frances! She learned by bitter experience that wealth and position do not constitute happiness, and that a man whose urbanity and courtly bearing were so extreme as to become a byword among his contemporaries might yet make a very unsatisfactory spouse.

But during these fifteen years of wedded life there were gay doings at the Manor House. It was then that Bolingbroke's fortunes were making; and as he rose first to Secretary of War, then to Secretary of State, and thence to the Peerage, the old house was enlarged, restored, and beautified, and a new kitchen of fine and lofty proportions was erected to meet the requirements of the ever-increasing hospitality and the fitting entertainment of the distinguished guests who graced the table of the great statesman.

One of the famous men who visited Bucklebury was Harley, Earl of Oxford, the great political rival of Bolingbroke. Their lives ran in parallel lines. Both strong Tories, they were at one time bosom friends, but presently, as their fortunes ripened and their influence extended, they began mutually to interfere with each other, and self-seeking, unscrupulous men as they were, became sworn enemies. It was at the commencement of their quarrel that Harley came to Bucklebury, and while he was staying with his rival among those peaceful glades a greater man than either tried vainly to heal the breach between them.

This was Jonathan Swift, who on more than one occasion tasted Bolingbroke's

THE BAILIFF'S HOUSE AT BUCKLEBURY.

hospitality, slept in the old house, walked over the broad acres, explored the leafy hollows of the common, wandered round

the stately garden, and preached in the little village church to the wondering rustics gathered from far and near to listen to the famous Irish Dean. In his "Letters to Stella," Swift gives a charming picture of Bolingbroke's life at his country-seat—"I dined yesterday at Bucklebury, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve. In four hours we went twenty-six miles. The Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Bucklebury. He smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours. He enquired after the wheat in such a field. He went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names. He and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand acres he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom ballads are written, and there is an old picture of him in the room. She is a great favourite of mine."

Peaceful and happy enough, but it was not to last, for but three years later Bolingbroke was flying for his life. While old Queen Anne lay a-dying, he and Harley, now the bitterest of foes, were struggling fiercely for supremacy. Harley was Prime Minister, and Bolingbroke used every unscrupulous device for his dismissal. He succeeded at last, and on July 27, 1714, his rival was deposed, and he was made Premier. This was on a Tuesday, but on Sunday the Queen was dead, the Tory policy was at an end, George I. proclaimed King, with universal acclamation, and Bolingbroke was flown to France. The local legend is that he was at Bucklebury at the time of his attainture, and only escaped by a subterraneous passage, said to exist still.

Be this as it may, Bucklebury saw him no more. Before he returned to England poor Frances was dead, and the property had passed to her younger sister, whose descendants hold it to this day. But alas! its glory has departed; its fortunes are laid low. In 1833 the old house was deemed unsafe and was finally demolished, all save a small portion of one wing, the afore-mentioned stable and outbuildings and the famous kitchen. So much for history; now for Bucklebury of the present day.

This obscure Berkshire village covers an immense area of ground, for its small farms and picturesque thatched cottages are dotted sparsely about a large and beautiful common, over which the healthful breezes blow so freshly that many townsfolk send their children to roam about the heather and play with the geese on the green, in preference to the seaside, and one end of the village enjoys quite a

KITCHEN FIREPLACE OF THE OLD HOUSE AT BUCKLEBURY.

little season of its own at certain times of the year. Approaching from the Reading direction, your road lies through a glorious double avenue of oak-trees, stretching for a mile or more; the inner, fine well-grown trees, dating from the days of Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have planted the first when on a visit to the neighbourhood; and the outer, mere striplings by comparison, commemorating the Battle of Waterloo. On the open green at the end of the avenue the village revels were held in the days of wrestling, backswording, and grinning through the horse-collar. It is to be feared that these days are gone

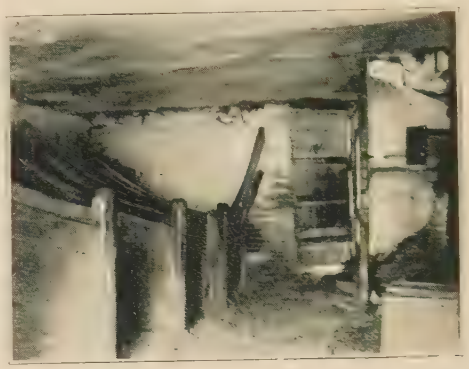
for ever. It is not so long since an attempt was made on this very spot to recall the old festivities. There were booths and peep-shows, collars to grin through, greasy poles to climb, music, dancing, and beer, and handsome prizes were to be won by the doughty champions of backswording as before. In fact, no pains or money were spared to render this revival of old times as complete and successful as possible.

And yet somehow the thing went off badly; there were no lack of rustics, but they were generally apathetic and refused to be amused. The sports hung fire; competitors were few and unwilling, and a general air of depression and melancholy hung over what in bygone years had been the most festive event in the year. The disappointed originators were for a long time at a loss to account for their failure, but it was traced home to one small oversight. It was at length remembered that the village constable, in regulation attire, had been present that day on duty! The blue-coated arm of the Law was as completely out of place in this old-world revival as he would have been at the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouch; and with such a glaring anachronism staring them in the face, it was small wonder that the villagers were unable to be roused to

THE STABLES AT BUCKLEBURY.

that enthusiasm necessary to the success of the undertaking.

A mile along the breezy common—here all golden gorse and bracken, there thickly studded with birch and holly; down the long hill overshadowed by the gigantic pine-trees that grow in what was once the park of the old house, and you find yourself in Bucklebury village, which clusters



A CORNER OF THE STABLES AT BUCKLEBURY.

round the quaint old church, with its square grey tower, on one of the buttresses of which is a strange piece of sculpture which no one yet has succeeded in interpreting. The church is well worthy of a visit, if only for the fact that it remains for the most part in precisely the same state as when Bolingbroke and his famous guests sat in the great family pew and listened to the ponderous periods of Dean Swift as he held forth from the three-decker standing yet in the corner by the little slit of window behind which, in earlier days still, the lepers stood and gazed with longing eyes at the sacred ceremony in which, save at that distance, they might never more participate. The rude oaken seats are polished by the backs of generations of smock-frocked villagers, and hacked and hewn by the pocket-knives of the countless boys who have found the parson's discourse grow wearisome. On the whitewashed walls still hang the hatchments of the Lords of the Manor. Quaint and unsightly windows of diamond glass mar the symmetry of the building; the old wooden gallery and organ-loft choke up the west end and remain as a permanent memorial to the vandalism that could thus disfigure a fair structure and plaster over the peculiarly fine Norman door. In the vestry is a mighty wooden chest, carved from one solid block and bound with iron, five

hundred years old if a day, and worthy of a visit all to itself.

The long, broken outline of red-tiled roofs and quaint gabled ends and vanes, set in a background of massive trees, marks all that remains of the old house. A portion of one wing has been partly modernised and turned into a bailiff's cottage; but this is the least interesting part. Separated from it by a brick court is the ancient kitchen, of noble height and proportions, lighted by tall windows through whose broken panes the ivy now creeps and hangs in festoons over the lockers and tabling fixed to the wall below. At the further end is a fireplace large enough in reality to roast the proverbial ox at; while the rusting spit and apparatus by which such a feat would be accomplished still hang mouldering over the hearth; up the wide chimney the smoke-jack is still intact; and the giant poker and tongs yet stand beside the deserted grate on which the ashes of its hospitable fires have so long died out. The size and style of this palatial kitchen alone bear evidence to the open-handed magnificence and regal state kept in the days that it was built. Nor are the stables and coach-houses one whit behind. All is now ruin and decay, and hidden in the dust and cobwebs of many generations; the ceilings are falling, the windows are broken, the owls and bats have taken up their abode among the rotting rafters, and the ivy creeps in through chinks in the eaves and roof. But as one wanders past the long lines of stalls, with their elaborate oak fittings, it does not take much imagination to tenant them with prancing steeds, to see the ponderous family coach, bright and painted, standing in the coach-house, the polished steel and shining leather hanging on the walls, and the army of liveried grooms and lackeys clattering and whistling over their work and sleeping at night in the perfect wilderness of lofts above, where, by the way, so the story runs, a daughter of the house in bygone days held secret meetings with her lover—a butcher — with whom she subsequently eloped. Of course, the place is haunted, and with two apparitions at least. A White Lady walks the park and flits round the quiet pond; but a more terrible sight is the chariot drawn by six black horses mounted by headless postillions which at midnight issues from the portals of the ancient mansion, its ghostly wheels rattling on the uneven stones, and drives swiftly away to some fearsome destination. The stables, as they now stand, would seem to be indeed a fitting abode for the black steeds and the phantom coach, and it is not so long since that the family at the dwelling-house left hurriedly, scared away, so it is said, by the ghostly tenants of the ruins.

THE ORNAMENTAL WATER AT BUCKLEBURY.

A lovelier and more peaceful spot than the old garden and ornamental waters, on

a summer's day, no heart could desire. The calm reflection of the blue sky and overhanging trees is broken only by the swans that float gently among the reeds and round the little island in the centre. There is a rustic seat of the olden times between the ponds, and grassy paths running round them, on which have walked the stately ladies in Watteau dresses (that is if they wore such elaborate costumes in the country) and the gentlemen with flowing wigs and lace ruffles and coats of wondrous cut.

Poor Frances has wandered here, neglected and alone, and wretched in the midst of her own fair grounds. Bolingbroke and Harley have paced the walks together in hot argument, with dark faces and bitter words on their lips. The great Dean has sat in the rustic seat and smoked his pipe and thought of Stella, and the beauty of the scene has perhaps stolen over him and warmed his heart for the moment and blunted the edge of his cruel cynicism; and Mr. Pope, maybe, has been here also, framing already some couplets for the famous Essay which he subsequently dedicated to his "guide, philosopher, and friend," St. John himself, and many another of the great men of the day whose names have never been recorded. And the swallows dipped in the clear water then as they do now; and the rooks cawed over their head; and the thrushes sang then the same song; and the shouts of the merry children, released from school, still rose up from the village below; and as the shadows deepened, and the evening breeze rustled in the leaves, the deep tones of the village bell warned them then, as they warn us now, that the day is passing.

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# THE MONK OF BALDWYN PRIORS.

## *A MODERN GHOST STORY.*

By A. S. APPELBEE.

"DEAR OLD FRANK,—I am delighted to get your letter announcing your return from the Rand. While you have been lost to us in your wanderings after big game, we have heard some news that you will find very pleasant. Fulwar and Son have been notified that your cousin Frank, the nigger-farmer, died last year, and was so pleased at the similitude of your patronymics that he left you sole heir to his stocks and shares, which are a mighty lump, and to a little old estate in Worcestershire. Knowing the circumstances as I do, I can only congratulate you upon his end, and I thought I would anticipate the proper legal formalities, and give you the tip that you are now a rich man.

"Come over to my place to dinner to-night, and I will tell you all I know about it.—Your affectionate friend,

"GEORGE FULWAR."

So ran the note addressed to me, Frank Quantrill, from my bosom friend George, junior partner in the highly respectable firm of Fulwar and Son, and my representative at home during a couple of years of adventurous globe-trotting. He was a rising professional man and I a hopeless Bohemian. We had nothing in common that would be understood by a superficial observer, but for all that we had the mutual sympathy that is given to men once in a lifetime, and had dated from the days before our paths had diverged, when George took my side in a school fight, and added the necessary strength to rout the enemy. Our friendship had been unbroken ever since.

I went to Hampstead that night, as directed, and when the ladies had retired and we were stretching our feet towards a comfortable fire, blowing quavering blue clouds from our Havanas—George knows

a good cigar—we soon got round to the same subject again.

"You are a lucky beggar," said my host good-humouredly; "here you've been philandering all over Christendom ever since you were sent down from Oxford, and you get set up for life; while I have to keep my nose to the grindstone all the year round, and when I get a relative who is a disgrace to my name he comes to me a-borrowing instead of providing me with the ready. I've got plenty of them, too."

Bountiful, and settle down to growing mangel-wurzels and breeding prize swine?"

George laughed heartily, in his old style.

"Not just your form, eh?" Then he added: "My dear fellow, you won't be bothered that way. To tell you the truth, the place is haunted. Not a tenant has stopped there for years, and as for your late relative, why a fellow with a record like his simply could not try to stop there."

"The dream of my life," I cried, "has

HE WAS MURDERED IN HIS SLEEP BY ONE OF THE INFURIATED MONKS.

I looked round the comfortably appointed room, and laughingly contrasted it with one of my camps in the Congo marshes, adding, with a jest—

"You have got the best end, old man; and, besides, you would never dream of having a relative half as bad as old Frank Quantrill."

"H'm! He was a blackguard, certainly, but his gold weighs just as heavy."

"What sort of a house is it, George? A country squire's little place, where I shall be expected to marry the local Lady

been to own a real ghost, George. You can't buy them: they are off before you can get a house conveyed to you. Tell me all about it."

"Well," replied George thoughtfully, "It's a queer story. I have seen the place, and it is as fine an old house of the sort as there is in the county. It is called Baldwyn Priors, and stands a long way back from the road, by the side of the river. There is not a house within a mile nowadays, so that the ghost has a free run, and a fine old time he seems to have of

it, to judge by the accounts I had of him. It was June when I saw the house, and with the sun shining on it, and the trees stretching along the river bank in full leaf, and the water rippling at the back, and the birds singing, it is just the spot for an artist. It is an old grey pile, all gables and corners and moss. I am not much of an architect, but I should judge most of it to be Elizabethan—you know, wrought freestone quoins, and ogee-shaped gables, and mullioned and transomed windows, with a great square grass-grown courtyard in front, and a granary over the entrance-gate. One side is much older than Queen Bess, though—a regular series of mediæval gables, and, as I should judge, part of a much older house, worked up into the other."

"And what about the ghost?" I asked.

"That is the queer part of the story, my boy, and I can only tell you as I had it. You know you cannot get at a spook for the purpose of cross-examination, and you should not believe anything till you can talk to the witness with a strong light on his face.

"It seems that the place was a monastery once, before the Elizabethan part was built. In his usual pleasant way, Henry VIII. had an eye upon it, and one of his commissioners visited it to make a report as to the value of the revenue. His report was so complimentary that the place was disestablished soon afterwards. Just about the time this was being done, the little battle of Solway Moss took place. I don't know whether you have forgotten your history since you left school. If not you will remember that Solway Moss was fought when Scotland was Romish, and King James V. invaded England. His army was defeated by a few farmers in Cumberland, and then he went and died of a broken heart. A messenger was despatched to London with the news, who happened, as luck had it, to be the twin brother to the commissioner to Baldwyn Priors. He had sustained in the engagement a slight injury, which got worse as he proceeded, and being hard pressed in passing through this lonely part of the country, the courier was compelled to stop at the monastery for assistance. The whole land was in a state of uproar just then, and, of course, he did not know his brother had been there before him. As the story goes, the courier was at once taken for his brother, and was murdered in his sleep by one of the infuriated monks, his body being cast, loaded with stones, into the river which runs at the back of the building. In the lively times for Papists that followed, the monk himself was killed, crying to Heaven in a piercing voice for pardon for his crime. After he had passed into the shadow his soul could not find rest, and took to hanging about your property, with which he was familiar, and where he has long held undisputed sway. The last tenant who managed to occupy the premises in conjunction with the spook was an old farmer who was absolutely deaf, and appears to have been quite indifferent to him. Since then one tenant has died mysteriously in his bed, on whom an unsatisfactory inquest was held, for no cause of death could be found by our prosaic methods, although the whole neighbourhood was satisfied from his dying utterances that the man had come into conflict with the spirit, and had come out of the contest defeated."

"Is that all?" I asked, after listening to this recital with the utmost care.

"Yes," said George complacently, "I could not trace that anyone else had died lately. I think that is about all. Have another cigar?"

"Look here, George," I cried, "it is quite clear that this spook has nothing to do with my distinguished old cousin, whatever else we may think of him. The whole thing must be cleared up, and it is all the better that we know that it is supposed to go back to a time before our own. And if there is a new sensation to be had out of life, why should not you and I have it?"

George acquiesced, and we jested lightly with the ladies as we explained our latest enterprise to them.

* * * *

It was quite a month after this conversation that we were comfortably installed

one Friday night at Baldwyn, in pursuit of our object. We had taken up our quarters in the village inn, my house not being in a furnished state. The leaves had fallen, and the day had been a rough one in that bleak spot, but the inn was comfortable,

"YOUNG SIR, BEWARE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE FRIAR!"

and we chatted merrily over our impending encounter with his ghostship.

We had ascertained in the bar that he was supposed to frequent the older portion of the house, with an especial preference for the large state bed-room where the courier had stretched himself for his last long sleep.

"We will search the place well by day-light to-morrow," said George, "and then make ourselves comfortable for the night, and he will have to be a powerful spook if he makes any headway while we are on the look-out for him."

We did search next day. The bed-room was black, with oak panelling all round, and had heavy oak beams overhead, and an oak floor as hard as iron.

The remains of an oak four-post bedstead still stood where they had stood for centuries, and there was a large press against the wall. The press had nothing in it, and the room was completely empty. A mouse could not have hidden itself there.

Careful measurements in the adjoining chambers showed that there was not space for a human being to be concealed anywhere around the room, or in the ceiling or floor. Of that we were quite satisfied. After a most careful scrutiny of the walls, the boards underneath our feet, and even the ceiling with the aid of a ladder, we could find nothing that was not perfectly normal. There was plenty of time to examine the place, and we did so diligently.

We had a fire lighted in anticipation of the night, and then set out for dinner at the inn, only to find that the elements had been steadily gathering in violence during our stay in the old house.

As we walked cheerfully along the road a bent old hag appeared suddenly in our path. She whined for alms, and as George handed her a copper or two, stood bolt upright, and shaking a skinny finger at him, said—

"Young Sir, beware of the Spirit of the Friar! You cannot hide from the eye of the Friar. To those who show charity, let charity be shown. Whoso is foolish, thinks he may hide from the eye of the Friar."

Then she disappeared into the gloom as quickly as she had burst upon us.

"Well, now, that is a rum go," said George. "What do you make of that, old man?"

"Why, the landlord has been talking about our mission, I should think," I replied, "and this is some old party out of the village who has heard about it, and thinks we are courting sudden death."

George whistled, and said something about its being very remarkable, anyway. He could not quite understand it as a matter of pure reason.

About nine o'clock we sallied forth again, armed with some smokes to keep us awake, some whisky to keep us happy, and a brace of carefully primed revolvers. Old stager as I was in queer travels, I could not help feeling the weirdness of the night as we made our way slowly along the dark road. The gale sighed and sobbed through the bare branches of the elms overhead, and constantly in our ears was the sound of the windlashed river as it surged towards the mill-dam just below our destination. By daylight a cottage or two was visible on the opposite bank, but no light illumined their windows now, and the mill had fallen into desuetude for ages. My little terrier Jack had poked his nose into our adventure, but I found that he had slunk behind, and I felt George start at no more terrible an appearance than an owl dashing past us in silence. I did not omit to rally him on being scared.

The house from the inside seemed alive with whistles and creaking groans, as if its old heart throbbed in response to the tempest.

We sat comfortably before a blazing fire until long after eleven o'clock smoking and chatting. I had told George we were two fools on a wild-goose chase, and that at midnight we would solemnly parade the whole place, and we had forgotten the ghost, and had fallen to chatting about some of my adventures abroad, when suddenly Jack's little ears went up, and I was conscious of a sound.

"What was that?" said George, at the same moment.

We listened, and perceived that there was a sound of footsteps somewhere outside.

George said there was nobody in the house, but whispered that we would wait a moment as the steps seemed to be drawing nearer to us.

We waited, and were suddenly aware that the steps had changed in direction, and were going away from the door of the room we were in.

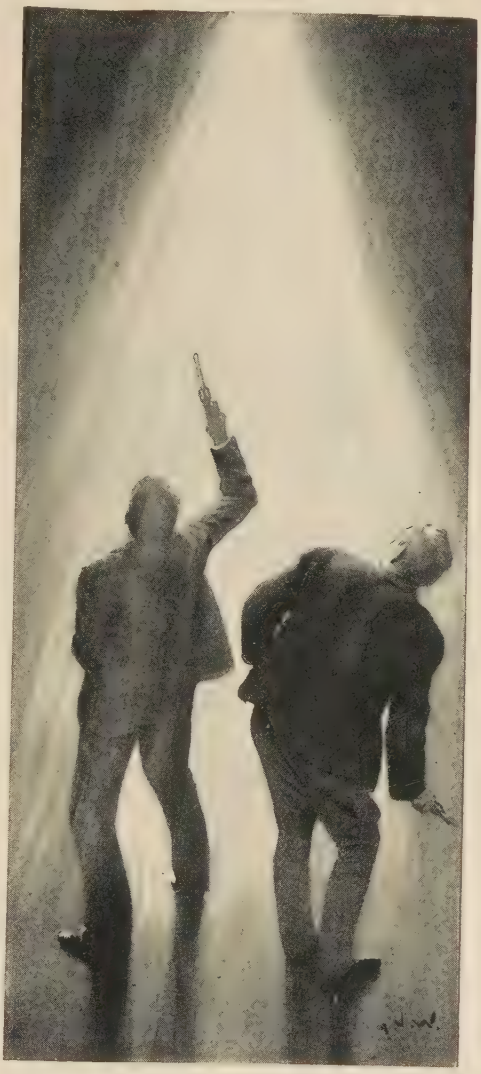
Seizing revolvers and lights, with a common instinct we sprang into the passage in hot pursuit. We could see no one, but the steps were audible ahead of us tramping steadily on at the same measured rate as before. We started to run after the sound, nor stopped till we had arrived—in the haunted bed-room.

It was empty.

We searched around carefully, and again we went round with even more elaborate searching. We put Jack into every hole and corner. There was no doubt about it. We had followed the sound of footsteps into this room. We

had all heard them, including a dog, who was not a subject for hallucinations. There was no possible outlet, for the room was at the end of the passage, and there was not a living thing in it, even as big as a sparrow.

I confess to a funny feeling as George and I blankly regarded one another in the candlelight. As I looked I saw his face suddenly take a whiter hue, and I was conscious of a cold stream running down my back. I have faced a wounded tiger's last spring in the Indian jungle, and I have floated down a torrent in a canoe that had got out of hand, each with a steady eye, and an arm firm enough to grasp at a chance of escape, but this was something paralysing and indescribable. Out of the blackness we had just searched there came a voice, speaking in thick muffled tones, and with a strange accent and intonation, but still so that we could catch the words.



WE LOOKED UP AND PERCEIVED THAT IT ISSUED FROM THE CEILING.

"*Solvum me fac, Domine,*" it chanted, with slow and painful pauses. "Help me, O Lord, for I am sore smitten. How long shall I stand outside the faithful, because my hand smote the sinner?"

There was silence, but as we stole forward, the voice arrested us again.

"Must I wander over earth for ever, strewing death with the eye of heaven that looked upon my crime? *Dominus me regit: Domini est terra: ad Te, Domine, animum levavi: Judica me, Domine.*"

The voice ceased, as we gazed into the darkness with starting eyes. The little dog leaped on the bed, and I hardly knew George's hoarse whisper as he said—

"It is a voice from the Middle Ages. We can hear a man speak in the tones that a monk used in the days of Henry VIII. My God!"

Again we gazed around. The room was empty.

Even while we stood there happened a more fearful thing still.

The voice paused, and then we caught the words about the eye of heaven once more. Then a gust of wind blew through the open window before which we had stopped and put out the candles as we held them. The absence of the two candles did not leave us in darkness, however. Instead of that the room became suffused with a pale white light. We turned involuntarily, and saw that it stood in a column in the centre of the room.

We looked up and perceived that it issued from the ceiling. I observed with

terror, and with my knees shaking under me, that it came from an immense human eye, which seemed to glare down through the ceiling and through us too. The eye rolled slowly round, and as its gaze rested upon me, I felt my muscles curling about and knotting up. I staggered, and could hardly stand.

I felt my blood flow more freely as the eye moved away from me. It rested upon George, whose hands moved convulsively as he leaned back against the wall. The unspeakable eye continued to turn slowly round, the pillar of light following it, until it rested upon the bed. As it moved over little Jack, my canine friend of five years yelped faintly and fell stone dead before our eyes.

"It is unnatural. There is death in the eye," shrieked George, and together we turned and fled, the voice chanting solemnly after us as before, "*Solvum me fac, Domine*——"

I own we stumbled and plunged breathless into the black night, and never paused until we felt the fresh air of heaven blowing by us, and the chilly rain beating in our faces. As contact with our fellow human beings brought back something of steadiness to our faltering nerves and palpitating hearts, we agreed that we had been accorded some awful and mysterious revelation from beyond the pale of human understanding. I swore that the house should be rased to the ground, and that until then no human being should be allowed to enter it again.

* * * *

Christmas had come and gone, and the recollection of that fearful night remained with me just as distinct as ever, but had begun to assume something of distance. I thought of it more as a nightmare, which only occasionally haunted my dreams or sent the colour from my cheeks in my waking moments. The house remained untouched, and I had been trying to forget my creepy sensations in visiting lively homes in the country, and mouching about the old Bohemian set in town, who at least were frankly incredulous. George's nerve seemed seriously shaken, that being a fact that none of them could explain away.

I was at home one afternoon absorbed in a novel published while I had been abroad, with my feet on the mantelpiece, when a servant came in with a note labelled "Urgent." It was from George, and ran as follows—

"Dear Frank,—I have nailed your ghost. Call at my office at four-thirty sharp this afternoon for an introduction. Yours affectionately, GEORGE FULWAR."

To leap from my chair and hail a cab was the work of a moment. The note had been sent to the club, and I had only just time to do the journey. As I walked into the private office, George opened a drawer and took out a brace of weapons, one of which he handed to me with a smile.

"Loaded," said George. "You will want it this time, old man."

"Rot!" I responded. "This is a humdrum lawyer's office. Look at the red tape. What do you mean about that night at Baldwyn?"

"Listen carefully," said George. "I have just time to tell you. Two days ago I was consulted by Professor Steinmann, the well-known German scientist. He came to me professionally about an action over a patent-right for an electrically constructed instrument. As soon as he spoke I was struck with the extraordinary likeness between his voice, which was of singular beauty, and that of our mediæval monk. I had not forgotten the tones of the monk, for they simply haunt me. I made an appointment with him for to-day, and was thinking the matter over afterwards, when it came to me like a flash that there was something electrical about your ghost.

"I went to the chief detective at Scotland Yard afterwards, and learned from him that Steinmann is in this country as a political refugee. He makes an open living out of his scientific profession and his scholastic abilities, for he is a good linguist, capable of standing cross-examination in an English court, as he himself told me, and he is known to be connected with some secret society of a determined and remorseless character. They know he manufactures infernal machines, but nothing

can be proved against him, owing to the uncommon astuteness with which he hides the place and manner of his work. In fact, the good-natured 'tec gave me a hint to keep clear of Steinmann as I would of the plague, and said roundly that he was the most dangerous criminal cheating the hangman. Hush! here he comes."

As I listened in amazed silence, trying to piece this story together, Professor Steinmann entered. He was a man of medium height, but herculean development, with a good-looking face, regularly featured, and with a great square, determined jaw, only half masked by a short brown beard. He at once fixed a steel-grey eye on me, with an unspoken interrogatory.

"Let me introduce you to my friend Jenvey, Professor," said George pleasantly. "He is an expert in regard to your case whom I have been consulting."

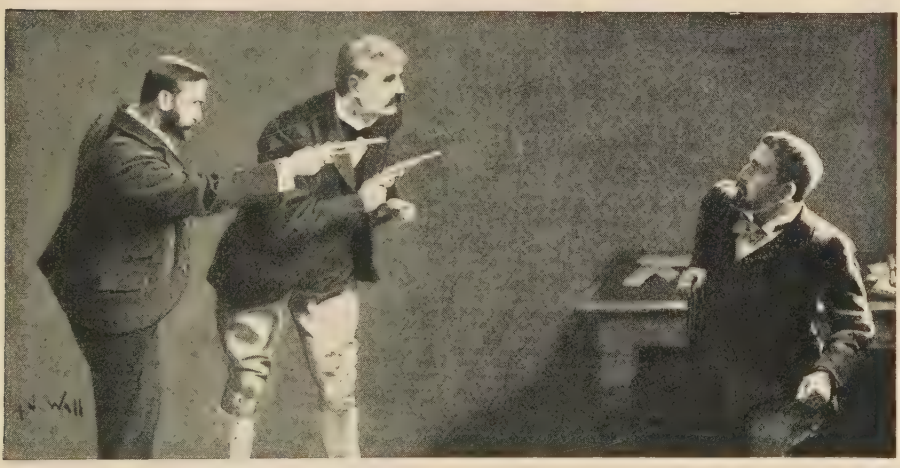
The Professor bowed gravely, and sat down. He turned round in doing so, and at a nod from George, I covered him with my weapon.

"Don't shout, and don't raise your hand or you are a dead man," went on George, with painful distinctness.

The Professor obeyed, but he swung round and steadily faced the two revolvers. He gave a keen glance at George's stern face, satisfied himself that we were not in a position in which we could shoot each other, and then, having apparently weighed the chances of a bolt, he spoke. His eyes glittered fiercely, but his voice was equable and calm.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "you are behaving in the most peculiar manner. By outrageous conduct like this you are also breaking the law of your beautiful country, and if you do not at once remove those firearms I must take proceedings against you when I get outside either as criminals or lunatics."

"Listen," said George sternly. "If you attempt to move I fire forthwith. Frank, he has got a weapon in his right-hand coat pocket. Take it out. Now, Professor, when you get outside you will not want to take proceedings. Is there any reason why you should not be handed over to the police?"



HE SWUNG ROUND AND STEADILY FACED THE TWO REVOLVERS.

"On what charge, my friend?" suavely.

"On a charge of using Baldwyn Priors, Worcestershire, belonging to my friend here, for the purpose of manufacturing bombs in secret, to be exported thence to Russia."

The Professor's eyes gleamed like coals of live fire now.

"Will you give me two minutes to think?" he said.

"Yes."

He leaned back easily in his chair, and at once seemed to forget our presence, and the two cold barrels close to his head. He looked past us, through the window.

"Two minutes," said George, who had never for a moment taken his eye off the Professor.

Steinmann looked up with a sigh of relief, as though he had just solved a problem.

"I capitulate," he said, "if you will hear me first, and then name your terms."

"Go on," said George.

"In the first place, I shall not be taken alive. I carry with me means to end my life as soon as it becomes dangerous to my cause with which you cannot cope. It would become dangerous if you attempted to capture me. My confederates are known only to myself, and in the event of my not leaving here at the time I have arranged to do so in my own mind they would at once be informed of what has happened, scatter all over the world, and vanish long before you could get at them. Neither you nor your Society, therefore, gains by capturing my dead body, for my work is so far accomplished that it would go on unhindered by my death. Science would lose, however, for I have a discovery just made that will do far more general good than ever even I can do harm. Alive, it has become necessary for me to move my quarters, anyway, after what you have told me. Death I do not fear. Now name your terms, or prepare to shoot."

"Professor," said George, "I love bravery. I will not threaten if you will promise not to use violence."

"I promise," responded the German, "for ten minutes."

We put down our arms, and George spoke again.

"There is reason in what you say. My friend and I would have shot a ruffian, but *we* have looked on death and quailed. I don't know that there is any particular reason why I should assist the police, beyond ridding the country of you and your Anarchist band. I would ask you as a favour before you go free how it was done?"

The phlegmatic German brightened up in a moment into the keen man of science.

"Pure skill, my friends, pure skill. Given a lonely spot where a man may make implements of war unheeded while the house be empty; a reputation for spirit visitations; a river so close with a few wires run across under water; a little motor running in an old freehold mill—there you have the component parts. It needs but the skilled hand to piece them together, and the bountiful forces of electricity to do all that was done."

"But the warning," said George, "and the voice? Water-mills have not voices."

"The wife of the old deaf tenant, thoroughly impressed, and a phonograph, my dear Sir, carefully hidden in the roof, and only audible when a small false front was opened automatically. The trap-door was a work of art."

"And the eye?" burst from me involuntarily. "The eye that carried death?"

"Was that so? I had tried it on nothing bigger than a rabbit. My friends, a certain Mr. John Hartman — the American inventor, in your world — has just discovered a search-light, the beam of which carries death like a copper wire when the circuit is completed. I discovered that years ago, and have perfected my apparatus. It matters not to tell you this much, now that the secret is known elsewhere. It is no further use to me to scare silly men. But the sliding trap in front of the light was another work of art. I made it myself."

And even while he spoke the Professor bowed with exquisite foreign grace, walked out of the office, and vanished into the murky January darkness.

"HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!"

THE past season has been fruitful in weddings in the Court circle. Within one week the Duke of York's

*Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.*

THE HON. MRS. DEREK KEPPEL.

Equerry, the Hon. Derek Keppel, married the Hon. Bridget Harbord; Miss Evelyn Ellis, daughter of the Prince of Wales's Equerry, married Lord Lothian's cousin, Mr. Walter Kerr; and Lady Mary Byng, daughter of the Queen's Equerry, became the Comtesse de Mauny-Talvande.

Mr. Keppel is the younger brother of Lord Albemarle, a scion of a Dutch family that came across with the Prince of Orange. His father, best known as Lord Bury, was keenly interested in electro-motors, and once caused much amusement by inviting the public, through the *Times*, to invent a word which should mean movement by electricity. A jingle of the day summed up the suggestions in some clever verses beginning—

Sweet, shall we volt it? Dearest, shall we ohm
Our winged way across the ocean foam?
Or were it fairer to electricise
(Or electrate) our paths to happier skies?
What 's in a name, when all roads lead to Rome?

Curiously enough, Mr. Keppel's sister, Lady Theodora Davidson, is married to

*Photo by Esme Collings, New Bond Street.*

MISS FLEETWOOD-WILSON
(PRINCESS ALEXIS DOLGOROUKI).

the brother of the most recent inventor of a flying-machine. So you see the Keppels have plenty of go.

The bride, who was the Hon. Bridget Harbord, has a sister Judith, who is Maid-in-ordinary to the Queen, while her sister, as Lady Musgrave, is owner of the famous "Luck of Eden Hall." The Harbords were originally Mordens. They got this title only in 1786.

Miss Fleetwood Wilson, who has become the Princess Alexis Dolgorouki of Michaelorka, South Russia, is of Scottish origin. Her father was the youngest son of a Lieutenant in the Royal Marines, and was born in Portsoy. He made a lot of money in the Brazil shipping trade and moved into Portman Square—which is a very far cry from Portsoy. Miss Wilson has always had a warm corner in her heart for the North, and has leased Old Mar Castle, Braemar, where the Jacobite standard was raised. Prince Alexis is the son of the late Prince Dolgorouki, who was Secretary of State to the Czar's grandfather.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street.*

MR. GELETT BURGESS, WHO WROTE "THE PURPLE COW."

Mr. Gelett Burgess is the latest literary invader from America. He is a young man who became world-famous on four lines of nonsense verse—

I never saw a purple cow;
I never wish to see one;
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.

These lines appeared in the *Lark*, a strange little journal (printed on one side of the paper) which soared in San Francisco for a season and then stopped carolling. Some people looked on it all as a lark (in the slang sense), but Mr. Burgess has found a very good joke. He is an amusing artist in black and white, his sketches (which do not pretend to have the slightest sense of draughtsmanship) being very comical. He is really a Bostonian by birth, who migrated to San Francisco, which has already produced Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller.

The literary tastes of the Golden City are catered for to a considerable extent by an Englishman, Mr. William Doxey, who

has gained a name for himself by devoting a window in his shop now and again to the works of one author. Mr. W. C. Morrow, a story-teller of the Poe school, also hails from San Francisco; and Mr. Fernal, who has written some clever Chinese stories (including "The Cat and the Cherub"), at a time have been listening to American dramas played by Americans, to say nothing of the stray actors and actresses who are to be found in nearly every company. Among the latter Miss Fanny Ward has achieved a notable place. In "Lord and Lady Algy," at the Comedy Theatre, she

*Photo by Nadar, Paris.*

EDMOND ROSTAND, THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

is another of the same. Mr. Burgess means to settle in London, if Cockaigne will but appreciate his humour.

America, indeed, sealed the "alliance" with England long ago in a quiet unofficial way by sending us troupes of players. As many as four London theatres looked quite a picture in her patches and powdered wig.

Long before America came France amused us. There was a time in recent years when the home-made British drama seemed to have come to stay; but France is still with us.

Thus M. Rostand has supplied Sir Henry Irving with "Cyrano de Bergerac," just as Sardou sent "Sans-Gêne." M. Rostand affects the old-fashioned "stock," and is altogether a rather young-old man. He wrote a charming poem-play for the divine Sarah called "La Princesse Lointaine," in one scene of which the stage was converted into the deck of a ship, while a great brown sail flapped to and fro throughout the scene.

*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

MISS FANNY WARD IN "LORD AND LADY ALGY."

Mr. George Moore is the only novelist

who has created a sensation this year; for his story, "Evelyn Innes," bounded into notoriety by being boycotted at Smith's. And this is also the year that Mr. Moore has attained his majority as a writer, for his "Flowers of Passion" appeared in 1877. Mr. Moore is fair—and forty. He

*Photo by Spalding, Chelmsford.*

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW.

claims Mayo as his birthplace, and the Temple as his home. His father was a member of Parliament. He himself began life as an artist in Paris.

Mention was made in the literary causerie in this magazine recently of the marked advance which Mr. Frank Mathew, the novelist, has made. It may not be generally known that he is the nephew of Mr. Justice Mathew. The Judge, though born in Bordeaux (in 1830), is thoroughly Irish, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. As a matter of fact, he has described his recreations as "a country house in Ireland; books, music." One of the most famous of the Mathews family was the great temperance priest, whose biography started the novelist on his literary career eight years ago. Curiously enough, the novelist, like the Judge, was born abroad—at Bombay.

DARKNESS came quickly and suddenly down before the last crimson glory of the dying sun had fully faded away, and the snow-clad summits of the western hills still glowed with a transparent flush as though lit by some inward fire.

Wrapped in the gloom of the falling night, down at the foot of the further hills, stood a small wooden shanty, with open door, from which streamed a ray of misty yellow light; and silhouetted against it—a black figure, outlined with gold—was the form of a woman, standing motionless and with an aspect of waiting in her tense position. A young woman, it was plain to see, though her face was lost in the shadow; but the fine curves and outlines of her graceful figure were faultless and perfect as those of a young goddess.

She stood without motion or sound, one hand upraised, and shading her eyes as she gazed, as though she would pierce the gloom to see some living thing on that dreary, unbroken expanse of white. And as she looked, she sang softly to herself an old superstitious chant—

See, the sun is swiftly dying,
Spirits black and spirits white
From your haunts come creeping, flying.
Falls the night.

Round each boulder peeping, prying,
Spirits white and spirits black,
Keep the vigils of the dying.
Point the track.

The old man sitting within the cottage shivered, and glanced fearfully over his shoulder.

"I do wish you wouldn't sing those uncanny songs, Litt," he said, in a high, querulous voice. "They fair make my flesh creep."

The young woman at the door turned swiftly and came towards him with a light, elastic step.

"Poor Dad!" she said gently, laying a caressing hand on his white head. "I forgot you didn't like them."

The old man grunted, but let his cheek rest against the firm, slender hand, while the eyes of the young woman wandered again to the door.

Suddenly from out in the darkness came the sound of galloping horse-hoofs; now muffled and almost inaudible in the thick snow, and then striking sharply upon some half-buried stone.

Litt raised her handsome head and listened with smouldering eyes and dilated nostrils, like a young panther scenting danger. Nearer came the sound, and nearer till the steps stopped with a jerk outside the door, and a man muffled to the chin in a great ulster dismounted and entered.

"Ev'nen', Ad'm."

"Good evenin' to you, Sarjint." The old man rose feebly and somewhat nervously and extended two shaking fingers.

Sergeant Tomlins took them mechanically, but his eyes were fixed on the girl.

"Good ev'nen', Miss Litt," he said awkwardly, when she made no advance.

Litt turned slowly, and surveyed him from under her half-closed lids.

"Out on duty?" she said laconically.

The Sergeant fidgeted with the fingers of his gloves, and nodded silently. It was strange that the greatest bully in the force, noted for his callous and hard-hearted cruelty, should so quail before the eyes of a young woman

"What poor wretch are you after now?" said Litt carelessly, bending down to move one of the logs on the hearth.

"Natt Summers," said the Sergeant, looking straight at her. Litt never flinched.

"What 's he bin doing?"

"Shooting his stepfather," said the Sergeant, as laconically as she asked it.

Litt's fine eyes suddenly opened and blazed.

"Has he, at last? Then I 'm glad of it!" she said defiantly.

The Sergeant watched her closely.

"You don't happen to have seen the young man lately?" he asked.

Litt looked at him, considering.

"I saw him Tuesday," she said quietly.

"Ah, Tuesday—and to-day 's Friday." The Sergeant pulled at the end of his moustache, and looked narrowly at her. "Surely that 's rather a long while for young folks who are engaged?"

For the first time Litt started, and her colour changed; and at this corroboration of his suspicions the Sergeant's sallow face turned livid, and a cruel gleam came into his eyes.

Litt recovered herself in an instant and laughed.

"Who told you we were engaged?" she asked indifferently.

"It 's true, then?" said the Sergeant slowly.

"Oh, yes; it 's true enough," she answered carelessly, and she walked across to the window and looked out.

The Sergeant followed her with his eyes.

"What made him do it?" he asked.

Litt turned round with clenched hands.

"I would have done it; I 'm glad he did!" she cried fiercely. "That brute beating and hurting that frail little woman! Natt loved his mother, and what son could stand seeing one he loved cursed and beaten by a drunken brute? It 's gone on for two years now, and Natt told me he meant to put an end to it. He gave the wretch a pistol, and told him he meant to kill him unless he could kill him first. Natt won, and you call that murder!"

Litt was superb in her fury, and the Sergeant almost forgot his errand in his admiration. "By gosh! you are handsome," he said, making a step towards her.

All the fire died out of her face, leaving it pale and rather tired; and once more she turned involuntarily towards the window. The Sergeant saw the look, and he half smiled.

At that moment the outer door swung open, and a tall, stalwart young fellow entered, coming face to face with the Sergeant.

The Sergeant smiled outright.

"Natt Summers, I arrest you on the charge of murder," he said quietly.

Litt flew round, and seized hold of his arm as if to protect him.

"Natt, Natt, why didn't you look through the window first, as I told you?" she said despairingly.

Natt stood as if dazed, staring from the Sergeant to her.

The Sergeant pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. Natt shivered.

"No, no," said Litt passionately. "You shall not put those on." And she stood drawn to the full height of her perfect figure, daring him to come nearer.

The Sergeant hesitated, and looked at his prisoner; but Natt had sunk into a chair, and was hiding his face in his hands.

Natt looked drearily at Litt.

"Promise, Natt," she said softly.

"I promise, then," said he despondently.

And the Sergeant, followed by Litt, went into the back parlour, and shut the door.

Old Adam had listened with dim eyes and shaking teeth, and now he got up and

"NATT SUMMERS, I ARREST YOU ON THE CHARGE OF MURDER."

"Oh, Litt!" he murmured in a stricken voice. "I mind more for you than for myself."

The Sergeant put the handcuffs into his pocket again. A curious animal look had come into his close-set eyes.

"Natt Summers," he said, going over to the bowed form, "will you give me your word of honour not to try to escape if I speak with this young woman in the next room for a few moments?"

went and laid his old hand on the young man's head.

"What is it, Natt?" he said tremulously.

Natt started.

"I didn't know you were there, Adam," he said dully.

"But is it danger? Are they—are they going to harm Litt?" he sank his voice to a husky whisper.

"No, no one shall harm Litt," said Natt, with sudden pity. And caring for no one

else in the world, the decrepit old man crept back to his chair and fell placidly asleep.

* * * *

"I could do it; nobody knows I have been here and seen him, and by to-morrow morning, when they discover he's flown, he could be safely away. Will you consent, Litt, to save him?" And the Sergeant bent and took her hand.

Litt looked up, her eyes showing but a smouldering slit beneath the drooping lids.

"Will I do what?" she asked.

"If I consent to forget my duty and honour"—Litt smiled and the Sergeant flushed—"I say, if I forget my duty and let Natt escape, will you give me this hand as reward?"

Litt laughed curiously.

"Won't the other do?" she asked coquettishly.

"No, I must have this—the wedding-ring hand. Litt, you know I've always loved you, and wanted to marry you——"

Litt held up her hand imperatively.

"That will do." She untied the bow at her neck, as though it hurt her, but her eyes were wide open now and shining gloriously. "Sergeant Tomlins, you give me your sacred word that if I will give you my hand you will let Natt go?"

"I vow by——"

"Don't swear," said Litt quickly. "Very well, then, I also promise that if you let Natt get clear away out of the country to-night, I will bestow upon you my hand and gratitude as reward."

The Sergeant made a quick step towards her, but Litt waved him back.

"Not now," she said wearily. "When shall I have to keep my promise?"

"To-morrow—or Monday, if that is too soon——"

"I must have a fortnight to—to forget Natt," and she laughed tremulously.

The Sergeant, flushed with love and triumph, would not push his advantage too far.

"Very well," he said, "it shall be as you say—this day fortnight you will become my wife, you promise?"

Litt passed her hand across her eyes. "This day fortnight—yes, you shall put on my wedding-ring." And she gave a sudden sharp laugh.

* * * *

When the hue and cry was raised after Natt the next morning, he was gone. The search was but half-heartedly kept up, as more than half the sympathy was with him, and so he was not overtaken and caught.

The cottage at the foot of the hill had a visitor every day, a tall, cynical-faced man, with a cruel mouth, who came and stayed as though he had a right.

"What have you done to your arm?" he asked Litt the day after the escape, when Litt appeared with her left arm bound in a sling.

"Sprain," she said laconically.

"Let me see it," he said concernedly.

Litt drew back quickly. "No," she said sharply. "Don't you think I know how to dress a sprain? I've done all there is to be done."

The Sergeant said no more at the time, but when more than a week passed, and still Litt carried her arm uselessly, he said in remonstrance—

"I say, Litt, you ought to let a doctor see that wrist——"

Litt turned upon him in a fury.

"*Will* you mind your own business?" she said in a low, strange tone, and her white lids drooped till they almost hid her eyes.

The Sergeant did not dare say another word.

On the Thursday before the settled-upon Friday, the Sergeant missed the familiar figure of old Adam; his accustomed chair stood empty and pushed against the wall.

"Why, where's your father?" he asked in surprise.

"Gone on a visit," replied Litt shortly, as she moved about the room deftly using only her right hand.

The Sergeant watched her admiringly. "I do believe you're as clever with only one hand as with two," he said.

A sudden rush of colour flooded Litt's face, and she bent hastily and smoothed a corner of the hearthrug.

"I had to learn," she said carelessly.

That night Litt dismissed the Sergeant early.

"'Tisn't proper for you to stay late now dad's away," she said with a short laugh.

The Sergeant made a little demur, but Litt was firm.

"Very well," he said grudgingly, "I suppose I'll go now, but it's scarce dark yet."

LITT PASSED HER HAND ACROSS HER EYES.

Then his voice changed, and he bent towards her.

"To-morrow, Litt," he whispered, "Natt's safe, and to-morrow you will be my wife."

Litt looked at him curiously.

"Yes," she repeated softly, "Natt's safe, and to-morrow you shall put my wedding-ring on."

"Will your hand be well enough?" he asked anxiously.

Litt turned her head, and the Sergeant thought what a dreadful green light the shade threw on her face.

"Oh, yes," she said lightly, "my hand—my left hand, you know, you said—it will be quite well." Then she laughed and shut the door in his face.

* * * *

Next morning, his wedding-day, the Sergeant got up quite early and spent several hours on his toilet. He was in exuberant spirits. Who would have thought a month ago that Natt would be got rid of so easily, and he—the Sergeant—obtain Natt's bride? The Sergeant rubbed his hands gleefully and nodded approvingly at the reflection of his face in the glass.

"Rat-tat!"

"Come in," called the Sergeant unceremoniously, from the inner room.

The outer door was pushed open, and a shock-headed youth looked in.

"Told to give you this," he said briefly, flinging a small paper parcel on the ground and then disappearing instantly.

The Sergeant smiled. "A wedding present, of course," he murmured, and cut the string.

* * * *

The paper fell open and there lay a left hand, cut at the wrist, and wrapped neat round with a large pocket-handkerchief. Beneath the hand was a letter from Litt, to the effect that she had kept her word, and he could put on the wedding-ring as he wished. As for her, she had gone to join Natt, who would rather have her with one hand than not at all.

# IN MY LIBRARY.

## *LORD BYRON TO THE FRONT AGAIN.*

THE persistence of Lord Byron in literature is an extremely interesting fact. He has been dead full seventy years, and yet the discussions concerning him flourish as vigorously as ever. The problem is a twofold one. People are prepared to debate strenuously as to the character of his poetry, and also to debate with equal strenuousness as to the character of the man. On the Continent there is little difference of opinion: you may take up a German biographical dictionary, and you will find a statement that for two centuries England has produced no man of letters in the least comparable to Byron; and much the same judgment obtains in France. If, as is so often said, the judgment of the foreigner is the judgment of posterity, Byron is indeed on a pedestal. But his own countrymen do not concede this. Here a consensus of opinion would have it that Byron is rather great as a wit than as a poet, although that minority of literary critics which believe in Byron has in its support the high authority of Matthew Arnold, who counted Byron at his best far above Shelley.

The same wrangle is persistently going on concerning Byron's character as a man. The present generation has entirely forgotten the excitement created by certain so-called revelations that Mrs. Beecher Stowe published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, that were reprinted in pamphlet form, and sold by thousands. This pamphlet was followed by hundreds of others; and the zealous Byron collector may fill a whole shelf with books dealing with that one point concerning Byron's life alone. On the whole, Mrs. Stowe's charge against Byron, made on the authority of his wife, obtained little credence in America and on the Continent, but much here, where there was a reaction against Byron's fame, and where our Puritan instincts made us ready enough to believe the worst that was possible of the author of "Don Juan." Those of us, however, who have given fair and honest attention to the subject know full well that the Beecher-Stowe scandal was absolutely false, and, what is more, we have plenty of evidence of its falseness. That, however, is a long controversy.

The point before me is the revival of Byron interest presented by the publication of two new editions of his works. One of these is to be in twelve volumes, published by Mr. Heinemann and edited by Mr. Henley; the other, also in twelve volumes, published by Mr. John Murray and edited, the poetry by Mr. Ernest Coleridge, who has done his work excellently, and the prose by Mr. Rowland Prothero. Those who want a picturesque presentation not only of Byron but of all his contemporaries will turn to Mr. Henley's notes. Those who want to learn something concerning Byron which has never before been published will read the additional letters of Byron which are to be found in Mr. Prothero's collection. Mr. Prothero is not a good editor, although one owl of a critic stultifies his criticism by writing a letter to the *Outlook* in order to prove that he is. Mr. Prothero's ignorance is obvious. Byron could only properly be edited by a fanatic, one who has for years collected material and gathered together every scrap of the various pamphlet-literature on the subject. He cannot be got up in a few days by a writer approaching the subject for the first time. In this connection Mr. Henley is the fanatic, and Mr. Prothero is out of the running. But on the other hand, Mr. Henley is handicapped by lack of new original documents. Those who can afford it, however, will be compelled to purchase both editions, and will, moreover, still require to keep an eye on the book which they more or less supersede—Moore's "Life of Byron," a work eulogised by Macaulay in language familiar to all.

C. K. S.

*Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.*

THE BYRON STATUE AT CAMBRIDGE.

*This Statue, carved by Thorwaldsen to the order of Hobhouse in 1829, was declined by the authorities of Westminster Abbey and lay in the Custom House vaults till 1842, when it was again declined. In 1843 Whewell, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, accepted it for the Library there.*

# A 'BUS CONDUCTOR.

By G. E. MITTON.

THE conductor's life was a minor hell. It was not that the work was too much for him; he had grown accustomed to the eternally upright position, and did not always take the trouble to sit down when he had the opportunity. Nor was it the long hours; his life was on the 'bus, he had no other interest. His home was represented by a cross old woman whom he called Mother—though she was in reality his stepmother—and her daughter, a frowsy useless girl who spent much time gossiping in the street.

Fred did not at all dislike his work; he rather prided himself on the accuracy of his memory for faces, and a lady might change her seat a dozen times a journey without his asking for her fare a second time. He had never made a mistake in his reckoning either, for though he looked stupid he had average intelligence. He was a skinny, sandy-haired little fellow with a dull face. He had no ideas about himself or his destiny, and would have gone on contentedly being a 'bus-conductor to the end of his life, asking no better fate—but for his driver.

The driver was a strongly built lad not many months older than Frederick, with a smooth white face of a Napoleonic type, and a large rounded chin like an egg. He was handsome in a bold vivacious way, and always smart. He boasted often that it was "All d——d gammon saying that women had not an eye for good looks in a man. He could do what he liked with them, while as for that red-herring behind, he couldn't even get a Sunday gurl to go walking with."

Bill Harris was a rattling good whip, and a smart man at a joke. He was generally liked on the line, though his little failing of desiring to be ahead at all costs had nearly got him into trouble once or twice, "for endangering the public safety by racing."

Yet he could not let his unfortunate conductor alone. There was something in Fred Grey which made it an irresistible temptation to bully him, and consequently bullied he was day in and day out. On the smallest pretext Harris whipped round, and if the conductor did not immediately answer the summons by appearing beside him, he invented some excuse for having called him, and at the next stopping-place he would have him out on the pavement and abuse him.

"Ye cursed sawny, thet off horse had got his strep caught over, and you wouldn't come, ye d——d skunk; if 'e hedn't heppened to get it straight where 'd we be, I 'd like to know. It 's your business to come when I calls ye, and see ye do it, ye little cuss!"

Yet if Grey did patiently remount the steps he had just descended, as often as not Harris would let him stand there for a minute without noticing him. Fred was no coward; he could take his own part, and when he first went on the same 'bus with Harris he used to ask sharply, "What is 't ye want? Look slippy."

Then Harris assumed an air of virtuous indignation. "What are ye doing here? Chuck it! Your plice is on the steps, a-looking after the passengers. Who told you to come up here, standin' on the top of the blimed old 'bus to get a look round? Not me!"

On one of these occasions a gentleman gave Grey a shilling as he descended, and told him not to let himself be bullied.

That day in particular was a terrible one; from morning till night Harris was at it.

"See thet 'bus," he said in an undertone, pointing to one ahead as the conductor came near him in the collection of fares: "well, I've told him I'm going to keep him company from here to the Mansion House, and I'm a-goin' to—see?—if we hevn't to take another blessed brown this journey. So if there are any old lidies around you just look the other way."

"You be blowed," retorted Fred.

Very soon after he made a point of noticing an agitated female who came down a by-street on the off side, and might conveniently have been overlooked.

At the next stage Harris whipped round viciously. "What did I tell you?" he asked, with the creases deepening on his smooth face.

"I've got to take fares," said Frederick, "and you'll be gettin' yourself into trouble one of these days if you don't look out."

A volley of abuse descended on his head. He had not the energy to reply; his powers of defence were weakening under the continual strain.

It so happened that, after all, Harris not only overtook but passed the 'bus he wished to "keep company" with, and looked around for opportunities to loiter by the way. He stopped without necessary cause, inviting irresolute females, with a gracious smile, to accompany him to "Westminster Bridge, Charing Cross, Strend."

"Thought you didn't want to stop," said Grey unwarily, when next he ascended in search of fares. Harris turned on him in virtuous indignation.

"What do ye suppose this here 'bus is out for?" he demanded. "A game of ply, or are ye tryin' to make me race? For if that's your idee you're out, ye are; or prahps ye've got a bet on, and if ye have, we'll find a place to think on ye: we're all sportsmen at times."

Grey was not ready with his retort, and listened angrily to the sniggering of the passengers. Many a time it crossed his mind to give a word at headquarters as to how matters stood, but he felt he could not bring himself to "sell his man," and even if he could he had no evidence to produce of misconduct; he might be overlooked, and if Harris got to hear of it—— An application for transfer to another 'bus would probably have been refused, and only earned him the reputation of being a quarrelsome fellow.

So things went on week after week, month after month, and Grey's patience and courage wore away; he shrank from addressing his driver, and was not ready to face him as formerly.

The only thing that saved him from an utter breakdown of spirits was the fact that he was only on the 'bus with Harris one day out of two, for every second day they each had a half-day off, and as their halves did not coincide they only saw one another for one journey which overlapped. Grey once ventured to state his grievance to the "odd man," who advised him: "Give it him back; stand up to him, cheeky young bloke. Ring the bloomin' bell every blessed toime he starts. I'd soon lay it into him." But this advice, though well meant, was unfeasible. On full days Grey was practically on his feet from seven in the morning to eleven at night; and his dinner-time, twenty minutes, came at the end of one journey. He lived not far from one stopping-place, which was a short stage before the journey's end where the 'bus turned round to go back. On three days in the week two mites of children, his stepsister's children, who had come into the world unwanted, brought his dinner to him at the journey's end, and waited to take back the pot or plate when he had finished.

One day as the 'bus drew up at the stopping-place before the final stage, he saw the children waiting.

"What's up?" he asked. "What ye brought the dinner here for?"

"Please, Fred, we wos tired," piped the elder of the two, "and we wos late, and Billie can't go quick, and it's shorter to come here."

Fred was not fond of children, and these were unattractive little creatures; yet he was never unkind to them, and he took them up on the 'bus. "Look here, Topsy,"

he said, "you and Billie mustn't do this never no more; it's agen the rules, and if the inspector catched me at it, he'd give it me—see?"

Topsy nodded.

Yet a day or two later he heard her piping whine at the same spot again. It was a drenching day, and the children had little to protect them from the rain.

"This 'll not do, Topsy," he said angrily. "Ye 've no call to come here." Yet with an uneasy mind he picked them up. "Bill," he said, going on the top of the 'bus, "them two kids of my sister's is here again, ye mind?"

"Ay!"

"They 've fetched my dinner, and it is a bit of a walk for them to the end of the journey this bad weather. What 'll the inspector do if he catches me?"

IT WAS A DRENCHING DAY, AND THE CHILDREN HAD LITTLE TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE RAIN.

"Ye 'll get hauled up."

"Blame me if I know what to do, it 's that wet, yet the pots must go back, and there 's none to send but them two little kids; I tell'd the little gell not to come, but she 's that set on it."

Bill shook his head dubiously. "I don't suppose ye 'd get the sack, yet ye 'd at best lose a week's work. I wouldn't risk it. It won't kill 'em to get wet; thet sort don't die easy." He knew Fred's family affairs.

Yet at the "Arms" it was he who played with the children, and sent them home rapturously delighted with the driver, who was "a sight kinder nor our Fred."

After this Fred let the affair slide. Whenever it was wet Topsy turned up smiling at the forbidden stage, and he took no resolute measures for stopping her.

On an off-day when the children were not in the 'bus the inspector got in at that point, and Fred felt an atmosphere of relief envelop him; he was safe for a bit.

The same day Bill was in a regular mood for torment; he worried his conductor until, as the phrase goes, he hadn't a leg to stand on, and abused him with a virtuous smile. He made trivial excuses for calling him up every time he went down, and when he came up irritated him. At the public-house at the end of the journey he made him the laughing-stock of the assembled company, for Bill had a rude and effective wit.

On the journey back he overtook a 'bus of the rival company in an open bit of road with no policeman in view. It was a raw cold day, and for once he had taken rather more than he could carry. He got excited in his endeavour to pass his rival, and lashed his horses to a gallop so that the 'bus swayed from side to side. A lumbering van was in front, and left him little room to pass by the island in the roadway; he ran his calculation so fine that his off wheel grated on the curb of the island. He intended to run past a stopping-place where people did not often alight, but about forty yards before reaching it the bell sounded. He pulled up with an oath; he dared not disobey the bell, and a slow moving row of women took so long to alight that he lost the leading 'bus hopelessly.

He "whipped round" to summon Fred, and let off a string of abuse at him.

"Ye dirty dog," he said. "What did ye do thet for, ye blimed hound; what in thunder must ye stop for? It would have done just as well when we reached the corner."

"I didn't think ye meant to stay there either," said Fred.

"Not stop? Why, of course I 'd stop, unless ye told me no one was alightin'; what do ye tike me for? A low-livered——"

Fred bent over him and spoke quickly, though with alarm in his heart. "Ye d—— fool," he said, "Ye 'd best chuck it, ye 've got too much on board, and I 'll report ye for racing, see if I don't."

"I 'm glad to hear it," said a gentleman sitting near, "and here 's my card if you want a witness."

Harris said nothing. It was the last journey, and when they reached the yard he clambered down and walked off without even a good-night. He had not forgiven Grey.

A week later, when the 'bus reached the "Arms" at dinner-time, Grey walked up to his driver with a face of despairing misery. "Ye 've done me this time," he said hopelessly. Harris looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"The 'spot' inspector 's been on and saw me take up the childer without them paying, and I 'm to go up for it, and it 's all yer doing, ye dirty cur!" he said; but there was misery, not anger, in his voice. "I let ye off about that racing, and that 's what I get for it. I 'd tell 'em now, but where 's the good? They 'd ask me why I hadn't reported at the time," and he walked sullenly away.

"Ye 've got it now. It 'll larn ye, maybe, not to threat me agen," shouted Harris, but he was sorry too.

Fred finished his day's work, and the driver let him alone. As they went to the yard with an empty 'bus, Harris said, "Fred!"

"Ay!"

"I didn't set the 'spot' on ye."

"I believe ye."

"Thet's yer own look-out," and he made no further offers of conciliation. The next day Fred was waiting to be summoned to the head-office, but he did not see Bill, and the day after that there was a new conductor.

Fred was kept waiting about to see the manager, and dismissed without his case being considered. The same thing happened the next day and the next. He lost a week's work. He knew the authorities were doing it on purpose as part of his punishment, but meantime funds ran short at home, and he had no reserve fund to fall back upon.

He hung about the public-house in the evenings miserably, receiving the well-meant condolences of his comrades; but whenever Bill appeared on the scene, he went off.

Late one evening, when the 'bus had just got back, Bill stood talking with a group of comrades under the lamp on an island in the middle of the road.

"When's that man o' mine coming on again, any of ye know?" he asked.

"He's down on his luck," muttered one.

"Ay, and he's got a down agin me on it too," said Bill; "but 'twasn't my doing. I wouldn't go for to do such a dirty trick."

"Never noo a man tike it so 'ard afore," said another driver.

"They won't seck him for it; 'e's got a clean record, 'e hes; they'll heve 'im up, and the boss'll pull a long face, and he'll heve lost his week, and that's all."

"He's a beastly snivelling cuss, but I have a kind of a feelin' for him," continued Bill.

A roar of laughter followed this announcement; his treatment of his unfortunate conductor was well known.

Bill went on composedly. "He used to stend up to me once, and I put it on to see how far he'd go; he hesn't an ounce of spunk left in him now. Ye could wring him out like a dead kitten."

His listeners spat on the ground and grinned. At that moment Grey started out of a low doorway and hit Harris a tremendous blow on the face—a blow so forcible that it would have felled him instantly if he had not clutched at the post for support. Before the assembled group recovered themselves, Grey darted off down a mews and got a start of the yelling mob of boys and men who quickly were on his track.

"Have at him, have at him!" they shouted.

Some hastened round the block of houses to cut off his retreat north or south, and others slipped on the wet pavement, but two or three were hard on his heels.

During the week of misery and insufficient food which had preceded the outburst, Grey had worked himself up into a fever. His chief cause of wretchedness was that he considered he had acted as a fool, and would for ever be branded as the helpless victim of a succession of 'bus-drivers. He had had in his hand the weapon to strike his tormentor, and, from want of initiative, had failed to use it. He had, therefore, put himself in bondage for ever. They would all consider they could do as they pleased now without a thought of retaliation. It was this that stung him. If he had once reported Harris, he could always have held the threat of a second report over his head if he failed to behave himself; but now he might threaten in vain, Harris would only laugh. Besides, never again would he have such a chance, backed up by an independent witness. He had let the opportunity slide, and had received his reward.

He fully believed that Harris had set the inspector on his track, and was, therefore, responsible for the loss of this week's work, and it made him savage to feel that his hated driver had the power of depriving him of his money. Grey did not particularly mind those at home being hungry: they were always taking what he gave without thanks; it would do 'em good to feel the pinch a bit; but he did most particularly mind being hungry himself, and every time he smelt good food and had to forgo it, he nursed his wrath against his tormentor.

That evening he had skulked off before

Bill's 'bus appeared, but he had not strayed far away, and when he saw the smooth, well-fed face of his driver his feelings had seethed in wrath. He was too far off to hear exactly what was said, but he knew the men were discussing him, and when a roar of laughter followed Harris's remark he knew that he was the butt of their wit. The boiling, maddening desire to strike that smooth self-satisfied face, to mash the features up indistinguishably, had surged over every other consideration. It was as if he were in a dream, and it was smiling and bobbing about before him. One tremendous crash, a shoot of pain in his own hand, a chorus of shouts, and he awoke in terror to find he had done it, and the rabble was on his heels. His bones turned to water as he realised he should be caught, dragged back, and have to stand up to receive the battering he had earned. They would never let him off; the most he could hope for was they would put him up to fight Bill, and that he could not do: he had not an ounce of courage left in him—six months' perpetual torment had made him a slave.

He discovered that his legs were still running almost without his own volition: he was not caught yet. The black shadows of the houses hung over the street, and his pursuers had not turned the corner. He longed to dart down an area and crouch in the gloom, but all the gates were shut, and to stop would be to give himself up. He turned sharply to the left and ran on; they followed, now seeing him, and again losing him as he turned a fresh corner. Presently he came to a bit of open ground covered with rubble. He dived over the low, tumble-down wall that surrounded it, and tried to get along under its side without being seen. His pursuers did lose sight of him for a minute, but a shout told him he was discovered. He stumbled, and made slow progress over the mounds and hillocks; they ran round on the smooth ground outside to head him: he could hear their shrieks of glee. A man-hunt

HE GOT A START OF THE YELLING MOB OF BOYS AND MEN WHO QUICKLY WERE ON HIS TRACK.

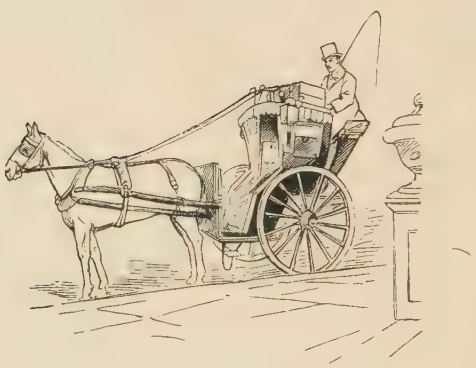
was not often to be found in the programme of their night's fun.

He cut out into the open ground and scaled the wall on the farther side before they reached him, but he had lost by his move. His heart was fluttering so he could hardly draw breath, and he was in a panic of terror: he felt he should scream or burst into tears if they touched him. He dived into a narrow flagged passage between two lines of houses that seemed to shelter him for a moment. If only he could keep out of sight he might hide.

Alas! the passage he had chosen was a *cul-de-sac*. Wildly he looked round; he heard their pattering footsteps coming along the street he had left behind. The door of a small house opened suddenly.

"Come in, quick!" said a girl, with the ready female instinct of helping the weaker side. She bustled him through a passage and out of the front door at right angles to that by which he had entered. A row of small gardens lay in front of the dismal little houses, perhaps a remnant of the time when the place had been famous for its market-gardens. The broken palings surrounding them were only knee high; Grey crashed heavily through one set and over another, then he fell headlong into the soft, sticky mould in the deep shadow, and lay there.

There he was found the following morning, and the doctor who examined him stated that he was very much out of condition, and had been unfit for any severe exertion. At the inquest a verdict was brought in in accordance with the medical evidence—Death due to syncope resulting from over-exertion and insufficient nourishment.



A SUCCESSFUL FORAY.

*By Archibald Thorburn.*

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# MOUNG TU'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOLD ON THE PAGODA."

MAH SO looked out from her hut across the paddy Kwins: it was late afternoon and intensely hot: the sun still burned against the distant skyline, showing red through the palm-tree tops: no one stirred, save a few children who played in the deep dust of the road.

The creaking of a bullock-cart and the bleating of a kid that had lost its dam alone broke the sultry stillness.

Mah So was eighteen, and the prettiest girl in the little village; she felt very proud of these two facts as she smoked her green-leaf cigar and kept the hungry mosquitoes off with a palm-fan. It is something to be young and a beauty, even when one only lives away in the jungle, surrounded by malarial swamps.

It was a small place, dropped as a bird might drop its nest amidst great tracts of grass-land, dotted but sparsely with clumps of bamboo and jack trees, consisting only of one street, if street it could be called, lined on either side by a collection of poor, straggling houses with "dunni" thatches; a ruined pagoda and a circular well situated at the extreme end. A few paddy-fields at the foot of a sloping incline were the only signs of cultivation.

Stretching away on either side as far as the eye could reach was the wild country, broken here and there by irregular ranges of low hills.

The people were poor, but they were happy, dwelling there in lazy amity and good fellowship.

Mah So had spent all her life in the one spot, never wandering for more than two miles in any direction. All her interests lay close beside her: that was her world—the world which made its home in the dozen huts or so that fringed the road. She lived with her grandmother, a toothless, shrivelled old woman, spare and lean as a reed, who, despite her sixty years—a good age for one of her race—swept and washed, drew water and cut wood with almost the vigour of one in the morning of life.

All the years she had lived she had been miserably poor, and was so still—poorer than any of her neighbours, for they owned a bullock and perhaps a few cocks and hens and some goats. But old Mah Poo had none of these, depending entirely on a thin stretch of paddy stubble for her and Mah So's living. It had never failed them, and she was quite satisfied with her lot. Of any other life than hers she had but the vaguest, faintest conception.

Her one ambition was to live just long enough to see Mah So's children tumbling in the mud where their grandparents had before them, and now the time had come, the old woman said, when the girl could choose and make her new home beside the old, and it was of this that Mah So thought most as she looked away towards the western sky. She had two suitors, whose parents had often hinted over their evening meal to Mah Poo that her granddaughter would be welcomed by them.

Moung Thin was a good, harmless, gentle fellow, quite ignorant and full of quaint superstitions and curious beliefs, but well-to-do, owning bullocks and paddy, and he loved her much.

Moung Tu was handsome and idle, thinking of nothing save the colours of his silk patso and his cock-fighting. He liked Mah So, hated Moung Thin, and loved himself best of all.

Mah So liked Moung Thin, but her woman's soul was taken by the brusque

wooing and gay appearance of black-browed Moung Tu.

For a year past they had both lingered round her.

Mah Poo favoured Moung Thin, for he was rich; her old wrinkled face would light up with childish glee when a banana, a mango, or above all a dorian came from him, and as she ate she would praise him and his. And Mah So would listen as she sat in the shadow of the nyeem-tree, and be undecided: she was but a child, and although her heart inclined towards the one, she feared her grandmother too much to go against her in so grave a matter.

The girls of the village when they sat at their doors of an evening told her of the gold bracelets and jewelled earrings that sparkled so beautifully, and which Moung Thin would be sure to give her, and of the rupees that he made and saved from his paddy-field.

Mah So heard, but she seldom answered; she was torn with doubts. Ornaments and rupees were both very good things and very much to be desired: that she knew—and yet, and yet—she was not so sure.

So time passed; the padouk-flower bloomed thrice, and then the rains fell. Mah So went about her work as usual, giving ear to the old woman's mumbling as she shivered over the fire making her betel-chews, and was never one bit nearer her choice.

She did not speak when Moung Thin lingered near in the soft nights, nor thank him for his timid gifts; but gave many a shy, sweet smile to Moung Tu when he passed by, his turban fluttering in the breeze.

Moung Thin would have saved and sacrificed all for Mah So. Moung Tu would not have missed a game of football or a pony race for her sake on any account. Yet he was liked best.

Moung Thin was gentle and kind; he tended the animals himself, and wiped the dust from the oxen's patient eyes when they dragged their heavy loads along the shadeless roads. Moung Tu had no feeling for any one thing, he would net the poor little birds and throw them to Mah Poo's cat and laugh to see their pain and struggles. He would let his mother work early and late while he lay on his back in the sun and killed flies.

Yet it was Moung Tu who was liked best.

Everyone urged Mah So to marry Moung Thin. He was so wealthy they said, and of the advantages of marrying wealth that small village thought much the same as the great world does. She began to grow weary of their reiterations.

One fine but oppressively hot night, just before the ceasing of the rains, the men sat on their mats yawning lazily as they watched the women preparing the evening meal and talked of the coming change in the season, always a fertile source of conversation.

Mah So had gone to the well to fill up a "chatty" with water, and was standing twisting up her long hair, a cigar in her mouth, when Moung Tu, with a moody, discontented-looking expression on his face, picked his way through the thorns and soft mud that choked the path, and joined her.

What passed between them no one in the village ever quite knew, only when Mah So hurried back up the road her small face looked very scared, and she was very quiet that night and for many nights after.

A month later Moung Tu married a girl from a village on the river, and his own place knew him no more.

And Mah So was betrothed to Moung Thin.

Everyone was glad, and came and ate and smoked on the bamboo-ledge every evening. Mah So was very silent, but that was not unusual; besides, when all are chattering and laughing, it is well that one should remain quiet. She was gentle and laborious, and went about her work just the same as she had done since she was a little girl, rising with the crow, sweeping out the hut, breaking the sticks for the fire. In no one did she confide. Of an evening when the dim oil-lamps were lit, and the fire-flies gleamed and the grasshoppers cried so shrilly, Moung Thin came and sat with her, and felt very shy

and very pleased, and brought little presents for them both.

Mah Poo was so glad, she felt that she had done so well for the child; and as she sat of a night looking down the road, tears would come into her old eyes and make them dimmer than age had done, but they were tears of thankfulness that Mah So should spend her life in the village so dear to the old woman, dear as only the same time, had walked, as it were, down life's path hand in hand.

Then there was Moung Bah: she remembered him as a young man, and now he and his wife had their great-grandchildren round him; and there was many another beside. All the joys, the sorrows, the privations, and the feasts, they had shared with her, and would share to the end.

The towering palms that stood upward

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM NOBODY IN THE VILLAGE EVER QUITE KNEW.

place filled with memories of a youth and age can be.

She could not, in her simple, untutored way, imagine a fairer life than hers had been.

Every stick of the little place was hallowed. Each one who dwelt in the small wood-houses nestling there in the shadows had been the friends and companions of many long years. Mah Too, who lived opposite, and Mah Poo had been children together, had married the towards the sky had been there when she, old and wrinkled now, had stood a young girl with glossy, flower-bedecked tresses in her courting-time.

Her life had been so good, it were well if Mah So's was as good, so she thought as she stretched her tired old limbs under her cotton mosquito-curtain.

Mah Poo and Moung Thin's people had a great deal of talk about rupees before all was arranged. Money plays a great part in their conversation and lives.

Everything was settled amicably, however, and each party was more than satisfied.

Moung Thin erected a wooden hutch for public water-jars in the village, besides performing a few other smaller works of merit. All this in honour of the approaching event.

Some whispered among themselves that Moung Tu had considered himself badly treated, and had sworn to take revenge; and Moung Tu would not be nice to have as a foe, so they thought.

Such forebodings, however, were treated with a sneering laugh by others.

If she had married they would have been divorced by now, so said Moung Ku, "for was not a husband who indulged in cock-fighting liable to be put away by his wife"; to which remark an attentive circle gave an approving "houkbah," which, translated, means "of course."

Besides, as she was going to be married to Moung Thin, where was the use in discussing the possibilities of anything else, especially as they were all going to assist at the feast, this remark being made by Moung Hpay, who made a point of never speaking unless compelled to. His words were always listened to attentively by a large body of admiring friends, of whom he had a great number, due in a great measure, report had it, to the fact of his being closely related to a toddy farmer who passed through the village three times a year and on such occasions treated them all liberally, and "toddy" is not to be despised when quite fresh and obtained for nothing.

It was just dawn. A streak of faint rose-hued pink showed against the sky, the crows cawed sleepily at intervals, the dew was sparkling and quivering on the grass, there was a heavy heat-haze in the air. A few minutes later and Heaven opened her shutters, threw up her windows, and sent forth a new day, and ere many hours had passed the white intense glare of the East lay on the scene around.

It was Mah So's wedding-day.

She was rolling up her hair round a wooden comb; *thanat kha*, the powder beloved of Burmese women, was smeared over her face.

She wore a pure white jacket over a rainbow-hued silk tamien.

Plenty of pickled tea, lemonade, cheroots, and fruit had been prepared for the guests.

Outside on the bare brown earth fresh matting had been spread for the men, and inside for the women, where they would sit and gossip.

Before the day was very many hours old the village road with its many trees was gay with a continual stream of its inhabitants, attired in all their best, looking like moving gardens of gorgeous blossoms against the tender green of the grass; past the moss-overgrown pagoda they went onward, greeting each other with laughter that echoed on the sultry air.

There were the old men and the old women, moving slowly, talking, smoking, and gesticulating; then came the young men and girls, the latter shuffling lazily through the dust with parasols held over bare heads, for the sun was high and the heat great.

Then there were the children, dressed, perfumed, and bejewelled in honour of the occasion.

The musical members brought up the rear, beating the "tom-tom," posturing, and making curious noises, which no doubt they called singing. When they came to Mah Poo's hut they made a halt. She was sitting just inside, smiling all over her wrinkled face as she called to them and bade them rejoice. Amidst a great deal of clatter and noise they all sat down on their different squares of matting; in the middle was Moung Thin, with a bright pink silk turban on his head, looking somewhat awkward at finding himself the object of so much attention.

Mah So squatted with her girl friends round her, whispering and laughing among themselves.

In a little while the elder men of the village spoke, calling all the others to witness the marriage; then Moung Thin and his bride ate some rice out of one dish, and he gave Mah So some pickled tea, whereupon she gave some back to

him, and the ceremony was practically over.

Then began a great deal of chewing of betel-nut, drinking of lemonade, and eating of sweets and cakes, chattering and noise, as they compared notes as to past marriages and displays that they had attended, all agreeing that none had come up to the present one; then followed speculations as to whether any other village could equal theirs in the matter of feast, they being perfectly convinced the while that none could.

All were as happy and merry and good-humoured as it is possible for mortals to be.

The cat looked on too and seemed to join in, so did the lean pariah-dogs who had accompanied them.

The elders drew round to converse. The young girls squatted near the bride and puffed their cheroots.

The women drew together in the shade of the verandah and ate and drank sweetened lemonade and dozed throughout the day, reserving themselves for the "poay," which was to take place in the evening. For Moung Thin had engaged a troupe of wandering actors.

If there is one thing that a Burman delights in above another it is a dramatic performance.

At nine o'clock the play was to begin: about an hour beforehand the audience commenced to arrive in parties.

The performers had made their stage by the roadside, their background the dark outline of the trees; in the middle of the stage were placed some branches of a banana tree, on the ground were spread many kinds of embroidered rugs, while the footlights ranged round in a circle consisted of rags steeped in petroleum standing in earthenware pots.

They spluttered and crackled and threw no very tempered or delicate shade on the surroundings; hanging on a cord slung from two trees were several masks to represent demons and gods and animals; the actresses squatted calmly, doing up their faces in full sight of the audience, with their dresses, dragon's wings, flowers, ornaments, and all the rest of their "properties" scattered in confusion about.

As the proceedings were to last throughout the night the guests had provided themselves with beds, and commenced to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

While waiting for the play to begin, a grotesque-looking man went in and out among the people, cracking jokes and pulling faces, being greeted on all sides with roars of delighted laughter: this was the clown, or general utility man, as we should say at home, but known there as "loobyat." He amused them greatly with his pranks, and being possessed of a somewhat ready wit, he passed many remarks on local matters, quizzing this person and that, to the huge delight of the rest, and made several puns more or less smart.

Long before nine o'clock there was a dense circle of gaily clad, eager-faced people gathered there with the stars looking down through the interlaced branches of the trees and the fire-flies fluttering low.

There were the women with their gold ornaments glimmering on their dusky throats and arms, all in a mood to smile; there were the children more or less scantily clothed, with their curious little half-shaved heads; there were rows of men young and old, the latter's shrivelled faces reflecting a dozen different emotions, but, above all, a tremulous rapt attention, eager to catch everything, loth to let aught escape them. The younger ones loudly chaffed the clown, and urged him on, or flirted with some dark-eyed maiden on the sly.

It was a curious scene, and one not to be surpassed in its own way, that sea of swarthy faces, some so young and smooth, others as wrinkled and yellow as parchment, but all seemingly equally pleased.

Punctually the piece commenced, the scene being laid in the Hama Wantha Forest. It dealt with the fortunes or misfortunes of a Prince, who, loving a Princess, went in quest of her to her father's Court. On his journey he met with many adventures, losing his way completely in the densest part of the wood, where he was visited by many evil spirits, who tormented

him and mocked at him. He endured all these gibes and jeers with heroic fortitude, and at last, after many weary, fruitless wanderings, reached his destination. Then came the heavy father, so to speak, of the scene — Court procession consisting of girls in gorgeous silks sewn with glittering pieces of tinsel, ladies-in-waiting on the Princess clad in marvellous garments, ministers and officials. They all talked a great deal and took a very long time to do it, interspersing their conversation with solos, choruses, and a curious sort of dancing, when every joint in their bodies seems to move, keeping time, as it were, to the beating of the instruments. Then the "loobyat" came on to lighten the serious part with his talk. So the hours went on apace. Some of the audience fell fast asleep, while others squatted, their cigars between their lips or in their ears, everything forgotten save the piece, their countenances showing accurately their deep sympathy with the dangers that beset the path of the princely lover, tempered with relief at knowing quite well that it would all end happily. Mah Poo's time-worn eyes had felt the influence of sleep for some time past, so she had left them all and shuffled away up the road home. Moung Thin, accompanied by his friends, had gone to the little bamboo structure standing on piles and reached by a ladder, where he and Mah So looked forward to spending their lives.

It was all very still save for the distant sound of the music, while away in the deep shadows could be seen the fitful flickering of the footlights and the dim outline of many figures.

On the threshold they bade him good-night and went back in the moonlight laughing and singing. Old Mah Poo, hearing them, thought, "How happy they all are; how happy Mah So will always be!"

Three years slipped away and dropped into the past, sweeping some old and some young lives with them.

Mah So was not much changed: a little older, a little fuller, a little fonder of storing away money than of yore—that was all; but then there were the two children to be thought of now. Not that they wanted much, a piece of silk and a handful of rice comprising nearly all their requirements.

Moung Thin was very prosperous, having done well every year with his paddy.

He had a larger and more imposing-looking hut, in the front part of which were two well-worn cane chairs, a carved bracket, three discoloured ornaments in Benares work, and a few unnatural-looking dogs and camels made of china, and imported from England, on which wonders his friends were never tired of feasting their eyes. So, in spite of his possessing a "wife like a master," he was regarded as a singularly fortunate man.

Moung Thin was decidedly what would be described as a "henpecked husband." Mah So conducted all business matters without reference to him, but he did not complain, seemingly contented enough sitting on the ledge of the hut in the heat of the day puffing at his cheroot in placid beatitude. His wife treated him with good-natured contempt, amounting sometimes to absolute indifference. In her own way she was very fond of him, though probably unaware of the fact herself. She would lecture him at times in her shrill tones till she was quite breathless, saying that she regretted Moung Tu and had married him only to please Mah Poo, and a lot more to the same effect.

Happy is the country that has no history, so also happy is the life that flows on like a limpid stream undisturbed by many currents. Such a one was that passed in the village: days and months and years came and went and found them still the same, absolutely free from care or ills of any sort.

A little world to itself; all absorbing and sufficient for its people.

Of other worlds they knew nothing, and knowing, would not have cared.

Mah Poo spent almost all her time dozing on the verandah of Mah So's house, nearly tired of gazing at Moung Thin's collection of bric-à-brac.

So the time went by until it was the fourth year of Mah So's married life, and for the first time vague rumours reached them in their solitude of the disturbed

state of the country, of robberies and murders in villages as peaceful hitherto as theirs, of how the English were hunting the dacoits, and offering rewards for their capture. At which they smiled, for could not those who had charms against death always escape, even if there was an army after them?

Ill rumours upset them for a while very much, but when weeks went by and nothing resulted they began to feel safe, and relapsed into their old contentment.

After all, what would be the use of any dacoit coming to such a poor place? They had no guns or property to tempt them.

Its poverty hitherto had always been its great safeguard—on that account they had escaped untouched.

The oldest amongst them never remembered being attacked. Dacoit to them was but a name, terrible certainly, but impersonal—something with which they had nothing to do, nor ever would have.

One night in March, about four months after the first alarm had reached them, a bamboo-cutter, almost naked and half-starved, sought refuge in the village. He told how he had been compelled to fly from a desperate band that he had encountered in the jungle. They were painted black with white stripes, and he said that without a doubt they were on their way to the village.

PUNCTUALLY THE PIECE COMMENCED.

This news roused them from their habitual languor.

A group had been gathered round watching Moung Thin and Moung Tha gambling for some pine-apples, playing "odd-and-even" with the green leaves attached to the top; but they separated at once on being told what the wood-cutter had said. They plied him with questions, shaking their heads and rolling their betel chews with a new thoughtfulness as they listened to his answers.

The women talked sadly and in whispers.

while an unspeakable dread settled down on them.

They knew not what to do or think. They were so absolutely helpless.

Moung Boo suggested that the dacoits must have heard of Moung Thin's silk patsos and chairs, and were coming for them—a suggestion which met with an approving but sad assent from those around about.

Moung Thin, hearing, trembled, and wished that his once-prized possessions were the property of any other save himself. For the first time he felt his wealth to be a burden greater than he cared to bear.

They sat late speculating as to when this awful misfortune would overtake them, and, anticipating all the terrors imaginable before sunrise, finally carried their sleeping-mats to one another's dwellings and made up large parties. There was a feeling of protection when they all huddled together, fearfully hot but still comforting.

For two nights following when the sky closed, anxious eyes were turned, fearfully and inquiringly, towards the large tract of thorn jungle in which the village lost itself at either end, for it was down through that the dacoits would cut their way.

Everything was put in readiness for their reception, for, as the women said, they would doubtless be very angry if all was not prepared.

Mah So unfurled fresh matting, put plenty of betel and cheroots on trays, rice and dried fish on two large plantain-leaves, and many other little delicacies beloved of dacoits in common with the rest of Burmese mankind.

It was the eve of the second night. "Hide nothing," said Moung Thin to his wife, which sentiment Mah Poo echoed.

"I will not give these dogs of the jungle the rupees; everything else they can have," she replied.

"Give all, keep nothing back; they will punish us if we do. Rupees are no good when one is dead," answered Moung Thin, whose teeth were already chattering in his head. Mah So kept silence, but frowned heavily as she continued her preparations. Everyone in the place was awake, dim lights shone from all the huts, they felt convinced that the end was at hand.

It was a starless night, with the song of the crickets and the screech of the owls alone on the hot stillness. The pariah-dogs roused themselves from their slumbers to growl ominously now and then.

Some had fled already to hide in the jungle, Mah Poo among them, and probably be eaten there by the dacoits, said the ones who remained behind.

"You had best go to the jungle," said an old crone to Mah So, "or the little ones will be killed." Mah So looked at her child sleeping in his rockerless cradle and answered—

"Time enough when I see them coming."

The old woman passed on, mumbling to herself.

Mah So then sat down to await the worst. Moung Thin, who had been groping behind the purdah, then appeared, and planting a bundle of rags containing fifty rupees ready for the dacoits to take, sat down beside it.

Mah So, however, snatched it indignantly to her, absolutely refusing to allow it to be given up.

"I don't want to be killed," protested Moung Thin, as he reluctantly yielded it up and watched her kneel down and carefully drop it between the rafters into the mud underneath the hut.

Then she took up her seat on the bamboo ledge, and turned a deaf ear to the plaintive wailings of Moung Thin. The hours passed slowly till midnight, when a noisy chorus of barking announced the arrival of strangers, and under cover of the dogs' howls many who had not yet gone crept out and fled away to the open country.

A low ominous roar and the pattering of bare feet were borne on the breeze to many listening ears.

Then there was silence: a silence worse than all noise. Far away against the sky a red glare glowed like fire. . . .

In a few seconds terrified shrieks sounded from the other end of the village.

Mah So rose up and snatched her youngest-born from his sleep, while the

others clung terrified and sobbing to her tamien.

Her brown face was blanched and her hands shook ; she felt that the worst was at hand.

Following their leader, and striking on every side with their dahs, marched the dacoits, rifling any likely looking huts as they passed.

Screams and the noise of splintering wood marked their progress : they shouted to the people to come forth with all their valuables, under penalty of being cut to pieces—a command which was reluctantly obeyed by several grovelling, terrified men and women.

Mah So, peering forth, watched them carrying their rupees and rice to lay at the feet of the robbers, and receive in acknowledgment a cut from a knife on the head or body. After amusing themselves for some time wounding their unfortunate victims, and laughing as they saw them fall or drag themselves painfully away, they sat and ate rice and dried fish hungrily, compelling everyone to wait on them. Having finished, they promptly smashed everything near by, pouring the contents of the water-chatties over the old women, leaving them in a half-drowned condition.

The dull thud of blows on bare backs, crossed by shrill yells and cries of pain, echoed on the air. As the dacoits advanced towards Moung Thin's, Mah So, looking out from the hut, saw the leader, where he stood surrounded by his followers, and as the light of a near lamp fell on him she recognised—Moung Tu.

Her heart leapt within her. Surely he would spare her and hers, she thought, as she left the children, and, descending, forced her way through the wounded, bleeding crowd of visitors. Torch-like lights flared on the scene around, on the frightened, scared faces of the people, on their torn silk and turbans, on the gleaming knives that menaced them every second.

Moung Thin had gone before Mah So with his offering to the chief of a dah and a couple of patsos. Many women hastened with fruit and were beaten for their pains. Mah So went empty-handed. Moung Tu recognised many old faces, but did not spare them on that account. They made no attempt to resist, so he wreaked his will on them as he pleased.

When Mah So prostrated herself before Moung Tu and begged for mercy for them all, he laughed and gave her a careless kick by way of an answer. Then, turning to Moung Thin, he commanded him to lead the way to the hut and produce all that he owned. Whereupon Mah So staggered to her feet, and turning, flew home, tripping over prostrate bodies as she went, so as to stand beside the children, for now she knew that Moung Tu would treat them the same, if not worse than all who had gone before.

Moung Thin led the way, followed by the leader and many of the band, carrying their red dripping dahs.

"Where is Mah Poo?" asked Moung Tu as he gazed round the place—"my old friend Mah Poo."

"She is not here," answered Mah So.

"That's a pity. I would like to have had a friendly cut at the old woman with my dah," he said. Then, turning to Moung Thin, who knelt near by, he cried, "Bring me at once one thousand rupees—not one pice less."

"Lord, I have not one rupee!" groaned Moung Thin, too frightened even to move. Then Moung Tu ordered his lieutenant to tear down the purdahs and pull up the beams in search of any property that there might be. In the space of a few minutes they produced the rupees that Mah So had hidden.

"Thou son of a female dog!" shouted Moung Tu, giving Moung Thin a blow across the mouth with the butt end of his dah, as he counted the money, and uttering a cry of rage when he discovered that the amount was only a miserable fifty.

"Lord, shall we kill the woman and the children?" asked one of his band, stepping up to him.

"Not yet ; but if this pig here does not bring more rupees we will." On hearing which Moung Thin hid his face in his hands.

"Bring me rice, and if when I have eaten you have not brought me the money, the children shall be killed. They will make good curry," said Moung Tu with a grin, while his little army laughed loudly at this proof of their leader's humour.

Moung Thin flung himself flat on the ground, and pleaded that he had "Nothing, nothing!" Moung Tu only kicked him repeatedly.

"Kill the children!" cried Moung Tu, at last growing impatient; for they had ransacked every hole and corner of the place, and found not even one anna.

Mah So at these words snatched the two poor little things close to her, and cried to Moung Tu to kill her instead, but to spare them. Then the manhood in Moung Thin rose, and deadened all personal fear.

"Lord," he said, the tears coursing down his swarthy face, "take me and torture me for as long as you please, but spare——"

"You shall all sleep in the paddy bund together," was the derisive reply. A minute later Moung Thin lay dying.

Mah So, with her children clasped in her arms, turned to fly out into the night, but they caught her and took the babes from her. She struggled and screamed, and dug her strong white teeth into the men's arms—in vain—they slew them before her wild miserable eyes. Greater agony the world could not behold. When they asked, "Shall we kill her too, my lord," the chief answered "Yes!"

Mah So, with a despairing shriek, fell beside the lifeless body of Moung Thin.

Too late she knew whom she had loved. Terrible curses did she invoke upon the heads of the destroyers, who stabbed her again and yet again where she knelt; then, gathering their spoil, together with Mah So's body, all bleeding and dishevelled, they passed from the hut.

"It was a miserable place, not worth coming to," said Moung Tu, as he gave the order to fire it. In a few seconds the inflammable "dunni" thatches were alight like tow.

The flames flared upwards spluttering and lurid towards the heavens, raining sparks in showers on to the earth as they went, the dacoits laughing very much as they watched it burn and heard the cries of the people. The end was not far off. Two hours later the village was but a heap of whitened ashes.

Many hours afterwards, when old Mah Poo and a few others crept back from the jungle, they found Mah So's mutilated body lying across the paddy ruins. Clasped in one small stiff hand was a palm-leaf, on which was scrawled—

"To Mah Poo—Moung Tu is revenged."

But Mah Poo did not understand.

She had fallen beside her granddaughter and was caressing her.

She thought that she only slept

# POTENTATES IN PINAFORES.

## *CHILDREN WHO HAVE RULED THE WORLD.*

TO the sombre philosopher, the Cuban War stands for a struggle between a young and an old civilisation; it is the old fight of the Saxon against the Celt. Reduce this to the personal equation, and it appears as the attempt of a democracy to snatch his coming power from a King in an Eton jacket; for behind that imposing old Constitution stands a little boy in knickerbockers — Alfonso XIII. (unluckiest of numbers). If his Majesty were twenty-one instead of twelve, the war would lose much of its essential pathos, which appeals to the chivalrous instincts of most people. As a "war" proper it would scarcely interest the tacticians.

Spain is always the land of the Infante. To-day it is the kingdom of an infant, just as it was sixty-five years ago, when the King's grandmother, Isabella II., ascended the throne at the age of three, assuming the actual government when she was thirteen. Curiously enough, at that time both parts of the Iberian peninsula were ruled by little girls, and both were in touch with the American continent, inasmuch as Brazil was in the keeping of a little boy, poor Pedro II., then aged eight. The road these three children had to travel was as hard as Alfonso the Thirteenth's. Isabella's path was specially thorny. Her mother, Maria Christina, shocked the grandees of Spain

Maria II. of Portugal, aged fourteen. Isabella II., Queen of Spain, aged three.

Otho of Greece, aged eighteen. Pedro II. of Brazil, aged eight.

THE CHILD MONARCHS OF THE WORLD IN 1833.

by contracting (in 1833) a morganatic marriage a few months after the death of her husband. She plotted and planned to marry Isabella, who ultimately wedded her cousin, Francisco de Assisi. Maria ultimately had to go to France (in 1854), and Isabella was expelled to the same country in 1868, abdicating two years later in favour of her son, Alfonso XII., the father of the present boy-King.

*Photo by Valentine, Madrid.*

ALFONSO XIII.

*Who ascended the Throne of Spain in 1886, on the day he was born.*

Maria of Portugal also found life a worry. Her father, Dom Pedro IV., abdicated in her favour in 1826, when she was seven, keeping Brazil for himself and his son Pedro. Maria, who was born in 1819, should have married her father's brother, Dom Miguel. But she didn't. She espoused first the Prince of

PEDRO, BROTHER OF MARIA.

*Became Emperor of Brazil in 1831, at the age of six*
*Died 1891.*

MARIA.

*Became Queen of Portugal in 1826, at the age of seven.*
*Died 1853.*

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
*Became Queen in 1542, when she was eight days old.*

Leuchtenburg and then Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of our own Prince Consort, and the grandfather of the present King of Portugal. As a matter of fact, Miguel managed to hold the throne for six years (1828-34), but Maria was ultimately restored in the latter year (in which, by the way, her father died), and reigned until her death in 1853. Her brother Pedro, whom she replaced in Portugal, and in whose favour her father resigned the crown of Brazil, was a charming man, but he was an anachronism, for the Brazilians drove him out in 1889, and he died of a broken heart two years later. If you are superstitious these memories of Iberia and America of sixty odd years ago are scarcely auspicious for the King in the Eton jacket.

At the very time when Maria and Isabella were minors and yet monarchs, Greece was placed in the keeping of Prince Otho of Bavaria, who ascended the throne in 1833, while still under the age of eighteen. He, too,

LADY JANE GREY.
*Proclaimed Queen of England in 1553, when she was sixteen.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.
*Ascended the Throne of Great Britain in 1837, at the age of eighteen.*

had a rough time; for after ruling for twenty-nine years, he was expelled in 1862, to be succeeded by the Princess of

PRINCE OTHO OF BAVARIA.
*Ascended the Greek Throne in 1833, at the age of eighteen.*

declined the crown of Greece in favour of the Dane he would have been a King at nineteen, and carried on the traditions of

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.
*Ascended the Greek Throne in 1863, at the age of eighteen.*

Wales's brother, who also had not attained his eighteenth year when he became King.

If our own Prince Alfred had not

the many child-monarchs of Great Britain, including his mother, the Queen, who was only eighteen when she was wakened on that historic night in June at Kensington Palace to hear that her uncle, William IV., was dead, and that she reigned in his

JAMES V.
*Ascended the Scottish Throne in 1513, aged sixteen months.*

EDWARD V.
*Ascended the English Throne in 1483, at the age of thirteen, and was murdered within three months.*

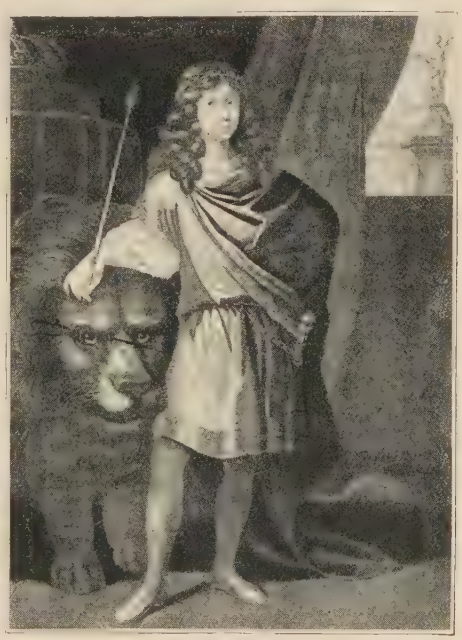
stead. Henry III. had become King of England at the age of ten; Edward III. at the age of fifteen; Richard II. at the

FRANCIS JOSEPH.
*Succeeded to the Throne of Austria in 1848, at the age of eighteen.*

age of eleven; Henry VI. at the age of eight; Edward IV. when he was twenty; while his son, Edward V., became King at the age of thirteen, which again proved an unlucky number, for he was murdered in the Tower with his only brother, the Duke of York, after he had reigned less than twelve weeks. Henry VIII. was only eighteen when he came to be King; his son, Edward VI., was just ten, and was dead before he was fifteen; while his would-be successor, the hapless Lady Jane Grey, was proclaimed Queen before she was eighteen, and lost her pretty head before she was nineteen. The next minor among our monarchs was also a woman—Victoria the Great.

To be King of Scotland for many a day implied that the monarch ascended in childhood, and came to an unnatural death while in the prime of life. Thus James I. ascended the throne when he was twelve, and was murdered. James II. was seven, James III. nine, James IV. fifteen, and all were killed—the last two in battle. James V. was only sixteen months old when he became a King, and his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, was eight days old when she came into that hard heritage. She was a widow at eighteen; she married Darnley when she was twenty-three, and Bothwell when she was not yet twenty-five, abdicating a few weeks after she had married for the third time. Her son, James VI., thus became King when he was thirteen months old.

France and Scotland have always had much in common, and this is certainly marked in the rapid disappearance of their Kings. Thus, to take one line alone—Louis IX. became King when he was eleven; Louis XIII. succeeded his murdered father at the age of nine; Louis XIV. and XV. at the age of five; Louis XVI. at the age



CHARLES XII.,
*Ascended the Throne of Sweden in 1697, at the age of fifteen.*

of twenty; and Louis XVII. at the age of eight. In 1697, the year that Louis XIV. had disgusted his people by concluding the Peace of Ryswick, young Charles XII.

became the sovereign of Sweden at the age of fifteen, and proved himself a most capable King.

Since 1833, the date of the cartoon which opens this article, how much has happened! Otho of Greece, Maria of Portugal, Isabella of Spain, and Dom Pedro of Brazil have all left the thrones which they held at that date. Only one great sovereign of the 'thirties is still with us—our own Queen. Side by side with her we have the Emperor of Austria, who succeeded to the throne in 1848 (when he was eighteen) on the abdication of his uncle and the renunciation of his father. Fifty years have passed since then. And to-day we ask one another with bated breath, Is the Austro-Hungarian combination stable? The plight of the Austrian princess who is looking after the destinies of her boy, the King of Spain, makes the query all the more poignant.

LOUIS XV.
*Succeeded to the Throne of France in 1715, at the age of five.*

LOUIS XIII.
*Succeeded to the Throne of France at the age of nine.*

LOUIS XIV.
*Ascended the French Throne in 1643, at the age of five.*

# A CRITICAL DILEMMA

By ELLA D'ARCY

WHEN Ainslie first found himself in the studio of his new acquaintance, he looked about him in stupefaction. Never very ready of speech, he was struck dumb by what he saw. His hostess, however, did not notice his silence, and her enthusiasms, her conversational exuberances, her unfaltering if not unerring choice of words, gave him the time necessary to collect his thoughts, to thrust back his emotions beneath their everyday cloak of amiable British stolidity.

He had come over to Paris to see the *salons*, having a picture of his own hung in the Champ de Mars. The Maynes were in Paris also, and it was in their private sitting-room at the Hôtel Voltaire that he had first met the lady who was now entertaining him.

Mrs. Mayne had given a tea-party, English fashion, and Ainslie was among the guests. As is usual at Eastertime, a great many of the Mayne set were in Paris, and the atmosphere of South Kensington was thus artificially created in the heart of France. The young man found it amusing. He had but to shut his eyes to the wood fire burning in the grate, to the Seine flowing below the windows; he had but to close his ears to the incessant neighing of the stallions in the street, to the cracking of whips sudden and sharp as the discharge of musketry—characteristic Parisian noises—and he could imagine himself standing in the familiar Cromwell Road drawing-room.

But amid the customary conversational tones that sibilated round him, he caught a new note, a note of difference; he distinguished a thin, high, yet not unpleasing voice haranguing with a warmth, with an emphasis, with an accentuation which South Kensington would never have tolerated.

Interested, he traced the voice to its owner, to experience a certain disappointment when his eyes rested upon the lady thus apostrophising Mrs. Mayne; a lady who evidently made no sort of pretensions to the youth which had definitely deserted her. Nevertheless, after a moment, Ainslie recognised that though mature she was yet attractive. She looked distinguished, intelligent; he could see that she had something to say; he watched her face glow with a flame of spirituality as she said it. He was convinced that her conversation was not the ordinary conversation of women of her years, that she was discoursing neither of physical ailments nor the sins of servants and dressmakers; and therefore it surprised him to detect on Mrs. Mayne's too-expressive face unmistakable signs of boredom.

As he was telling himself that the blue rose of talk which would interest Mrs. Mayne had yet to be grafted and culled, he became aware that her wandering gaze was resting on him where he stood. He saw in the sudden relief of her smile the birth of the idea which simultaneously brought her over to him.

"Come," she said, "and let me introduce you to that lady. She 's an American, and a member of your own craft. Besides, she wants to know you very much. She 's working in Paris to develop the colour side of art, and she wishes to go to London to develop its lite-rare-ry side. You will be able to explain to her better than I can what are the lite-rare-ry qualities of art in London."

There was a point of malice in the little lady's bright eyes, and Ainslie was struck

by her cryptic mode of expression, as well as by the fact that she did not usually give the word literary the above pronunciation.

A moment later the introduction was effected, and, as usual, he heard only his own name. Then he found himself seated in Mrs. Mayne's vacated chair, and drinking in at an astonished ear the word-stream of his new acquaintance. It was with a sense of awe that he haltingly followed her appreciations of modern painting, that he impotently endeavoured to embrace her generalisations of the symbolic unity of all art.

"Do you understand me?" she broke off every now and again to inquire, and when he hesitated to affirm that he did, she entered into side explanations which only increased his bewilderment. He began to perceive with distress how little he knew of his own trade; for how little aptitude or mere manual dexterity counts in so abstruse a science as the painter's! He began to realise that his success, so far as he had succeeded, was due to luck rather than to the systematic study of fundamental principles.

Meanwhile his sub-conscious mind wondered a dozen times who his interlocutrix might be. A woman of European reputation surely. She enunciated her dicta with the inoffensive assurance of a Buonarotti or a Da Vinci lecturing to a circle of students, and Ainslie ran over the names of the few women artists known to fame, and yet could place no American name amongst them. But his ignorance found its excuse when she explained to him that as yet she did not exhibit; that only recently had she been able to devote herself to serious work; that she had much to learn still. On this point she spoke with the modesty of truly great minds—and in a surprising mixture of Anglo-French and Americanese.

"My toils," she said—it was half an instant before he saw that she meant *toiles*—"would not be admitted, probably, even if I desired to expose them. But I don't desire to expose anything at present. Of course, I've exposed in Amur'ca. But the Amur'can standard of psychological development is not so high there as I wish to push it here. For I'm vurry, vurry anxious to develop on all sides. On the spiritual side, on the literare-ry side——" Ainslie glanced at Mrs. Mayne, but she was occupied elsewhere—"on the side of facture, and on the side of simplicity as opposed to complications." She paused. "Do you understand me?" she asked him.

He murmured an audacious assent. He dared not confess that, after painting steadily for ten years, he had not the faintest notion of what she meant by the literary side of his art. But he knew how to listen with a flattering attention even while he did not understand; he knew where to throw in the appropriate interjection; and he occupied the intervals in an unobtrusive study of her personal appearance.

Her features were small and aquiline; her skin was smooth and pale as new ivory; her hair—brown hair, plentifully threaded with grey—was puffed out and waved becomingly on either side of her head. On the top of it poised a becoming little bonnet of soft feathers and lace. Behind her spotted veil glittered the pince-nez so habitual with American women; and attached to her wrist by long ribbons hung the black satin bag adopted by those who have resided some time in France.

Her toilette appeared to him to be handsome and expensive. He observed the usual bits of lace, the beads, the chiffon, which came into the adornment of every woman he knew. He concluded that she was rich, possibly the wife of some Transatlantic millionaire. It was fortunate for the world that she had not permitted her wealth to stifle her genius.

His reflections were shattered, and he was immensely perturbed, by her sudden appeal to him for a criticism of her work.

"I've seen your Pastoral"—this was his Champ de Mars canvas—"and I'm struck by it," she told him. "My soul! But it's fine! Fine!"

Is it not always the great masters who are most generous in their praise?

"You've got Sentiment! You've got Ideality! You've got Repose!"

Ainslie did not know which way to look. "And I see there a real sympathy between us. I mean from the artistic standpoint. We envisage life from the same plane. That's why I want you to this want. "When I first came to Europe," she went on, "I attended the *cours* at Julien's. But I didn't like it any. I didn't find it Stimulating . . . I didn't find it Inspiring! And the social attributes of

"YOU'VE GOT SENTIMENT! YOU'VE GOT IDEALITY! YOU'VE GOT REPOSE!"

come and look at my work, especially as for the moment I'm completely arrested for the want of a good critique. Indeed, that's been my trouble all the time. Since I've been in Paris I've never had a critique from a painter who is really *fort*."

She smilingly disregarded Ainslie's protest that he was not the person to supply the classes were too pronounced. As you know yourself, good work can only be produced in Solitude . . . in *Recueillement*!"

She spoke solemnly, marshalled her substantives behind capital letters, and paused so long upon her full-stops, while fixing Ainslie with her sweet and serious eyes, that he began to experience the

suffocating sensations of a drowning man. However, he made a feeble effort to regain the shore. "Did you get nothing at all from Julien's?" he asked her.

She admitted having got something. She had got Structure, she had got a sense of the relative proportions of things. "I have got the bare bones," she said in her impressive way; "the Skeleton . . . to which I now have to add the Flesh . . . the Blood . . . to build up, in fact, the House Beautiful." She waited for him to speak.

"Of course, good drawing is the first thing," poor Ainslie replied with an effort, for the waters were rising above his mouth, his feet no longer touched bottom.

"You feel as I do, and it helps me . . . enormously . . . to hear you say so! Good drawing is the axis on which Art turns in the ether of Eternity; the jewel which I must acquire at all costs. Fortunately, in the matter of composition and colour I'm already fully equipped. The sense of composition was born in me, and I've discovered the true secret of colour. . . . Colour is the Trinity which, permeating the whole of Nature and of Art, is directly affiliated with the Oversoul."

Her listener gasped, and seemed to swallow a quantity of salt-water, while she leaned towards him, widened her eyes, and breathed forth emphatic words through rounded lips.

"I've discovered that you can't use Blue without an immediate apposition of Red . . . and Yellow! You can't see Violet without at once perceiving Verts . . . and Mauves! It's the Three in One, the One in Three, indissoluble, separate, and self-completing. The Father, containing the Son and the Holy Ghost. . . . Do you understand me?"

But by this time the young man was completely submerged. He lay in deep ocean, drifting hither and thither with the currents of her talk. There was not a plank within reach, not a straw. If only someone would inquire whether he took sugar in his tea, or what he thought of the weather! For his mind was completely hypnotised, and incapable of the smallest effort towards self-preservation, he gazed at her in stony silence.

It was she herself who broke the spell. She produced a card-case from the depths of the black satin satchel and presented him with her card. He read on it: "Miss Evadne Choate," and was surprised to find she was a spinster. Her whole appearance was so suggestive of the married woman. But it was to her untrammelled condition, of course, that the world owed her art.

He made this deduction later, when, having promised to visit her studio during the next few days, he had taken leave of Mrs. Mayne, had crossed the Pont des Saints Pères, and was following the river westwards, with a spirit still crushed and bruised by Miss Choate's conversational powers. He acknowledged with humility his own conversational deficiencies. He could never talk with effect, with assurance; least of all, strange to say, about painting, the one subject on which he was most competent to talk. And all of a sudden it struck him to wonder whether he really was an improbably stupid sort of person. His mere inarticulateness, however, did not prove it, for, as he told himself with a voiceless laugh, although he was absolutely convinced that two and two make four, he could not have advanced the proposition otherwise than diffidently, tentatively. Had it appeared to ruffle the susceptibilities of his hearer, he would have been ready to withdraw it at once. He was made that way. He could not help it.

As he walked beneath the trees of the Cours la Reine, his thoughts returned to the consideration of Miss Choate. Although he could not recall the precise wording of any of her speeches, although he was not clear as to their precise signification as a whole, nevertheless an impression of her surprising intellectuality remained uppermost in his mind, and he felt eager to see her work. This eagerness increasing with the hours, took him at an early date to pay the promised call.

His destination was that recently built quarter of Paris, up in the fastnesses of Montparnasse, where there are now many handsome streets and expensive studios. Miss Choate's residence proved to be in one of the handsomest of these streets,

and the house which bore her number was white with new stucco, was glistening with freshly sculptured stone. The vestibule was adorned with palms, and the stair-carpet evidently went all the way up. But he was not invited to follow it up. The porter's wife, sewing in a lodge all mirrors and crimson velvet, informed him that Mademoiselle was in her studio. He must open the glass doors at the end of the vestibule, cross the yard, go up the steps to the right, and her studio was the second door on the left down the passage.

This other staircase proved to be wooden, uncarpeted, and muddy with the traffic of models. The narrow passage at the top was so dark that Ainslie had to strike a match before he could be sure of the door.

Miss Choate herself opened to his knock, gave a high cry of surprise, and then welcomed him with sincerity and effusion into a very large and very light room. Ainslie saw that she had just risen from work, but not from painting: her ample bosom was darned by a needle, from which trailed a long white thread. A centre table was littered with bits of ribbon and silk. She explained she had been bonnet-making, as she swept these materials together into a bandbox and pushed it under a couch out of sight.

Without a veil, in home attire, consisting of a black skirt and a tight-fitting bodice of blue cotton, which accentuated her generous build, Miss Choate appeared decidedly older than on the previous occasion. Seen in the strong north light of the studio the ivory skin showed somewhat time-stained, somewhat lined. In spite of which she remained distinctly pleasing; in her youth she must have been eminently charming. Her head was well shaped and well carried; her grey hair was well arranged; and her face beamed with so much simplicity, enthusiasm, and motherliness that Ainslie could have taken her into his arms and kissed her.

But even while she welcomed him, while she insisted on finding him the most comfortable of the half-dozen chairs which with a screen and a daïs found place amid the easels, portfolios, draperies, and other lumber of the room, his expectant eyes were travelling round its walls, and he was held dumb by what he saw. He looked at the various paintings hitched over nails, at the couple of chalk drawings pinned up before him, in absolute stupefaction.

He caught his breath when she interrupted the flow of her eloquence to say cheerfully, "But I see you are just wearying to get your critique over and done with. Now that's real lovely of you, and I can nuvver, nuvver be sufficiently *reconnaissant*. But you can just put the *comble* to your kindness by telling me the truth. Don't try to spare me. I'm not afraid of the truth. . . . I want the truth. . . . I ADORE the truth! And I know my work has faults—big faults!—I want those faults pointed out to me, I want them well rubbed in."

The room was very warm. Heat radiated still from the extinct fire in the stove. The spring sunshine fell not only through the top-light, but was reflected back through the closed windows from the opposite windows of the courtyard. Ainslie took out his handkerchief to dry his forehead. Miss Choate pressed upon him a paper fan. But it was not from the heat of the room that he was suffering; it was from the chaos in his mind which the sight of Miss Choate's works produced, it was from the despair that seized hold of him as he thought of the criticism which he was expected to give.

There were a couple of chalk drawings and a couple of dozen canvases. The former studies from the nude such as you find in any school of art, such as any boy of fifteen, after six months' training, could turn out. Correct with the mechanical correctness of measurement and plumb-line, but unintelligent — unintelligent! With the general character lost in a mass of meaningless detail, with accidental surface-markings given the same importance as essential contours, such as no boy of fourteen with any real talent could produce.

In his youth Ainslie had held a Slade Studentship, which carries with it the obligation of supervising the juniors' work in the schools. To anyone then showing him such drawings as these he had always been brutally frank. How many times

had he not told a tyro of his work : " My dear chap, it's jolly bad stuff, and an insult to good paper and chalk. If you can't do better than that take to stone-breaking or book-keeping." But never, surely, in the schools had he seen anything quite so poor ; never, certainly, anything to equal the paintings up to which, one after another, his hostess now led him.

His first tongue-tied surprise gave place to a sense of injury. He felt himself to be the victim of a gigantic deception. The artist whom he had been accrediting with vision, with technique, with accomplishment, was nothing but an amateur, a wealthy amateur, who found in the art which he revered a mere method of time-killing, a peg on which to hang pretentious speeches; and the unity of art, the trinity of colour, charpente, facture—all her learned phraseology beat back upon his brain while his eyes rested upon her amazing productions.

He stood before the head of a woman in oils. The canvas said it was the head of a woman chiefly through the absence of a moustache and the suggestion of a fichu. The gayest colours had been lavished on the painting—and the result was grime. The drawing, if there had ever been any drawing, was completely lost through inability to handle the brush. It seemed to Ainslie that not even with his first paint-box, presented to him on his sixth birthday, had he perpetrated anything so egregiously evil.

He stood and looked at this canvas in silence and Miss Choate stood by his side. In his soul was the growing irritation of the artist in the presence of the futile, of the inept. Yet he could not remain silent. He was bound to say something.

" Where did you place your model ? " he asked. " From which side does your light fall ? "

" There now ! " cried Miss Choate with genuine triumph. " I 'm real glad to see that so far I've got the effect *voulu*. It wasn't painted in the atelier at all. . . The light falls from every side—it's a plein-air ! I painted it last week in a friend's garden, and after working all winter in black-and-white within four walls, I just revelled in colour like a young colt turned out to grass. My soul ! " she declared, while her eyes widened and her voice dropped to intenseness, " but the outdoor conditions were *saisissant* ! The sustained tones marvellous. The reflections wonderful. · Wonderful ! *Inoui* ! "

Ainslie found something to say about the French School being good at outdoor effects; of the examples of these to be seen in the Luxembourg.

" Oh, but I 'm never tired of studying Manet and Renoir," she told him. " I 'm just studying them all the time. Manet is immense ! He has simplicity ! Not a strained simplicity which is apparent in so much art, but a genuine simplicity, as shown in a correct disposition of the masses, in an intellectual sincerity of feeling. Do you understand me ? "

The recurrent monotony of this tormenting query, with the impossibility of making any satisfactory reply, fired Ainslie's smouldering irritation to sudden wrath. With difficulty he bit back an expletive. Then the absurdity of the situation overcame him, and he was on the point of laughing out.

A knock at the door gave him hopes that the advent of a new visitor would permit of his escape. But it proved to be only the afternoon's milk, and Miss Choate's thoughts turned from art to tea.

Before he could frame an excuse she was busy preparing it behind a screen—a screen which did not entirely conceal a row of pots and pans hanging against a brown-paper background. The sudden seething of gas-jets told him of water being set on to boil. Then his hostess reappeared, spread a cloth over a corner of the table, and unhasping one of the windows displayed a wooden box turned sideways upon the sill. Within it Ainslie saw a piece of cheese, a lemon, half a sausage, tiny portions of various aliments neatly arranged in saucers, and reminding him of the days when he played at dolls' housekeeping with his little sisters.

It dawned upon him that here was Miss Choate's larder ; that her kitchen was established behind the screen ; that the four walls of the studio comprised her

whole apartment. His vision of an expensive flat in the house across the yard faded away. Looking again at the couch, he knew that at night-time it became a bed, that the closed secretary beneath the mirror could open out into a washstand when required, that behind the curtain which cut off a corner of the room might be found Miss Choate's outdoor mantle and gown.

Instead of the proverbial American fortune with which he had credited her, evidently her means were of the smallest. She probably did her own cleaning, her own cooking; he had found her fashioning her own bonnets. She could hardly, therefore, have taken up painting as a pastime. But was it credible she had any hopes of turning it to profit, any serious idea of making it a profession?

MISS CHOATE PRESSED UPON HIM A PAPER FAN.

That these were her hopes, that this was her ambition, she explained to him while she poured out his tea, while she cut him delicate sandwiches of buttered *pain d'épices*. After another six months' work, she told him, she thought she

should be able to rely upon her art for her living.

In fact, she must so rely upon it, for by that time her resources would be almost exhausted. For the last three years she had been drawing upon her capital, which she had been obliged to realise in order to come to Paris. Her friends had opposed her coming. They had wished her to invest her money in an annuity, and to eke out the income by teaching drawing in some Western town. But she considered that this would have been a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy. She considered that in her art education she was making the best investment possible! She knew it . . . she felt it.

Her enthusiasm, always so near the surface, brimmed over. Her substantives again acquired capital letters. Once she had reached her full Development, she didn't need to go West. She could obtain *any* position at home, in N'York, in Boston. And she could do Affiches. Across the ocean Affiches were vurry, vurry highly paid. She had Documents . . . she was making Documents all the time; her cartoons were full of Documents!

She pulled forward some portfolios, and Ainslie was obliged to go through them with her, sheet by sheet. But he was no longer annoyed, he was no longer inclined to laugh. On the contrary, he was moved almost to tears. It was obvious that she did not see her work as it actually was, but that some figment of her imagination more true than Nature, more beautiful than Art, floated for ever between her eyes and her paper. And comprehension came to him of all that art, that *her* art, meant to Evadne Choate. He divined the sacrifices she had made for it, the hopes it fed, the faith it sustained. It was this which at over fifty, and despite poverty and solitariness, had kept her still young, optimistic, and sweet.

And, nevertheless, here was one of those fatal passions—fatal because entirely unsupported by adequate talent—of which Ainslie had come across many examples before. But hitherto he had met with it only in the cases of quite young men and women, who, when their artistic sterility had been proved to them, had still the time to turn to other work. But here was a woman who, having taken to painting at a period twenty years later than that at which these others had abandoned it, would only discover that her passion was a barren one now when every other career was out of reach.

Consequent on what early disappointment, he wondered, through what perverse series of events, by what curious mental twist had she thus been turned from the common road which Nature had so clearly fashioned her to tread? He pictured her in a home of her own, playing the rôle of hostess and wife. It was the appropriate background; the position which she would have admirably filled. Instead of which she was leading the Bohemian existence of an art student in Paris. She was engaged in a hopeless competition with the talented, with the young. Instead of the grown-up sons and daughters who might have been by her side, she had these poor children of her brain; and she could not see that they were sickly, misshapen, ill-endowed. To her they were rich in meaning, full of promise for the future.

But a cruel fate had selected Ainslie, apparently, to open her eyes. It was horrible. . . . What was he to do? . . . How could he have the courage to inflict so mortal a wound, and yet how could he lie smoothly in the presence of an art which he loved and respected, and which was here presented to him beneath so intolerable a travesty? Besides, though seemingly cruel, would it not be a more real kindness to tell her the truth?

Meanwhile Evadne Choate stood by his side, looking up into his face with a happy confidence, looking back at her "toiles" with the blind and tender admiration of a mother for her child. . . .

In the oppressive silence of the studio Ainslie heard the ticking of a little clock from a shelf between the windows. . . .

What was he to do?

# JERSEY CATTLE.

*Written and Pictured by J. T. Newman, of Great Berkhampstead.*

JERSEYS are the most fashionable breed of cattle. A glance at the catalogue of any important agricultural show will prove this, for there will be found the names of lords and ladies, from all parts of the kingdom, who are owners of these beautiful animals. There is also a very influential association (the English Jersey Cattle Society) which devotes its attention to the improvement of the breed. The Jerseys are certainly well worth the care bestowed upon them, for undoubtedly they yield the richest if not the largest quantity of milk and butter, and would be ideal cattle but for one defect—that is, their inability to put on flesh.

A practical farmer once remarked to me, as he pointed out a Jersey which was feeding among his shorthorns: "When that cow has done her best for the dairy what am I to do with her? She would not fatten if I gave her a 'ton of cake,' and no respectable butcher would look at her; all her food runs to milk or to waste." This is why the breed is not popular with the majority of agriculturists; they prefer the shorthorns, which after being used for the dairy will fatten and make a fair price at the butcher's, whereas the "aged Jersey" is a mere bag of bones. The animal reproduced on page 511 was eleven years of age, and had just won the gold medal of the Jersey Society for butter in a very strong competition, but she would be practically useless to the butcher.

Ladies have evidenced their ability to manage every business and engage in any profession with success, so it is not surprising to find one managing a herd of Jerseys; and a short time ago I was privileged, by the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Howard, to visit her Jersey farm at Dutchlands, Great Missenden, Bucks.

JERSEYS AT DUTCHLANDS.

Dutchlands stands on the hillside overlooking the great gap in the Chiltern Range through which the new Great Central Railway passes, following the course along which George Stephenson wished to lay the London and Birmingham Railway, but was prevented by the opposition of the great landowners of his day. Now, however, the great iron highway is completed, and soon sleepy Great

Missenden will be disturbed by the on-rushing express to the great capitals of the North. The house at Dutchlands is very pleasantly situated in a finely timbered park, and the surrounding pastures are well suited for dairy purposes. Mrs. Howard is devoted to her animals, and her care is well repaid: the Jerseys make a fine herd. Many of them have secured premier honours at important shows; for instance, "Hypocharis" has won eighteen prizes, including a first at the R.A.S.E. Show and the Blythwood Bowl, and first prize at the Royal and Central Bucks Show.

The business is not without its risks, for we learn that two fine animals had been killed on the railway when travelling to a distant show-yard, while a third animal (which we saw) was at the same time so

A COW BELONGING TO LORD BRAYBROOKE.

fearfully knocked about that it was quite spoiled for show-yard purposes, thus entailing a very serious loss; for the prizes and reputation won at shows vastly increase the value of the stock. We had an opportunity of examining some of the prizes that had been won, and learned from the Herd-Book that since 1886 more than three

THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE'S COW, HONEYMOON.

hundred awards had been made, thus repaying the personal attention which Mrs. Howard gives to every detail, and testifying to her practical knowledge of the stock. It was certainly a rather novel sight to see her handling the bulls and leading them into line. Such beautiful creatures they were, too, with velvety coats and horns like polished ivory. They may have their bad moments, but they certainly behaved well on this occasion.

The mistress of Dutchlands makes friends of all her animals. She was followed through the park by the mare "Slavey," with foal at foot. A fine Angora goat also claimed his share of attention, while the dogs "Scamp," "Bricks," and "Flip" are her constant companions, and have the run of the house.

The other animals represented here are from the herds of the Countess of

SOME BULLS AT DUTCHLANDS.

SOME OF THE HON. MRS. CECIL HOWARD'S JERSEYS AT DUTCHLANDS.

Lonsdale, Miss Lucy Standish, and Lord Braybrooke.

Miss Standish is one of the most successful breeders in England, and her splendid herd at Brockenhurst, in the New Forest, is famous. Hers was the "record sale" of last year—thirty-eight cows and heifers averaging over £26 per head, and two bulls an average of £27 16s. 6d. each, the highest average made at any sale of Jerseys during the year 1897. Lady Lonsdale won the second prize in the bull class at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Birmingham in June with "Racer." Lord Braybrooke's herd at Audley End, Essex, is the oldest in existence in England, having been founded in the year 1811.

The "Alderney," as this game-like breed used to be called, has been known to English stock-keepers for a century at least. An authority named Culley, who wrote about a hundred years ago, refers to Jersey cattle as being too delicate to thrive in this country after the milder temperature of the Channel Islands. His opinion, however, did not prevent wealthy people from importing the dainty creatures, and in 1812

SOME OF THE HON. MRS. CECIL HOWARD'S JERSEYS AT DUTCHLANDS.

THE HON. MRS. CECIL HOWARD AND HER BULL, HORSESHOE VETCH.

Quayle, in his "General View of the Agriculture," refrains from describing the characteristics of the Jersey, pleading that everyone is familiar with it. The value of the Jersey as a producer of butter was soon realised; but it was not until 1844 that the Royal Agricultural Society of England officially recognised the existence of the breed. In that year the Society held its annual show at Southampton; and partly influenced perhaps by the fact that that town was the gate through which Jersey cattle entered England, they advertised a Jersey class with four prizes. Three of these prizes were won by cattle sent over from the Channel Islands to compete, and the fourth went to an English-bred animal. This comparative failure of the English-reared beast may have been due to the circumstance that Jerseys bred in this country lose, in some degree, the peculiar deer-like character which distinguishes the breed. They gain in other respects, it is true, becoming hardier, and give even more milk; but fanciers, in whose eyes truth to type is above all things desirable, correct the tendency to deviate therefrom by importations of fresh blood from the Channel Islands. The purity of the breed in Jersey is assured by a law which forbids the importation of living cattle into the island.

MISS LUCY STANDISH'S COW, ST. JOHN'S TWIST II.

Since the year 1867, when the late Mr. Philip Dauncey, of Horwood, Bucks, had a sale of Jersey stock at which sensational prices were realised, the breed has enjoyed a sure footing not only in England and Ireland (Scotland is too cold for the Jersey) but in America

THE HON. MRS. CECIL HOWARD'S COW, HOLLY STICK.

and many Continental countries. The prices given for choice animals has naturally risen with the increasing demand. Last year 80 guineas was paid for Mr. Tudway's cow "Alice," who won the gold medal at the Dairy Show butter trials; and it is said that as much as 150 guineas was recently refused for a bull.

The scale of "points" to be considered in judging a Jersey omits mention of the colour that the animal ought to be. This omission is, no doubt, due to the singular sensibility of the Jersey's coat to changes of season. These changes are less marked

LORD BRAYBROOKE'S COW, SILVER CLOUD III.

AN AGED JERSEY.

in the island, where the climate is more equable than in England. So striking is this change that Mr. William Housman in his excellent little "Live-Stock Handbook" on cattle says: "A cow correctly described as fawn might appear, after the lapse of a very few weeks, as grey, or *vice versa*." Mr. Le Cornu, writing of the breed nearly forty years ago, said that brindled coats were not all liked in the island, and brindled cattle might be had very cheaply. A rich fawn colour is probably the colour that is most sought after.

It is curious that the two breeds of cattle peculiar to two islands so near together as Jersey and Guernsey should be so dissimilar. A cow in milk of the former breed weighs from 800 lb. to 900 lb.; and a cow of the latter is as big as a Shorthorn, weighing, it may be, 1200 lb., or even more. It has been suggested that the Guernsey practice of using oxen for draught purposes has had a tendency to increase the size of the breed distinguished as "Guernseys"; but a career of laborious utility will not account for the Guernsey's less varied coloration, nor for the lack of sensibility to climate which is so typically characteristic of the Jersey's charming coat.

Certain it is that no breed of cattle looks so pretty as the Jersey. The expert may go into raptures over the glossy jet

THE HON. MRS. CECIL HOWARD AND HER BULL, HARLECH.

black hide of the polled Aberdeenshire, with its level back and square lines. The Hereford has a host of devotees, mate of the ideal dairymaid. Its rich fawn colour is unmatchable, and the beautiful eyes of the Jersey are to be

GREAT MISSENDEN STATION, WHICH IS COVERED WITH ROWS OF MILK-CANS EVERY MORNING.

including the Duke of York. The Ayrshire makes a capital milker; and the Highland cattle, with their indescribable shagginess, are exceedingly picturesque. But the gentle Jersey is the ideal playfound in no other breed of cattle in this country. They remind one of a gazelle or of a deer of some kind or another. Thus it is little wonder that the Jersey is popular, especially with ladies.

GREAT MISSENDEN, BUCKS.

# THE SUPREME MOMENT

BY
E. AND H.
HERON

PART I.

HARDY leaned his weight upon the window-rope, and the big north window shot lazily up into its socket. A thin gust of rain struck the broad panes.

'Too dark," said Hardy. "Let's dry up. Put a match to the fire, Van."

Van did as he was ordered, and the three of us, impelled thereto by habit, drew up our chairs to the crackle.

The flames rose quickly and lit up the studio, making it look unusually bare and empty. They also caught the all but completed picture on Hardy's easel. Van glanced at it once or twice.

"It don't look half bad in this light," he observed. "If you were not such an upstart, and would work in those shadows behind the altar on the old system instead of your own, I wouldn't say but some American might buy it to adorn his native city."

"It reminds me of that chapel scene of Dermot's," I remarked.

Van looked quickly round at the painting once more.

"Only remotely," he returned. "Keep your quills down, Hardy."

"Don't mind me!" replied Hardy, laughing. "I've seen the 'Last Mass' myself."

"Then you agree with me that nothing contemporary can touch it?" went on Van.

"Well, it would be hard to beat. It's full of suggestions. When I saw it I could have sworn there was a storm going on outside. You could almost hear it."

"There was," said Van; "he told me so. The monks were singing the Miserere, and it was blowing great guns in from the Atlantic." Presently he added, "You know, the curious part of it is that Dermot has never done anything else worth mentioning."

"The 'Evander,'" suggested Hardy.

"The 'Evander,'" repeated Van with contempt. "Would any man with eyes in his head class the 'Evander' and the 'Last Mass' together? It's hard to believe they are the work of the same hand. Of course, Dermot has wasted any amount of colours and canvas, and sold his productions, too, on the strength of his reputation. I admit all that. But from our present point of view Dermot has painted but one solitary picture, and that is the 'Mass,' which is——"

"His roc's egg, in fact," I put in.

Van took no notice of my interruption, but went on abstractedly.

"To me it was alive—with a horrible absorbed expectancy of God knows what! And fear—the fear that comes once in a lifetime."

"Is it true that you and he chummed together at the time he was working on the 'Mass'?" asked Hardy, seeing that Van was inclined to fall into silence; "I've heard so."

We all knew vaguely that there was some sort of history tacked on to the "Mass," though it seemed impossible to come at any particulars.

"Yes, I saw it through from start to finish—watched it grow."

"Jolly interesting, too, to spot his methods," said Hardy. "There's a sort of translucent darkness about the head of the monk nearest the altar on the right; that's past praying for. It'll never be done again. Weren't there some odd circumstances about the affair? People said so."

Van struck a match and lit his pipe.

"It was altogether a queer affair," he answered, "and I know more about it than anyone else, I suppose. My renting the studio with Dermot came about in the ordinary way. We both wanted it, and neither of us had the needful. We ran up against one another in a cheap Italian restaurant off Soho, that has since been improved away. We exchanged views, and the upshot was that we moved in next day. I had heard he was a decent sort, and I found him so—easy to get on with and generally chirpy, but as far as his work went I never expected him to set the Thames afire. His first production in that studio was the 'Evander' thing. 'Not a bad rendering of the Unfulfilled Idea,' some man said, and the words stuck."

"Move along, old boy. Don't air cheap criticisms!" interrupted Hardy rudely.

"It's all on the road," replied Van. "As I say, neither at that time nor subsequently did Dermot give any promise at all of possessing the power to produce such a piece of work as the 'Last Mass.' The first mention he made of it was on a wet evening in autumn. I was sitting over the fire."

"I can believe that," commented Hardy.

"Shut up, if you want to hear! Well, I was sitting by the fire. Dermot had been away for a holiday in the Cotentin or the Engadine, or somewhere, and had sent a wire to say he might turn up any day, and I was to have enough supper for three at least—he never had much notion of my housekeeping. It was about this hour when the door burst open and he came in.

"'Van, you old snail!' he called out in a queer, strangled way, 'I've got a magnificent idea!'

"I wasn't particularly interested. Ideas are so common in our trade. But when I got a good look at him, I saw that he was shaking all over, and soaking wet.

"'Have you?' I said. 'And what the mischief have you been doing with yourself? Looks as if you had been dredged up by the River Police.'

"'Wet?' he said, staring down at his drenched sleeve solemnly till the fact touched his consciousness, 'That's the sea, I suppose. The greybacks were racing along the decks all the way over.'

"'And why did you not change at Southampton or wherever you landed, instead of coming back like this?'

"'Well, you see, I had an idea,' he explained quite seriously. 'Look here, I'll tell you about it.'

"'Not now, thanks. Why, man, you're a morass. Go and clothe yourself reasonably and then I'll listen.' With that I shoved him into his bed-room.

"No, Hardy, you're wrong. He wasn't drunk! I thought it at first myself. No, it was idea on the brain, and I wondered if it would ever be idea on canvas. Before supper, and at supper, and after supper, he harped upon his idea. It appeared to dominate him, to the exclusion of every other thought, and he gave me a full and particular account of it again and again, mostly in the same words. The very repetition of the thing and the circumstances under which it was conceived seemed to relieve him, so I let him maunder on. To

tell the truth, I feared the fellow was in for an attack of brain fever.

"Yet from what he told me nothing very tremendous had happened. He had met death at close quarters, which we all do every day of our lives, only we mostly don't realise the fact. Dermot had realised reckoning. Dermot was the only passenger on the bridge. As the steamer rose and balanced on the crest of a big wave he saw directly below them in the trough of the sea a studding of broken black points—a dangerous reef, in fact.

"He glanced round and caught a look

THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND HE CAME IN.

it, and for a while it left him stranded high and dry with his idea and beyond the sweep of ordinary existence.

"This was about what had occurred. He had crossed the Channel in a small steamer on a rough day. It was blowing a gale, and they were slinging along at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the screw buzzing out of the water half the time, and somehow they must have got out of their on the faces of the men about him. Then it was that his idea came to him—came in with a rush like the light when you open the door of a dark room where you have been developing photographs. In that instant he saw the 'Last Mass' exactly as he afterwards pegged it out on canvas. He didn't remember much more of what took place on board. I conclude the wave carried them over the reef. He only said

the sea was washing along the decks, and he supposed he got wet.

"Next day he was quieter and set to work.

"He stuck to it, putting in a short though regular time every day, like a clockwork bill-sticker. I never saw him pause or hesitate; he went on straight ahead—which wasn't his usual method by any means. Moreover, I noticed that when his time was up, he seemed relieved, and put away his things like a chap who's got through an unpleasant task and is thankful accordingly. Yet he was heart and soul in that picture—sewn up in it, in fact. One day I asked him if there was anything wrong with him.

"'No; only I feel used up over this,' he answered. 'I—think it gives me a pain in my head somewhere.' He seemed to be feeling about for the words.

"After that first night, too, he didn't talk much about his 'idea.' I'd had my fill of it also, so I did not press the subject. But now and then he let drop a sentence or two which afterwards came in handy in giving me a general notion of the hang of the thing.

"One day Lorpen looked in to see me. Do either of you happen to know Lorpen? No, I never expected you would; he's not in your line. But even you must have heard of him. He is now one of the leading antiquarians of the day, unless the inhabitants of Mesopotamia have wiped him out since May, when I last saw him. He was younger at the date I am telling you of, but fancied he knew a thing or two even then.

"Dermot and I lived out Hampstead way, so did Lorpen, and he got into a habit of dropping in pretty often to see how we were getting on, and to cheer us up by condemning our details.

"At that time I was painting—but you won't care to hear about that. I was deep in it and very busy, so I made the most of every second of daylight I could squeeze out of the darkest, foggiest winter on record—'80-81. It used to rile me to see Dermot shut up shop and lounge and dream by the fire through the best of the day. Besides, he had become as touchy and queer in the temper as a pair of pet doves. All this was unlike his old habits, which used to run into long working hours, with intervals of violent exercise, and the evenings filled up anxious discussions regarding whatever he had in hand, from its general purpose and treatment down to absolutely unimportant minutiæ.

"Meanwhile the 'Mass' grew out silently and, as it were, inevitably upon the canvas. Dermot always put it out of sight when he had done his daily express run of work on it. Once I asked him to leave it for our joint inspection.

"'What's the use?' he said fretfully. 'It's bother enough as it is. You don't understand.'

"I tried to make him explain, but it was of no use.

"One day, however, he had forgotten the 'Mass,' and was sitting in his usual moody silence by the fire, when Lorpen walked in. Lorpen had been away for some months, so we had not seen him for a long time.

"Dermot wasn't best pleased at having his thoughts — whatever they were — broken into. But we began to smoke and talk, as usual, and presently Lorpen stood up with his back to the fire, and his eye lit on Dermot's easel. After staring a minute he went over to look at it.

"The picture was not nearly finished, I remember, and Lorpen walked across and surveyed it in his offhand way, assuming the appropriate antiquarian attitude towards the merely modern effort.

"Soon his interest seemed to increase, for he went closer to study it carefully.

"'Too near, Lorpen,' I suggested. 'Try three paces to the left.'

"He didn't pay any attention, but continued examining it in the most preposterous light.

"'What's wrong with it?' I said. 'Are the monks' cowls too square, or is it the shape of the altar—which is unlike anything in knowledge—or any detail about the chancel?'

"Dermot started when I spoke, and growled an oath on seeing what Lorpen was about.

"'Not at all!' said Lorpen. 'On the contrary, every detail is singularly correct.'

"By this time he had, apparently, finished his inspection, and strolled back to the hearth. He put his shoulders against the mantelpiece and looked down at the pair of us.

"'You were in Ireland during the autumn, Dermot, I understand?' he said.

"'Never been there in the course of my life!' replied Dermot shortly.

"Lorpen raised his eyebrows.

"'Indeed! Then you went abroad. Whereabouts did you go?'

"Dermot grudgingly mentioned the places he had visited, and Lorpen remarked that it was clear he had spent some hours very profitably in the various museums. His manner was not more than normally unpleasant, but it seemed to annoy Dermot.

"'That's a bad shot, Lorpen! I haven't entered a museum this twelvemonths except the South Kensington, where a pal of mine sorts spiders.'

"Lorpen walked back to the picture.

"'These candelabra, now,' he said. 'May I ask where you saw the originals?'

"Dermot got up and laughed as a man laughs when his temper's spoilt. 'I evolved them, as far as I am aware,' he replied. 'Can't a man create a candlestick? Must it necessarily be suggested to him by some rotten remnant of the past?'

"Lorpen did not appear to be surprised at Dermot's outburst.

"'Not necessarily, of course. But you will pardon my saying that the originals of these'—pointing to the candelabra in the picture—'exist.'

"Dermot snatched up his hat and walked out. Lorpen gazed after him with a supercilious smile.

"'Nasty temper, hasn't he?' he remarked. 'I shouldn't call your friend a conspicuously truthful person, either.'

"I told him I never had the slightest reason to consider Dermot otherwise.

"'His assertion about those candlesticks, for example,' he went on. 'I don't make statements without accurate information on any subject.'

"'There may be some other explanation,' I returned, not knowing what to say. 'The candlesticks may be a coincidence.'

"'Yes, possibly. But not a whole scene like that. How did he get hold of it, unless—— It is unaccountable. However, I will wait till the picture is finished, and then I may tell you more. Well, I'm off. I'll look in again pretty soon.' And he went.

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## PART II.

"But it was some time before he called again, more than a week in fact, and the picture had advanced accordingly. The impression of panic and desolation which pervaded the whole was becoming more pronounced. Dermot lived in his work, doing his quantum per day and filling in his spare time dreaming. He had become more careless about hiding it away out of sight, so that when Lorpen next called in, it was, fortunately, on view. Dermot happened to be out, which was also lucky.

"Lorpen made directly for the picture, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, appeared to compare its contents with some portion of the painting. Presently he put the paper carefully back in his pocket-book, and stood for some moments tapping his boot with his stick; then he asked me if I had an hour or two to spare.

"I said I had.

"'Come along, then,' he said; 'I want to drive round to the British Museum.'

"We talked very little on the way, and once there we dived through some private passages into a very back department, where two men were consulting over some object at the other end of a long deal table.

"They exchanged nods with Lorpen, who led me to a corner where, on a wide bracket, stood two candelabra, about fifteen inches high, of a curious and antique shape. Lorpen just pointed them out.

"'Well?' he said, after I had examined them.

"'They are very like,' I admitted.

"'Like! They are the exact counterpart. "His shaft and his branches, his bowls, his knops, and his flowers,"' he quoted. 'Here they all are reproduced, and yet your friend said he never saw them!'

"Before I could reply one of the gentlemen from the other end of the room came up.

"'I congratulate you, Lorpen,' he said. 'This last find of yours is of exceptional interest and value. Steinhouse and I have spent a long time over these things, and we are more than ever inclined to believe that they are made on the model of the golden candelabra used in the Temple at Jerusalem. They perfectly carry out the description we have of the Jewish candlesticks—see, the "bowls made like unto almonds, a knop and a flower" on every branch, and so on. The only difficulty is to account for your finding them where you did.'

"'That may be cleared up some day,' said Lorpen. 'Have you felt their weight?'

"The other man smiled and turned one of the candelabra round: a bright spot of yellow shone through the tarnish.

"'Yes, we have tested them. They are of pure gold, as we expected, beaten into shape from the lump like their illustrious prototypes. They are unique. None others exist so far as we know at the present time.'

"When we were alone again, Lorpen said—

"'I hope I have proved my case to your satisfaction. Dermot must by some underhand means have obtained access to our workings, or he could not possibly have produced that picture.'

"'What are you talking about?' I asked, exasperated. 'What workings? Where, in Heaven's name, did you find those candlesticks?'

"'Two months ago they were buried in a bog which lies close to the coast in the extreme west of Ireland. I happened to be staying in the neighbourhood when a slight earthquake took place, which brought some very ancient ruins to the surface of the bog. I went down to see what was to be seen, and at once perceived the importance of the find. My friend is lord of the manor, and so we were enabled to keep everything quiet and in our own hands.'

"'Well?'

"'At present I need only mention the fact that I unearthed these golden candelabra with my own hands from the ruins I spoke of—most remarkable ruins, evidently of very early date.'

"'Dermot has been on the Continent all the summer; he may have come across something very similar,' I contended.

"Lorpen looked over my head.

"'We have his own word for it that he did not,' he replied coldly; 'and you have heard what Brook and Steinhouse think. I need say no more. Only I can't let the matter drop. I am pledged to sift it thoroughly. But the affair must be more advanced before I take any further steps.'

"On going back I mentioned to Dermot that Lorpen still evinced a distinct interest in his altar candlesticks. I had no notion there was such a devil in Dermot until that moment. His face grew black.

"'I'll throttle him if he mentions the subject to me again,' he exclaimed furiously.

"I may say here that I afterwards heard on excellent authority that the ancient Irish had a marked predilection for garroting their enemies. I don't say the fact bears on the story at all.

"Meantime the picture was approaching completion. I daresay you recollect that it represents the interior of a small church built of roughly hewn stone. The architecture is of an order with which we are entirely unfamiliar. From the inner curve of the chancel arch depends a screen of exquisitely carved wood, which fills the upper part, and below gives a view of the altar with its lights. The central figure, thrown out in strong relief, is that of the officiating priest. He is kneeling with closed eyes, cowering like a blind man under some unseen but dreaded blow. Technically, the chiaroscuro is, as you know, inimitable. The groups of monks on either side in the sedilia have half

risen from their knees and are gazing outwards towards the spectator. The atmosphere gives, as Hardy says, an impression of storm and tumult; the very shadows seem to sway as you look at them. The keynote of the whole is fear. It is deep in the night, and the men are mad with fear!

"Christmas was close upon us when the last act of the drama between Lorpen and Dermot was played out.

"One morning, when the picture was almost completed, I noticed that Dermot had stopped working. For half an hour or more he had not moved a finger. This attracted my attention, because, as I have told you, he had never before seemed for one instant at a loss. I went up behind him and saw the picture just as it is now, with the exception of a blurred space on the broad chancel-step. As I looked over his shoulder he put out his hand, his brush hovered uncertainly over the blank space, but dropped again at his side.

"'Why don't you paint in the step?' I said.

"'There's something there,' he answered vaguely. 'But I cannot quite see what it is—that is, I don't remember—I mean, I don't know—' then he turned angrily on me, 'Go away! Can't you see I'm trying to—ah!'

"He heaved a sigh of relief, and suddenly began to paint. I watched him for a little, but he was only preparing a surface, so I returned to my own business and forgot all about him until Lorpen arrived.

"I suppose he came in the morning to make sure of seeing Dermot. I felt there was going to be something unpleasant, so my greeting to Lorpen was the reverse of cordial. The light was good that morning, and any sort of interruption undesirable.

"He came forward without meeting my eyes, which showed he meant business. I can almost see him now, in his light overcoat, with his dandy narrow boots and his high nose. He carried a large, flat, square parcel which seemed like a big photograph. He laid down his belongings deliberately on a chair, and addressed Dermot.

"Dermot was working feverishly, and appeared not to hear him.

"Lorpen was not to be put off, however. He touched him on the shoulder. Dermot merely shook off his hand, and went on at high pressure.

"Lorpen turned to me. When he got near enough he said in an undertone—

"'What's the matter with the man? Is he always taken like this?'

"'More or less,' I replied, thinking it was Dermot's dodge to avoid a row.

"'His conduct is strange, to say the least of it,' remarked Lorpen. Then something in the quick movements of Dermot's brush attracted him. He hurried to his side and watched him eagerly.

"I followed to see what had fixed his attention. Dermot was painting in a sandal, which had evidently been dropped by some flying foot on the chancel-step. It was lying on its side, and the wood of which it was made being quite new, the graining showed distinctly. The instep-thong was snapped across.

"As he put the last touch upon it he staggered. I caught him, while Lorpen pushed forward an armchair, into which we put him.

"You know what singular eyes Dermot has. When Lorpen asked him how he came to know that the sandals were made of walnut-wood, he raised his eyes—the pupils were no more than black points, and the broad light grey irises looked blind and blank.

"'They were all made of walnut-wood,' he replied in a low tone.

"'They were!' interjected Lorpen.

"'You know how many trees grew on the south side of Slievecruach,' continued Dermot.

"Lorpen sat down suddenly and stared.

"'By the Lord Harry!' he exclaimed, 'this is unheard of! Van, what do you know of all this?'

"I recognised that we were perhaps on the verge of discovering something. So I began to retail a few of the scraps of information which Dermot had let fall from time to time. I also tried to repeat his exact words.

"'The storm had raged for many days—wind and rain, deluges of rain, the worst they had ever experienced. In the middle of the night the monastery was wrecked, and the monks took refuge in the church, believing that the Last Day—the Day of Judgment—had come. The monks were a small band living on a spur of Slievecruach, and the church was dedicated to——'

"'St. Teagh,' finished Dermot.

"'They were singing the Miserere,' sticks?' cried Lorpen, shaking him by the arm.

"'Yes, I wanted to save them. They were made after the pattern of—the——'

"'Go on, man!'

"Dermot made another attempt to speak.

"'Then I looked back and saw—' his eyes strayed to the picture.

"'The supreme moment!' added Lorpen gently.

"But the door burst in and hurt me,

DERMOT SAT UP, HIS EYES ALIGHT WITH HORROR.

I went on, 'when the building was shaken by some convulsion, and began to slide bodily downwards.'

"Dermot sat up, his eyes alight with horror.

"'Sliding down, down, down to the Pit!' he shouted.

"'But how did you know there was a sandal with a broken thong lying on the chancel-step?' persisted Lorpen.

"'It was mine!' said Dermot sharply. 'The thong snapped, and it fell from me as I ran to the west door by the order of the—' his head dropped on his breast.

"'And then—how about the candle-and something soft and black and smothering——'

"Dermot said no more. He simply rolled out of the chair and stretched himself out like a dead man on the floor.

"We had a doctor in in two shakes, who said the attack was more like catalepsy than anything else, but presented some rare symptoms.

"As soon as Dermot was comfortably attended to, Lorpen called me back into the studio, and opened the brown-paper parcel. It contained the photograph of a ruined, roofless chapel, but it was for all

that unmistakably the one portrayed on Dermot's canvas.

"'There's no getting over that, Van,' said Lorpen; 'it is the chapel of Slievecruach safe enough—after the event. The hill above is called Slievecrow to this day. The peat acts as a preservative. I saw, therefore I know, that the monks were in those very places, and the priest was at the altar. I can show you the hanging screen of carved woodwork, though it had become detached from its place, and you have already seen the candelabra. As for the sandal, no one but myself is even aware of its existence, for one morning early I went and did a little bit of excavating on my own account, and found it in that very spot with a broken thong.

"'The whole scene, the style of architecture, the shape of the altar, the candlesticks, all differ from anything we are acquainted with. Therefore, I naturally suspected Dermot of having acquired his knowledge in some unworthy way, as our efforts to keep the secret of the chapel quiet were prompted by sufficient reasons which I need not enter into now.

"'I imagine the chapel and the monastery were built on a spur of Slievecruach. In consequence of the prolonged fall of rain Dermot told you of, the ground probably became loosened, and a landslip took place, which plunged the whole building into the bog below. Now an earthquake has brought it to light again. But how do you account for Dermot's share in it?'

"'Why, transmigration or reincarnation, or something equally uncanny,' I replied.

"Lorpen is a man who does not care twopence for any thing or theory he has not discovered himself.

"'Surely you don't believe in that nonsense!' he said. 'I can give you the real and scientific explanation. Emotions, especially strong ones, are as material as everything else in this material world, and if shared in simultaneously by a number of people, produce a distinct impression on some sensitive element of the atmosphere, which impression remains permanent—like a photograph, let us say—the simile is near enough for our purpose. Then on another occasion, when one or more persons are influenced by the same type of emotion, one amongst them may chance to be of a susceptible temperament, or merely in a temporarily receptive condition, and the old picture is reproduced in his consciousness. That is what happened to Dermot. See?'

"I didn't see, but there is his theory—for what it is worth."

Hardy and I remained silent for a minute or two after Van ended. Then Hardy asked—

"And what about Dermot?"

"He slept two days on end, and woke up all right. The strangest part of it is that he forgets there were any uncommon circumstances connected with his painting the 'Mass.' He thinks it all happened in the usual way. Neither does he see that while it is a work of genius, the rest of his efforts are scarcely third-rate. He is a fair colorist, but he is without an ounce of imagination, and has hardly any perception for the divine—there is no other name for it—in art."

"Not so dusty, considered as a yarn, Van," pronounced Hardy with a yawn.

"But what do you think of it as a fact?"

Hardy laughed.

"It's against my principles to think," he said.

*From the Original in the United Service Club.*

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

*After G. Jones, R.A.*

# THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

## *STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

### THE DOWNFALL.

THE victorious Allies, pausing to reduce the fortresses on the Oder and Vistula, followed Napoleon slowly to the Rhine. The delay gave their still indomitable foe time to organise the defence of France, but with sadly diminished means. But, narrowing his line, Napoleon hoped to hold the district between the Seine and the Marne. The aim of the Allies was, of course, Paris; and they eventually approached it with three armies from three different directions. At first two only moved forward: Schwartzenberg with the Austrians by the line of the Seine from Langres to Troyes; and Blücher from Nancy to St. Dizier and down the Marne. This gave Napoleon the strategical advantage—a central position whence by masking and retarding one he could attack the other with an equal or preponderating force. Blücher was his first aim; but after an indecisive action at Brienne, the French were badly beaten at La Rothière. Blücher subsequently divided his forces and was again vigorously attacked, in detail, by Napoleon, who won four brilliant victories in as many days—Champaubert, Montmirail, Château Thierry, and Vauchamps. The great captain's strategy in these operations is esteemed the finest in war; he took full advantage of his "interior lines," his central position. Although his total numbers were less than half his enemy's, he was yet invariably superior at the point of attack, and while fully informed of the movements of his opponents, he carefully screened his own. Next, Schwartzenberg, who had got close to Paris, was overwhelmed by a rapid concentration of Napoleon's forces, and fell back to Troyes.

There was now some talk of peace, but it came to nothing; and Bernadotte, who had moved through Holland, appeared on the scene in support of Blücher. Marmont fell back as Blücher advanced, but was soon joined by Napoleon, who was in a position to strike a crushing blow at the Prussian rear. Soissons was on the line of Blücher's retreat, and having been fortified and well garrisoned, Napoleon trusted to it to intercept the Prussians and hand them over to him. Soissons was, however, weakly surrendered at the moment it would have been of inestimable use, for had it held out even a day longer Blücher must have been nearly destroyed. As it was, he escaped, being only brought to bay at Craonne, where Napoleon defeated his left wing; in a second battle at Laon Blücher worsted Marmont, and Napoleon, hearing that the enemy were concentrating, again retreated, but only to renew the offensive against Rheims. So it went on. He was ubiquitous. "We expect this terrible man everywhere," said one of his principal foes. "He has beaten us all, one after the other. We dread the audacity of his enterprises, the rapidity of his movements, his able combinations. A new plan of action is no sooner conceived than he destroys it."

At last the only safe and sound course was adopted—that of a combined and concentrated march on Paris. Schwartzenberg moved round to join hands with Blücher; they had only Marmont and Mortier before them; Napoleon was still

at St. Dizier aiming at Schwartzenberg's communications; and at St. Dizier he heard the worst news. His Marshals had been defeated, the Allies were in Paris. Talleyrand and his party had made submission, while the Empress with her son and the Council of Regency had withdrawn to Blois. Napoleon marched to Fontainebleau, and, after reviewing his troops, proposed to move on Paris and try the issue in one last encounter. But now his lieutenants rebelled; they saw the contest was hopeless and refused to move. They went further, and, waxing insubordinate, forced their imperious master to throw up the sponge. Napoleon, under their menacing pressure, agreed to abdicate in favour of his son, with Marie Louise as Regent. The formal instrument was taken to Paris by Ney, Macdonald, and Mortier; but Talleyrand was for the Bourbons, and the Czar, finding the Marshals were not at one, insisted upon unconditional abdication.

Napoleon's once world-wide sovereignty was now restricted to the empire of Elba, and no sooner was the deed signed than he was deserted by all. His staff left him almost in a body; so few remained, indeed, that the duty about his person could not be performed. The soldiery, the rank and file, were still true to the fallen leader they adored, but elsewhere in France, especially in the South, he was hooted with every mark of hatred and contempt. At Avignon his carriage was attacked by a mob, who wished to draw him out and throw him into the Rhone. At Fréjus, where he would have lingered in the last vain hope that a blow might yet be struck for him by the broken bands of soldiery that were re-entering France, he met with the same hostile demonstrations from the populace. The mob was so outrageous that Captain Ussher, of H.M.S. *Undaunted*, who was to convey him to Elba, remarked upon it. "Yes," replied Napoleon stoically, "they are a fickle people and like a weathercock."

Napoleon's exit from France was dignified, although he seemed to feel his humiliation acutely. Captain Ussher waited on him at the small inn of Fréjus, where he was to embark, and found him in the uniform of the Old Guard, wearing the Star of the Legion of Honour. He had an open book upon Elba in his hand, to which he referred when asking questions about the island. His manner was very condescending and polite. Captain Ussher, who was anxious to treat fallen greatness with proper chivalrous respect, no doubt impressed him favourably, for the Emperor always kept a kindly recollection of the English naval officer. When the time came for embarkation, a number of respectable people assembled to bid him farewell, and on the beach a regiment of cavalry was drawn up, which saluted him with the honours of war.

During his short stay at Elba, Napoleon showed much of his constitutional vigour. He set himself to govern his new empire diligently. Almost directly he arrived he inspected the fortifications and magazine; he designed a new national flag; he was deep in a project for conveying water from the mountains to the city and capital, Porto Ferrajo. He made long excursions on horseback, visiting the country houses in the neighbourhood or the mountain villages, following the goat-paths; or he went out in his barge to examine the coast or the storehouses in the harbour. In the evenings he entered into long discussions upon his campaigns, his policy, his various actions in the late great events, talking with much animation till midnight, and remaining on his legs for three hours at a time.

A very short absence created a very widespread revulsion of feeling in favour of the dethroned but still alert adventurer. France soon saw that the return of the Bourbons was no unmixed boon. These half-forgotten princes brought but mediocre talents to the government of a distracted country, and their policy naturally tended to confusion and estrangement. They represented the past, the long-exiled party which now expected indemnification for their crosses and sufferings. The whole fabric of society was unsettled. New interests consolidated under the Empire

were threatened; the new men must give place to the followers of the old, in the Army, in the State, in the possession of landed property. France began to think with regretful sympathy of the Napoleonic régime, and to believe that there were worse evils than a judicious despotism. She was ready, too, to raise her head anew in a not vain hope of improving her position when by the treaty of peace a complete army was restored to her. The garrisons left by Napoleon in German and Prussian fortresses, the prisoners of war captured in the last disastrous campaign, suddenly returned to France in one vast body numbering 300,000 seasoned soldiers: a fresh struggle might surely be begun with a strong chance of success. But only one man could lead them.

"LE PETIT CAPORAL": NAPOLEON, MARIE LOUISE, AND THE INFANT KING OF ROME.
*After Menjaud.*

Elba was not so closely supervised that news did not reach the imprisoned Emperor; nor was it so strictly guarded that he could be held a prisoner if he was determined to go free. Sir Neil Campbell, the British Resident, Napoleon's "guest rather than his guardian," wrote from Leghorn, which he had visited, that he believed a plot for the Emperor's escape was afoot at the end of February. On the very day on which Campbell indited this warning, Feb. 26, 1815, Napoleon left Elba. He embarked suddenly on board the brig *Inconstant*, which had been prepared secretly as the result of long intriguing with friends in Italy and France. Four hundred adherents accompanied him, and seven hundred more embarked in other smaller vessels. The voyage was tedious, impeded by persistent calms, but on March 1 the flotilla reached Golfe Joanne,

near Cannes. The garrison of Antibes, close by, was not immediately won over; but Napoleon escaped detention, and passed on till he reached Grenoble. Here, too, the troops were at first disposed to intercept him; but he bared his breast to their muskets, and boldly asked them if they dared fire upon their Emperor. After that the tide turned, and he was received with frantic delight all along his route. His progress was like that of a victorious monarch returning to receive the welcome of his faithful people.

In truth, the French were a fickle people. This return of the ruler whom a short year ago they had hated was hailed with delirious enthusiasm. Crowds thronged the road to see him pass; they were so dense that, despite their acclamations, he thought it prudent to change into an unpretending cabriolet. The troops sent to check his progress went over to him at once with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The impetuous Ney, who had so far forgotten himself as to promise allegiance to the Bourbons, had started to "bring back Napoleon dead or alive," but at once changed sides again. The scene in Paris, which Napoleon reached on the evening of March 21, was most exciting. Outside the Tuileries he was received with deafening cheers; inside, the staircases and galleries were filled with old adherents eager to renew their vows of attachment to his person. The Emperor could not get through till an attendant preceded him to clear the way. "As for him [Napoleon], he walked up slowly with his eyes half closed, his hands extended before him, like a blind man, expressing his joy only by a smile." He took possession of the Tuileries with the air of a master, and while he bathed and dressed to hold an evening reception, the ladies and courtiers tore down the Bourbon emblems, exposing the old Napoleonic bees instead of the new *fleurs de lis*.

Napoleon had recovered his kingdom, but he had yet to hold it. He was far from sure of his position at home. France had welcomed him, no doubt, effusively, but the nation was not quite prepared to accept the old despotism, and her public leaders would have nothing but a Constitutional King. New triumphs might, perhaps, give Napoleon his old power, but he must first win them, and that soon, against another powerful coalition. He would have all Europe again upon his track, of that there could be no doubt. The Congress, still sitting at Vienna, lost no time in declaring that Napoleon should have "neither peace nor truce"; he was an enemy and disturber of the peace of the whole world, and he must be finally and completely put down. All the nations bound themselves by solemn compact to prosecute the war to the bitter end.

Napoleon had little time to make head against the vast forces that would soon be brought against him. He worked now for the coming campaign of Waterloo as he alone could work. He had to find money, equipment, arms; to reorganise his regiments, form his staff, appoint leaders; he had men in plenty, thanks to the releases from Germany, but that was all. He bent all his energies to this colossal task, and for a time they did not disappoint him. Yet it was soon evident to those about him that he was not the man of old. His powers were beginning to fail him. His head was as clear as ever, but his strength of will, his ability to concentrate himself on his work continuously and unceasingly, were impaired. "I did not know him again," said Carnot. "He talks instead of acting—he, the man of rapid decisions; he asks opinions—he, the imperious dictator who seemed insulted by advice; his mind wanders, though he used to have the power of attending to everything when and as he would; he is sleepy, and he used to be able to sleep and wake at pleasure." The man, in short, was mortal; he had lived fast and hard, the physical machine was getting worn out; decay of the nerve centres had set in. We shall soon see how, as after Dresden, his imperious nature succumbed and spoilt another great opportunity.

But in his preparations for Waterloo, in his dispositions, his plan of operations, his rapid movements in the earliest stages of the campaign, Napoleon was assuredly little

below his best. It is generally admitted by military critics that his strategy was superior to that of his adversaries. His design was excellent; the very direction of his march struck at the weakest point of the enemy's line. Had he promptly followed his initial advantage, and been properly served by his lieutenants, he would have separated the Allies, and rolling each up along his own divergent line of retreat, would have prevented them from again joining forces.

concentration to the threatened point was slow. Wellington could hardly believe the fact when it became undeniable, and to the last scarcely realised the importance of Quatre Bras to his plans and his army. Napoleon thrust himself in between the Allies, and but for the dilatoriness of his generals, who neglected to close up their advancing but straggling columns, he would have been so immensely superior to the Prussians that he could have easily brushed them aside and marched on

ATTACK ON NAPOLEON'S CARRIAGE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

On the other hand, there is little doubt but that Wellington was out-generalled. Our great Duke, for reasons that have never been explained, never expected attack from the quarter where it seemed most probable. He looked for Napoleon on his right striking at his communications with the sea. Contrary to the opinion of all modern strategists, Wellington maintained to his dying day that it was by this line Napoleon should have advanced, and not by that which now appears obvious, the centre. Hence the English lay mostly to that side, and even when the French movement was fully developed, their Brussels before Wellington's army could assemble to oppose him.

The occupation of Brussels was Napoleon's principal aim. Had he succeeded in gaining the advantage this fine strategy deserved, had the English been compelled to withdraw on their ships, the Prussians towards the Rhine, he might have been in a position to obtain peace. The English Ministry would have fallen, the Opposition was really friendly to him, and if England had withdrawn from the coalition of his enemies, they might have gone to pieces. The triumphant possession of Belgium would have appealed to the

French people, and have given him a new lease of power. Both politically and strategically his plan of campaign was a daring stroke of genius, finely conceived, but failing in execution. Time was the essence of the situation, yet from the very first time was hopelessly but irretrievably lost. Here the causes already mentioned chiefly interposed. Ill-health had undermined his personal vigour. Napoleon left Paris unwell both in body and mind. To the mysterious failure of physical powers was superadded a depression of spirits, a gloomy anticipation of coming misfortune, that greatly militated against success in the game that demands unbounded self-reliance and nerve. He believed now that his luck had really turned, and he firmly believed in luck. "What a force it is!" he cried. "It alone imparts courage. It is the feeling that fortune is with us that gives us the hardihood to dare. Not to dare is to do nothing of moment, and one never dares except in the confidence that fortune will favour us."

These forebodings were, no doubt, justified by the severe buffets he had lately received. Nor was it, after all, his want of daring that now ruined him, for he dared much, but the many mischances that marred his operations, and some of them fairly attributable to ill luck. Napoleon had undoubtedly won the first moves. He had counted upon what he believed were the personal characteristics of his opponents—that Wellington would be very cautious and Blücher over-eager. So he planned to push in past the one and draw on the other only to fall a prey to his concentrated and overwhelming forces. All this he had secured on the 15th, the first day of this brief but most eventful campaign. But now began the delays which might be called ill luck, but which were really due to want of vigour. On the evening of that first day Napoleon was so worn out that he slept late next morning, and when he woke he was still too feeble to attend to business. This was the time when Ney, with the advance, was within striking distance of one weak division of Dutch Belgians at Quatre Bras, and Wellington, hastening up with supports from Brussels, was still a long way off. Ney should have been on the move at daylight, 3 a.m., but still he halted waiting for orders, and none were issued till Napoleon appeared at 11 a.m. Eight precious hours were gone—hours, as has been well said, of which each was worth a reinforcement of 10,000 men—and with them the chance of penetrating the slender barrier of Quatre Bras. Napoleon told Ney he would join him as soon as he had disposed of the gathering Prussians, whom he estimated at some 40,000; but Ney, believing that Blücher's whole army was at Ligny, still hung back, watching them. The serious attack on Quatre Bras did not begin till 2.30, and by that time Wellington and Picton's division were close at hand.

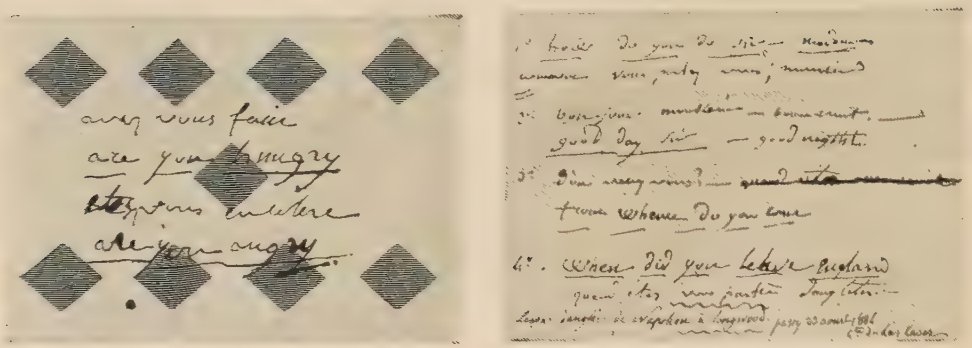
Meanwhile Napoleon had begun the battle of Ligny. Ney was to co-operate by outflanking the Prussian left as soon as he had swept the English out of the way. This order was the first cause of a series of misadventures that lost the services of a whole corps, d'Erlon's, to both Napoleon and Ney. For as d'Erlon was advancing to support the latter, to whose command he belonged, an aide-de-camp turned him off towards Ligny, where his unexpected appearance—an unknown body feared to be English—delayed Napoleon's final attack till nearly too late. Ney meanwhile had peremptorily recalled the errant d'Erlon, who now left the neighbourhood of Ligny without aiding in the action. In his absence Ney had been defeated by Wellington.

But for these delays and mischances the result of the fighting must have been very different at Quatre Bras. The defeat of the Prussians at Ligny, too, would have been much more decisive if Ney could have taken them in flank. All through Napoleon had been far too deliberate. Now after the victory he again lost invaluable time. The pursuit should have been prosecuted with promptitude and vigour. Yet nothing was done till noon next day. Again, Napoleon had been prostrated with fatigue and slept late; when he rose it was to gossip on politics and Parisian small talk, not to act. Grouchy did not get his orders to follow up the

Prussians till midday; Ney certainly had been told to advance, but he was out of humour, and made no move till Napoleon joined him at 1 p.m. Three hours earlier Wellington, informed of Blücher's defeat, had withdrawn, unmolested and in perfect order, to the position at Waterloo. Napoleon followed slowly, hardly daring to hope that the hated English would risk a battle with him. That Wellington would not, in truth, have fought at Waterloo unless he had been satisfied that Blücher would support is now an established fact in history. How he gained that assurance, whether by a personal visit to Blücher's bedside in the dead of night or by a despatch from the Prussian headquarters, or both, we may never certainly know; but that the battle was the result of concerted action between the allied commanders is now proved beyond all question.

Napoleon was only anxious lest the English should escape him. He was on the move during the night, watching their bivouac fires, and in the morning rubbed his hands with glee as he saw them still there. "Ces Anglais! Enfin je les tiens!" he cried, and turned fiercely on his generals Soult and Foy, who warned him that he would find us tough customers. "Les Anglais en duel sont le diable," Foy had said. When Soult spoke in the same strain his master cruelly replied, "You believe in these English because they have always beaten you." So confident was Napoleon of his coming triumph that he marched his troops into their positions slowly, with bands playing and all the pomp and circumstance of war. No doubt the ground was so heavy with recent rain that the movement of artillery was difficult; still the battle might have begun before 11.30 a.m., and the delay was all in Wellington's favour. It brought the Prussians nearer, and they would have been on the ground early in the afternoon had not Bülow's, the leading corps, been halted at St. Lambert by order of Gneisenau, the Prussian Chief-of-the-Staff, who disliked Wellington and distrusted his promise to stand and fight at Waterloo.

NAPOLEON EMBARKING ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."



NOTES WRITTEN BY NAPOLEON ON PLAYING CARDS WHEN HE WAS TRYING TO LEARN ENGLISH AT ST. HELENA.

The great battle is too well known to need detailed description. The French assumed the offensive throughout, until at last the Prussian advance compromised the right flank and necessitated a defensive action on that side. Then the failure of the last attack incited Wellington to charge the discomfited foe. There were five attacks: the first on Hougomont, which failed; a second on Papelotte and Haye Sainte, in which the first only was taken; the third a great attack upon the allied centre, which was repulsed; the fourth the splendid but premature charge of the whole of the French cavalry, which was shattered against the British squares; and the fifth and last, the tremendous effort made by the Imperial Guard, which proved no longer invincible.

In all, the unshaken heroism of the British troops could not be overcome, but their efforts were no doubt greatly aided by the tactical skill of their almost

THE LONELY ISLE OF ST. HELENA.

ubiquitous leader. Wellington was all over the field, and always at the critical point. Napoleon, on the other hand, took post at the opening of the engagement on the hill of Rossomme, from which he issued his directions. It has been held that but for the Prussian attack, Napoleon would have overcome the sturdy resistance of the English. There was no doubt one crisis in the fight after the capture of La Haye Sainte, about 5 p.m., when Wellington's line was broken, and but for his vigilance and orders, was still pursuing the Prussians, but in the wrong direction, and, as we know, they lent their weight to Wellington, while Grouchy was lost to Napoleon. Much controversy has arisen as to who was most to blame, the supreme commander or the subordinate; but nothing can excuse Grouchy's neglect of a fundamental principle of warfare—to work towards the guns. He heard the sounds of fighting towards Waterloo early in the day, and had he followed the true instinct of a soldier he would have met

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA, 1821.

promptitude in bringing up troops to fill the gap, the tide might have turned against him. Now he must have felt the urgent need of the division he had kept at Hal, 18,000 men, eight miles from the battlefield, too far to be useful, and thus lost through his persistent anxiety for his right flank.

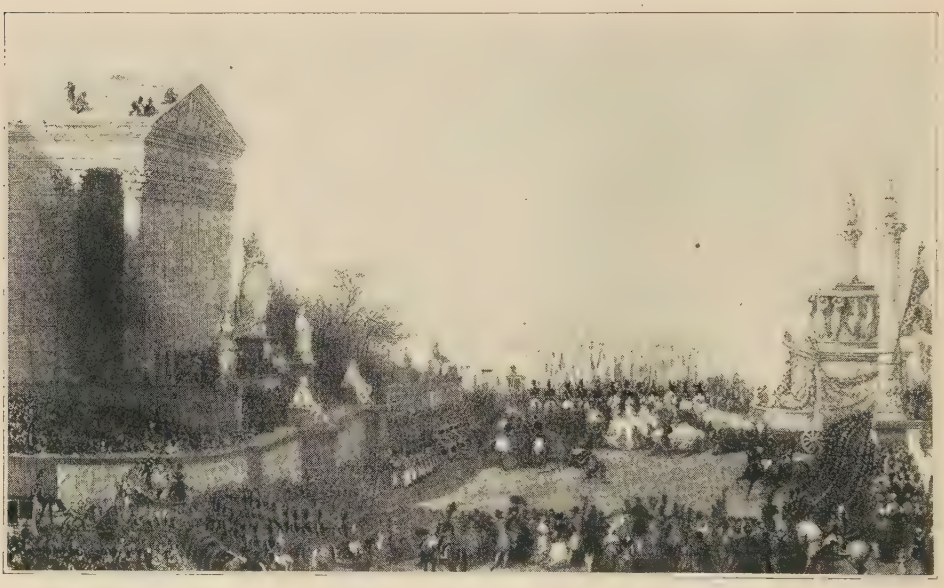
Again, Napoleon's numbers on the field, which had a slight advantage over Wellington's, being as 72,000 men with 246 guns, to 68,000 with 156 guns, would have been preponderating, but for the errors that deprived him of the assistance of Grouchy. That Marshal, by too implicit and unintelligent obedience of his the messengers sent to hurry him forward to the scene of conflict. Instead of which he fought a small useless engagement with one corps, and was absent from the decisive point—Waterloo.

Four days later, June 22, Napoleon, who had fled post-haste to Paris, signed his second abdication. A terrible and most complete collapse ended the moving drama of the "Hundred Days." "My public life is finished," said Napoleon, although he had not quite abandoned hope, and thought that he might be retained as the first soldier of the nation, under some new Directory. France would have none of him: it was truly sick of the

Great Adventurer, who hurried now to Rochefort, thinking to escape to the United States. But he could not get through the vigilant English cruisers, and on July 15 he surrendered himself to Captain Maitland, of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*. He made no conditions, but placed himself unreservedly in the hands of England. It was his only chance, indeed, of safety, for Blücher wanted to shoot him on the very spot that he had caused the Duc d'Enghien to be murdered. It must have cost Napoleon much to submit to the enemy he had most bitterly hated. "I come," he wrote the Prince Regent, "like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearth of the British people; I place myself under the protection of the English laws, which I claim as the most powerful, the most constant, the most generous of my enemies."

England, in the person of her Government, was surely wanting in chivalry to her fallen foe. There was a pettiness unworthy of a great nation in denying her prisoner the empty honours of rank and title; in steadily refusing to recognise the ex-Emperor as anything but General Bonaparte. But his life, at least, was held sacred, and his exile to the rocky prison-house of St. Helena may be defended as required on sound public grounds. Yet the conditions regulating his detention seem unnecessarily harsh and irksome. The choice of his future jailer was, at least, unfortunate, and the protests that came to Europe like a distant voice found a sympathetic and pitying echo. Still, the demeanour of this bright spirit that had once illumined all the world and was now nearly extinguished, was hardly consonant with its past effulgence, and it flickered out at last amid unworthy squabbles and an unworthy attempt to vindicate his career by correcting truth. How low the mighty had fallen was still more emphasised by the mean vindictiveness of his will, wherein he bequeathed a legacy to the Frenchman who had sought to assassinate Wellington.

X. Y. Z.



THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON IN PARIS, DECEMBER 15, 1840.

# WATERMARK, SMALL CROWN.

By MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

MISS JARVIS was sixty-three. Life, however, even at sixty-three, is not wholly without its enjoyments. The sun still shone and trees were green. She still had pleasure in dress, and was daintily clad in soft silks and laces—she loved flowers, and her rooms were always bright with them. She delighted in reading, and had the best novel that had appeared for years in her hand, and she must have loved her great-nephew Freddy, for though he came into the room just as she had reached a crisis in its story and unceremoniously dropped down on the footstool on which her feet were resting, she smiled when she saw him do it; and yet he had a large stamp-album in his arms and was sure to begin to turn over its pages in a minute.

"Darling child," she thought to herself; "if only he will keep quiet until I see how this is going to end."

He was so quiet, however, that it began to disturb her even more than the crackling of turning pages would have done. Quietness in Freddy was absolutely unnatural. She looked to see what he could be doing. He was gazing at her, and there was so much wistfulness in his earnest eyes that she instantly stooped down and kissed him.

"What is it, darling?" she asked. "Tell me."

"Will you do something I want?" he said; "something that I want very, *very* much indeed?"

"Of course I will if I can, dear. What is it?"

"I once heard you say that you kept far too many old letters. Have you—do you think you have—any letters written in 1854?"

She was an old woman, but at this question her heart stood still.

Her silence made him think that she could not have understood his question. "Have you any letters written in the year 1854?" he repeated. "Perhaps you do not know whether you have any or not."

Oh, yes, she knew. She knew everything that had happened in 1854. She had been loved by many, she had loved a little more than once herself, but in 1854 she had been loved by someone whom she had loved so well that even now the very mention of that year brought with it something that seemed even more than a memory of hopes and fears and doubts and delights. She seemed to feel how her heart had sometimes throbbed—how her eyes had smarted with the saltness of sad, slowly welling up tears.

Her other love affairs had been so different. They had made her more or less miserable at the time—at least, she had thought so, but she better knew what misery was, later on. There was the love affair that her father and mother had put an end to—that had seemed terribly hard to bear when it happened, but she had not minded his marrying a few years afterwards, and then there was—oh, what was the use of thinking of them all—this man of 1854 was the one man she had really loved, and, thank God, he had never married!

She sighed heavily.

"Am I bothering you, Auntie?" asked Freddy.

She had forgotten Freddy's very existence. Dear boy! Here she was with neither chick nor child of her own, and nothing but the remembrance of a great happiness which had once been offered to

her, only to be taken away again. "No, dear, you are not bothering me—I am bothering myself."

"You have never said whether you have any letters of that year or not," persisted Freddy.

"Oh, yes, I have letters of that year," she thought. She was wholly unaware that she was not speaking aloud. Her mind was full of the man whom she had loved forty long years ago, when she was twenty-three and he thirty years older than that. He had loved her almost from the first, and had told her so, but he had always said that he must never encourage his love for her—he must conquer it because of the disparity in their age, but that he meant "to take an interest" in her all the days of his life.

She, too, had at first thought a marriage between them impossible, but had been deeply flattered by the love of such a distinguished man—he was quite at the head of his branch of the profession. He had had an uphill fight, he told her, and had never had time to fall in love when he was young, and she was the only woman he had ever loved—the only woman he had ever gone to see in his life because he wanted to see her.

This pleased her, everything pleased her, and she soon loved him with all her heart. Nor was she unhappy, for she felt sure that he would soon cease to feel these absurd scruples about age, and that they would be happy. He had, however, a most tormenting habit of letting himself go and then pulling himself in. He had a profound conviction that he would be doing wrong to marry her, and yet he did not seem able to give up loving her. He—but here her thoughts were once more scattered to the winds by Freddy, who exclaimed almost impatiently, "Auntie, you are not very kind! You have never given me the least bit of an answer to what I asked."

"Dear child, I can't bear to look at those letters. They are from someone——"

"Oh, dead, I suppose?"

"Yes, dead."

"I know," said Freddy sympathetically, though he knew nothing of death, "I'm awfully sorry. I'll get them out for you, and I'll look at them for you, and I'll promise you I'll be careful. It's a red stamp with stars on the two top corners that I want, and the watermark is a crown, a very little, small crown. I'll draw what it's like for you. Do you think any of the stamps on your letters have that watermark?"

Miss Jarvis shook her head. "Say no more about those letters, dear—I could not let you even touch them!"

"Are there many?"

"No, not many."

There were about twenty. She was staying in London when she knew him, and had not gone home engaged to him, but under a promise to give the question her most serious consideration for six months so as to ascertain whether or no she really could make what he called "such a sacrifice." They corresponded during the time, but he was a man who spoke better than he wrote. Even now she remembered how the cold, unloving, formal letters which she had received from him had chilled her. She had talked to him as a girl talks to the man she loves and is proud to marry, and now when he wrote he addressed her as "My dear young friend."

"Young! young!" she had exclaimed, when letter after letter had come with that beginning. "Why does he always bring forward that youth of mine which he has so often spoken of as a thing which ought to part us?" "Please call me by my Christian name," she had written, but he had gone on calling her his dear young friend, and he had gone on writing coldly and, as it were, guardedly, until once to her horror she had found herself thinking, "Why, he writes as if he were afraid of being dragged into a court of justice!"

Even the very recollection of this horrible thought made her cheeks burn now as they had burnt with shame when it entered her mind in the far away days of her youth. That unbidden thought had then been huddled away as treacherous and dishonourable, and in her shame she had hastened to tell herself that if his letters were a little cold, it was probably only because he felt that it was his duty to

make them so. Had he not said that she was to take six months to test the strength of her feelings before she decided to accept him, and, that being the case, he would naturally consider it right to leave her judgment unbiassed, and would refrain from protestations of affection?

He was acting a part for the time, she had told herself — that was all. Unfortunately, he acted it so cruelly

He had been led away to say a great deal more than he meant while she was with him, but as soon as she was gone his one desire was to be allowed to forget this. He used to say that it would be a sin to let her throw herself away on an old man like himself. She had laughed at that when with him; when she got home she feared that he had discovered that he would be throwing himself away.

"WILL YOU DO SOMETHING I WANT?"

well, so persistently, and with such an appearance of ease, that every letter she received from him made her wretched. She hated his chilling adjectives—she felt that no one who really loved a girl could write so coldly always. Some day, in some sentence, some feeble ray of love must force its way through, but search as she might she could never find one, nor could she ever find the slightest allusion to the tie which in some sort bound them together. She began to think that he wished to ignore the fact that there was any tie between them at all.

She remembered how she used to sit for hours together with his letters in her hands, working into each sentence of them meanings which the writer had, perhaps, never meant. Then she had begun to be ashamed of the love she felt for him, for it seemed so much greater than that which he gave her. She had written frivolously to him to hide her suffering, whereupon he had written still more in the style of an old man who had been put back into his proper place, and she had alternated between feeling that he despised her as an ignorant girl and that he was only

acting like a man of honour. He had, she then thought, probably almost from the first wished to put an end to the correspondence, but she had made him go on writing by always answering each letter as if she counted on another in return. How wretchedly foolish she had been, and yet—and yet when she remembered——

* * * *

"Isn't it getting quite time, Auntie, for you to keep your promise to me?" asked Freddy.

"Promise, dear! I only said I would think about it."

"But that's holding out a great deal of hope, and I've often heard you say that it was very wrong of people to hold out hope to children and then not keep their word."

"I always do try to keep my word to you, dear, but you are asking me to do what would be very painful."

"I'm sorry. I see you don't intend to do it, Auntie. You don't care for me. I had better go." So saying he rose, looking half reproachful, half affectionate.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "I do care for you; but you have made me think of such sad, sad things that happened long ago. I will do what you want. Yes—I'll do it!" In her heart, however, she now knew that she must see at any rate the outside of those letters on that very day.

She unlocked a cabinet in a dark corner of the room, and from an old inlaid box took a little packet of letters. The ink on the uppermost was slightly faded, the edges of the letters were frayed with much carrying in pockets, the postmarks looked large and round—so did Freddy's eyes. He was all impatience, but his aunt, as he mentally expressed it, was not bringing them to him "at all, but just standing where she was by the cabinet, cuddling them up in her hand."

"Now, Freddy," she said at last, speaking as if with a great effort, "tell me exactly what you want me to do."

"I only want to cut the stamps off them with these sharp scissors of yours."

"*One* stamp, you mean. You are not to have more than one, and I can't have any cutting—the envelope must not be mutilated."

"Then I'll damp its back a little, and the stamp will soon come straight off. It won't hurt the envelope at all."

"Do this one then," she said, and took a letter out of its cover and gave the cover to him.

For a moment she sat with this letter in her hand, then she saw a word or two of its contents, which made her long to read more; but Freddy was there, and lest she should show some weakness, she went to another window and read—

"Half an hour ago several letters were brought to me in unknown writing—all but one, and that one so well known, so flowing and firm and characteristic, and withal so much cared for by me that, as usual when placed with others, I took it first and on the spot, and——" But here the hand which held the letter dropped to her side, for in a moment she remembered how hurt she had been when she received this letter, and how callous she had thought it of him to write and tell her that he had opened her letter first. "Why, of course, he opened it first!" she had thought. "What could a man who loved me do less?"

Now, when she read it, she wondered how she could have found any cause of offence in it. "Suppose," she thought, "I were to find all the other things that vexed me so in his letters as absolutely void of offence as this is? Ah! how wise he was to give me up—how true his words were when he said, 'We should not be happy.' When I was young I thought this letter terrible; now that I am old I think it even affectionate—in other words, when I was young I was unsuited to him, now that I am old I see things as he saw them."

"Are you watching what they are doing on the other side of the street, Auntie?" Freddy called to her after a while, as she seemed so entirely engrossed by something she saw from her window.

"Other side of the street!" echoed Miss Jarvis, who had seen nothing but what was passing in her mind. "What are they doing there?"

"They must be going to have a ball, I think." She looked at the house opposite, an awning had been placed over the large balcony, sofas and chairs and beautiful flowering shrubs had been brought out, and the children of the house were trying to find out which seat was the most comfortable. She could hear their exclamations even across the wide street. Their mother heard them too, came out, and a little fair-haired child of two years old ran to her, and evidently asked to be lifted up to see and kiss a specially beautiful rose. That done, she received some loving kisses from her happy young mother, and then—but with a tightening of her heartstrings—Miss Jarvis turned away, unable to bear the sight of anything more.

How long she stayed in the chair in which she had taken refuge she knew not, but when she went to Freddy, she found the table covered with envelopes deprived of stamps, each envelope laid to dry close beside the letter to which it belonged. Freddy had taken the stamp off every one!

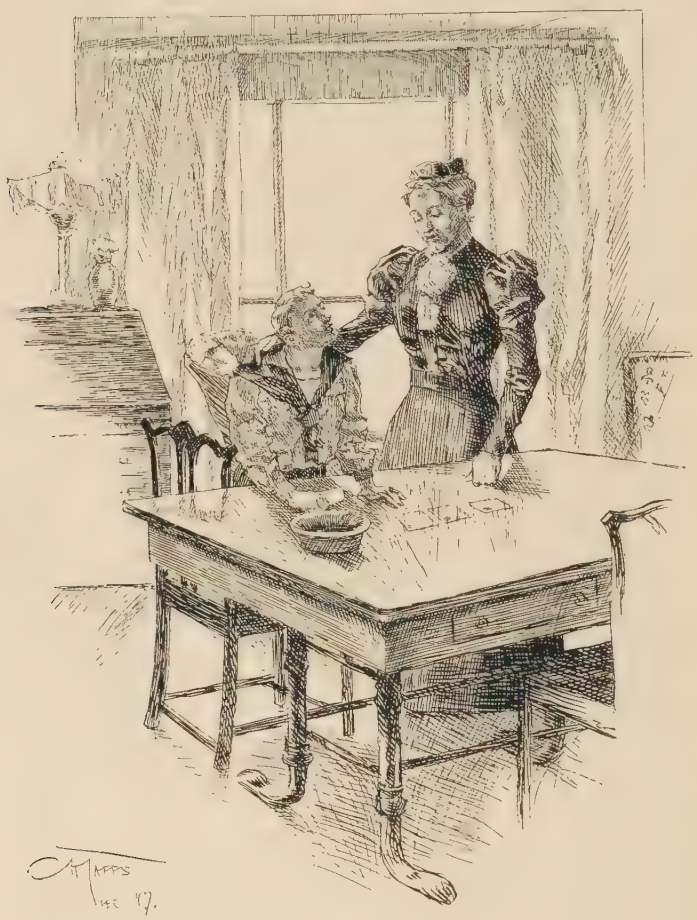
"Freddy!" she exclaimed in her dismay, "I particularly said that you were only to take one stamp, and I showed you which it was to be!"

"Yes, Aunt, I know; but that one stamp you said I was to take hadn't a small crown for a watermark when I got it off, and I did not like to come and ask you what I was to do next, for you looked as if you were just going to have a good cry about something at that window there, and somehow or other, I don't quite know how, I am afraid I went on until I had taken off every stamp there was, but I have taken them off quite tidily, and I have kept each of the envelopes by its own letter. I have got fifteen stamps with small crowns for their watermarks, and I intend to swop some of them with some of our fellows."

FROM AN OLD INLAID BOX SHE TOOK A LITTLE PACKET OF LETTERS.

"Freddy, how wrong of you! I would a thousand times rather have given you money to go to Stanley Gibbons — or wherever it is that you go—to buy what you want. You would have got far better stamps there, and not have——"

"Don't be vexed, Auntie. I *am* so happy! And now, I'll help you to put back all the letters into their funny little long envelopes."



"FREDDY, HOW WRONG OF YOU!"

"I will do it myself!" she said almost angrily; and Freddy held his peace.

One by one she put the letters back into their covers. The last she came to was marked "Last letter," and that, though she knew it by heart, she was impelled to read. It was the letter in which he said that for the sake of both their happiness they must never meet again. "If I say this," he wrote, "it is not because I do not love you, but because I do. Every line of every one of your last letters shows me what a crime it would be to accept the generous impulse of a child to bury away her youth and live with a man of more than double her own age. Child, you will live to bless me for seeing the truth in time."

"God help me," she thought, as she read it, "whose fault was it?"

"I say, Auntie; I don't believe you were taking one bit of notice when I said that fifteen of those stamps had small crowns for watermarks. I'm awfully glad we got those letters out, aren't you?"

# THE GUARDS AT INKERMANN.

By WILLIAM SIMPSON.

The writer of this article, Mr. William Simpson, R.I., the eminent artist, has seen much foreign service, peaceful and warlike. He was present throughout all the thrilling scenes of the Crimean War, and the present paper is a lively reminiscence of those days of hardship, heroism, and good fellowship. Mr. Simpson represented the *Illustrated London News* with the Abyssinian Expedition, and accompanied the Prince of Wales to India. He has explored the Buddhist Topes and the Troad, has travelled in Palestine, and has published many valuable literary and artistic records of his labours.

THE title of this article might perhaps lead the reader to expect some account of the hard-fought battle that took place on the Inkermann heights on Nov. 5, 1854. Such is not the purpose of the writer. The object will be to give some account of this now historical piece of ground, which is of much interest in itself, quite independently of its having become a renowned battlefield, and at the same time to give a slight description of the Guards as I found them encamped there during the dreadful winter of 1854-55.

It was early in January that I went, by invitation, to spend a few days with the Grenadier Guards in their camp, which stood then close to the battlefield, and formed the extreme right of our position before Sebastopol. It was this position that placed the Guards in the front of the battle on Nov. 5; and it threw the onus of careful watching upon the corps in case of another attack which might be possible at any time. On this account pickets were thrown well out in advance at night, and an officer went round them in the early hours of the morning—or I might say about midnight—to inspect, and see that all was right. One of the nights during my visit I took the opportunity of accompanying this officer in his rounds, merely to get some knowledge of the locality, and to acquire an idea as to how the pickets by which our position was made safe from a surprise were placed; to which might be added the chance of picking up hints that might serve for pictorial purposes.

Lord Wolseley lately, in a speech, talked of "the humdrum existence of a soldier's life," and the words rather surprised his hearers; but the words were correct enough. The slightest thought will realise what a humdrum existence a barrack life, in the time of peace, must be. I was not long in the Crimea before it dawned upon me that even during war the soldier has a very monotonous time of it. The constant care of guarding the camps of a well-regulated army—particularly when the enemy is near—requires a large amount of sentry duty on the part of the men; and this weary watching, night and day, makes it dull and trying to everyone. Under such circumstances an attack by the enemy becomes, in comparison, a relief; and a battle may be looked upon as a soldier's holiday.

When the war began there were sneers at the time about the Guards being more familiar with balls in the West End of London than with the balls of an enemy. After the news of Alma and Inkermann came home, *Punch* was led to remark: "That it was true the Guards could dance, but they could also fight." With my experience as a War Artist I could have no doubts about this latter qualification, for, when it comes to the fighting, brave

men are plentiful, and cowards are few. But it struck me at the time, if *Punch* could have seen the conditions under which the Guards were living on the Inkermann heights, he would have given them more credit for it than for their gallantry in battle. There was the dull routine of picket and other duties. It was winter, and it was cold and wet; to this may be added a peculiarity which the weather in Greenock is credited with—it fried with ration salted pork. To realise the contrast of circumstances in this case, you have to imagine the possibility of any of these men ordering such a mess for their breakfast at the Guards' Club in Pall Mall. I did not see the roasting and grinding of the coffee-beans—a process, it was understood, which had to be gone through before a breakfast could be produced on these bleak heights, where fuel, even to cook with, was a very scarce

INKERMANN.

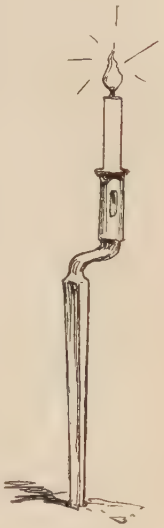
does not always rain there, the natives say "it whyles snaws." The heights at Inkermann are the highest in the plateau, and this exposed the Guards' camp to every chill blast that came from the north over the Crimean steppe; and some of these were as cutting as a noted winter wind in Central Asia, which is known in Khiva and Bokhara by the characteristic name of the "Scimitar of Kharezm."

As to food, my experiences will convey an idea on that head. I was a guest, and everything was done for me that kindness could suggest. At breakfast the best dish that could be recommended was ration biscuit, soaked all night in water, and article. The whole menu of breakfast and dinner need not be detailed here. There was enough to eat, but it was of the very plainest; to which it may be added that everything was cooked and served up in what may be described as the most primitive style. Officers in the Guards are not supposed to have suffered many privations in their early years, but here they were existing in a condition bordering very close upon that of gipsies; it had continued for weeks and months, and was being gone through with a cheerful endurance. No doubt that references were often made to the vicinity of St. James's, and how lost time would

be made up for when a return to that more genial locality took place.

By realising the position and the general condition of the Guards as I found them on the Inkermann heights, and which has been only slightly sketched here, the accuracy of Lord Wolseley's words will not be doubted. The Emperor Nicholas was reported to have said that he had two generals, "Generals January and February," who were coming to his aid in the Crimea, and their operations would be disastrous to his foes. This prophetic anticipation turned out to be only too true. The result of their tactics had to be added to the "humdrum existence," and it became a sore struggle, which the Guards bore manfully. It was not till after January and February had done their worst that the French moved to the Inkermann and relieved our troops on that part of the position; and the Guards, or what was left of them, moved down to a camp near Balaclava. If I remember correctly, the number that remained fit for duty was so small that they were, for a time at least, relieved from the work in the trenches.

The following incident, which took place on the first night of my visit to the Inkermann, may to a certain extent show how I had been impressed by the situation. I was naturally anxious to hear details of the late battle from those who had taken part in it; from that the conversation at dinner turned to the probabilities of the future and the chances of another attack, which everyone thought might occur at any time. The advantage — should another battle come off— of having an artist on the spot who would record their deeds in pictorial form was not overlooked by the speakers; and I went to sleep that night wondering if I might be fortunate enough to see an event of this kind. A spare tent had been arranged for me to sleep in, where, to use an auctioneer's phrase, "the bed-room appointments" were, as might have been expected,



MY BED-ROOM CANDLESTICK.

CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE INKERMANN HEIGHTS.

neither plentiful nor pretentious. In addition to the bed, a candlestick was about the only object visible, but it, I thought, was very suitable for its purpose as well as appropriate to the spot. This was a Russian bayonet stuck in the ground, with the candle placed into the tubular part that fitted on to the musket. In the middle of the night I was awakened by someone in my tent, who, I felt, was removing the articles that covered me in bed. It instantly flashed through my mind that the Russians were upon us, and this must be one who was already taking advantage of the moment and had begun to plunder. With this idea in my scarcely aroused brain, I sprang up and collared the despoiler, who, I learned afterwards, was in a great fright, stammered out some words, in which I distinguished the name of one of the officers. The tongue he used being British, showed he did not belong to the enemy. I let go my grasp, and explained in an apologetic manner the impression I had acted under. He also explained. When I turned in, my friends, anxious for my comfort, pressed me to accept their greatcoats as an extra covering for my bed. The officer whose duty it was to go round the pickets that night had forced his coat upon me, forgetting at the moment that it would be required by himself; so he sent his servant for it. The event was reported next morning, and my valiant attack on the imaginary Russian earned for me the reputation of a hero at a very small expenditure of risk. It was this affair which led me, as already mentioned, to accompany the officer next night on his round of visits.

The officers of the Grenadier Guards had managed, by almost superhuman efforts, to get up a Christmas dinner, which, under the circumstances, they looked upon as a great achievement. It may not have been everything that could be desired, but, for the Inkermann heights, it appeared, from the tone in which it was talked about, to have been highly satisfactory. As all the individuals connected with it and the tent where it took place were on the spot, I made a picture of the event, a slight reproduction of which is here given. As everyone present had been through the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, these two words had, by some simple means, been produced as the principal decoration of the tent. Russian bayonets were tied round the tent-pole to form a candelabra. These were very simple preparations, but under the circumstances they were considered to be fitting and effective. Luckily, a few bottles of champagne had been found, for which, I was told, a fabulous price had been paid to some settlers in Balaclava or Kamiesch.

Colonel Hamilton, as the senior officer, presided; he may be recognised in the picture from his wearing a fez. On his left is Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; next to him is Captain Higginson; and then Lieutenant Hamilton, nephew of Colonel Hamilton. Still farther on that side is Sir James Fergusson, Bart.; and the foreground figure on the same side is Captain Verschoyle. On the right of the president is Colonel C. Lindsay; he was brother, I believe, to the present Lord Wantage; on his right is Captain Burnaby; then comes Lord Balgonie, Captain Turner, Sir Charles Russell, and the foreground figure on that side is Captain Frederick Bathurst. As the feast forms an interesting bit of history in connection with the corps, I have here recorded the names of those who took part in it, the rank, where it is mentioned, being that which each held at the time. Of those who were present at the dinner, only four are now left; the others have gone to "the Greater Number." The four that still remain are Field-Marshal H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, General Sir George W. A. Higginson, the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., and Sir Frederick Bathurst, Bart.

Prince Edward performed a very gallant part at the battle of Inkermann. Like Hal o' the Wynd, he had to fight for his "ain hand," and his action, though gone through with only his own company of Grenadiers, had a very important bearing on the final results of that morning's work.

There is what may be described as an extended circumference from which the Inkermann heights can be ascended. This the Russians took advantage of, and were

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street.*

FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR, G.C.B.

practically in possession of the heights before their presence was discovered. But owing to the conformation of the ground, there was only a comparatively small space through which they could force their way from the Inkermann heights on to the plateau on which the allied forces were camped. It was owing to this limited space that our small forces were able to stop the Russian advance. Had their masses of soldiers forced this Thermopylæ, the fight might have had a different ending. The Russians have since ascribed their failure at Inkermann to a blunder that was made by General Soimonoff. His orders, they affirm, were to advance by the "left" side of the Careening Bay Ravine; he misunderstood the usual technical meaning attached to this word, and took his own left instead. This brought him up on to the ground already occupied by the Russian troops, and only added to the confusion that existed from the crowding into a narrow space. Had Soimonoff carried out his instruction as at first planned, he would have come upon the field in the rear of our troops who were holding the position, and they must have retreated—if that were possible—or been all but annihilated. It so chanced that on the night before the battle Prince Edward with his company had charge of the picket at the top of the Careening Bay Ravine, which formed the extreme left of the Inkermann position; he was thus separated from the Guards who fought on the right. His first indication of the enemy was the report of muskets and bullets coming through the mist and darkness; and very soon afterwards he found himself attacked. Luckily he had attended to a detail which some others had failed to see to that morning: by his orders the men's rifles were carefully cleaned, so they were quite ready for action. As soon as Soimonoff's blunder was discovered an effort was made to cross the head of the ravine, and it was this very important movement that Prince Edward, with his company and a few others that he collected together, managed to prevent.

*Photo by F. Kingsbury, London.*

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WENTWORTH ALEXANDER HIGGINSON, K.C.B.

For this he received very warm congratulations from Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge, who was then in the Crimea; it is since this article was begun that the Prince has been made a Field-Marshal by the Queen as one of the honours of the Jubilee.

To General Higginson I owe many acts of kindness while I was in the Crimea. He was one of my early guides to the field of Inkermann, for he was familiar with every corner of it. I might perhaps complain that he at times led me into warm places, forgetting that, like himself, I had not taken the "Queen's shilling," nor was I paid to be "food for powder." He lately sent me a copy of a capital lecture on the Battle of Inkermann he had not long before delivered to the Guards. It is not my purpose here to give an account of the battle, but I am tempted, as the lecture deals mainly with the doings of the Guards, to quote some of the graphic details which are descriptions of what he saw on the spot. It is with admiration that he records the first of their movements. "As if by magic our bayonets flew from their scabbards, and rifles were brought to the charge. A volley, and then the Brigadier, by whose side I was riding, gave the word to charge, and like a torrent the Scots Fusiliers and Grenadiers, now well in line, swept down on the head of the heavy Russian column. It was a grand sight!" In this charge they carried everything before them till they reached the Two-Gun Battery, sometimes called the Sand-Bag Battery, where they continued fighting against the masses of the enemy that surged up and about them till their small numbers were surrounded. Here an incident occurred that illustrates the cool, daring courage which was ascribed in a former article to Captain Peel of the Naval Brigade. General Higginson expresses his astonishment that in the midst of the fight at the Sand-Bag Battery he found Peel beside him, "accompanied by a little midshipman on a rough pony. To my inquiry, 'What on earth could have brought him into such a hot corner?' he replied gaily that, 'as nothing particular was going on in his battery, he thought he would have a look at us, as he heard we were having a good time of it.' As he spoke I felt a bullet pass through the top of my bearskin cap, fired from our rear, and observed that it was hard lines to be a target to our own men as well as to the Russians. He turned round and looked for a moment through his field-glass: 'By God,' he whispered in my ear, 'they have got round our rear!' We were, in fact, nearly surrounded, and the crisis had arrived; no sign of further help, and scarce a round of ammunition left." How they fought their way back to the main body, and how they retook the Two-Gun Battery, is a subject of splendid valour the details of which can be studied in Kinglake's history. As the Two-Gun Battery served, according to General Higginson, "as a rallying point" for the Guards—and is so intimately connected with the events that took place on that morning, I give an Illustration of it, from a careful sketch made on the spot.

When I first met Sir James Fergusson on the field of Inkermann his position had a peculiar interest. His family belonged to Ayrshire, and Colonel Hunter Blair, who was M.P. for that county, died of the wounds he received at Inkermann. Sir James was devoted in attending and nursing his dying comrade, who requested that he might become a candidate and be his successor as member for the county. Sir James had followed the advice, and sent home an address to the electors, dated from the Inkermann heights; and he was there, when we met, anxiously waiting to hear the result. There could be little doubt as to his success. An appeal to an electorate from the ground of an important victory; and to have been one that had fought valiantly to gain the victory; recommended at the same time by the previous member who fell in the battle—these were conditions that any candidate for Parliamentary honours would envy. Of course Sir James was elected. He might have gone home on his election, but he was too good a soldier to leave his regiment on the field while there was an enemy to be faced; so he remained in the Crimea till the war was over. Since that

time Sir James Fergusson has passed an honourable life in the service of his country. It need only be mentioned that during his career he has been Under-Secretary of State at the India Office in 1866-67; he held the same position in the Home Office in 1867-68; was Governor of South Australia from 1868 to 1873; Governor of New Zealand from 1873 to 1875; Governor of Bombay from 1880 to 1885. He was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office from 1886 to 1891; and Postmaster-General in 1891-1892. Looking back to the Inkermann visit, my memory can recall some indication of the business capacity he has since manifested. One morning he was going down to Balaclava, and I was rather astonished at the commissions that were showered upon him by his brother officers. "Don't forget some pickles, if you can find any"; the words "jam" and "marmalade" came from other voices, and very probably a "ham" was alluded to; these, and many more, were the wants that found expression, and his catering capabilities were mentioned at that time. These were small matters, but in them the germs of the

*Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street.*

RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, G.C.S.I., M.P.

administrative qualities he has since exhibited may be traced.

Sir Frederick Bathurst, the fourth of those still living of the dinner-party, is, I regret to hear, now a confirmed invalid.

The Duke of Newcastle, who had been

SIR FREDERICK T. A. HARVEY-BATHURST, BART.

War Minister in Lord Aberdeen's Government, and who had been much blamed for the state of things in the Crimea during the winter, came out to see and learn for himself the real state of matters. He wished to visit the Inkermann, and on inquiring at our Headquarters for someone to be his guide, I was recommended—a compliment I placed to the credit of my bump of locality. On reaching the Inkermann we went down the Quarry Ravine, where the stone had been cut for the public buildings in Sebastopol; this must have been one of the principal approaches by which the Russians came upon the higher ground on the morning of the battle, and many of them must have retreated by the same route, the wounded falling as they went. After the battle it was filled with dead and wounded, for our men had just before the war exchanged the old "Brown Bess" for the Minie rifle, and the bullets from that weapon were supposed to have had sufficient force to go through more than one man. The Russians were in such masses that these missiles must have done dreadful execution, which accounts for the numbers of dead

that were found. There were long rows of them buried in the Quarry Ravine, and if skulls last for forty years under ground, I could easily find one yet as a memento

to their appearance on duty at Buckingham Palace. Even firewood for cooking purposes was scarce : the scrub, through which the fighting at Inkermann was carried on,

THE TWO-GUN BATTERY.

of the event. We went down to the end of the ravine, where the aqueduct passes, and into an old Greek Church excavated in the rock ; from this we got a good view of the Inkermann ruins across the Tchernaya, with its city of caverns, surmounted by the old crumbling walls, which are said to be Genoese. While here, the Russian pickets must have seen us, for bullets began to whiz—and one passed over the Duke's head, striking the wall behind. This we found, and the Duke carried it off as a souvenir of his visit to the Inkermann.

I have been writing of the officers, but something is due to the men who fought and defended the Inkermann heights ; yet little can be said beyond repeating the accounts of the struggle that had to be kept up against the climate, and with very limited means of doing it. They were poorly clad, for at the time of my visit no warm clothing had arrived ; their thin, grey great-coats were but small protection against the severity of the cold. The uniforms had become worn, and many were ragged, offering a striking contrast had been nearly all used, and at last the roots were being dug up. To assume that there was no grumbling under these hard conditions would be to suppose that men are not men. Cheerfully enough they did their duty, and when fighting had to be done they were men indeed. Their quality has been recorded in the name given to the struggle on the field of Inkermann—it was called "The Soldiers' Battle." The phrase has been used to show that there had been a want of generalship, but the conclusion is not justified. In the mist and obscurity of the morning only a limited part of the ground was visible ; the exact position or the numbers of the enemy could not be realised. No General in his senses would order an attack against what he was unable to see, nor direct a movement against the unknown. The soldiers could only fight where they saw the enemy. It was owing to the contracted space of what was visible that the handful of Guards found themselves surrounded by the enemy while fighting in the Two-Gun Battery, which has already been alluded to. There was no General there to direct

them; the only plan was to fight their way back, or they would have been lost. Here I am tempted to quote again from the capital description of this incident given by General Higginson—he was in the midst of it with his men, so its accuracy may be relied upon. He writes that when the position was realised, "Without panic, and as calm as if on parade, our fellows, now reduced to barely a hundred, drew round the colours, and a voice, I know not whose, cried out, 'Hold the Colours high!' Sturt had been grievously wounded, and Turner now bore the Queen's Colour, Verschoyle the other. I think every man who looked upon them made a vow that so long as he lived those colours should not be yielded. Closing round them we began our retreat, insensibly drawing towards the right, where the ground dipped so rapidly that the flank of a mile, till we reached the parapet of a half-finished redoubt, round which the remnants of the 2nd Division were making a gallant stand. Into this we threw ourselves, utterly exhausted; but the Colours were safe!" How a single man of this small but heroic band, surrounded as they were on all sides, managed to return over that quarter of a mile seems a marvel. The performance of this One Hundred is quite as "magnifique," if not more so, and as worthy of fame as the Charge of the Six Hundred.

Mention has already been made of caves and a rock-cut church on what was, at the time of the war, our side of the Inkermann, but the main interest of the place is to be found in what has been called the "City of Caverns," which is on the other side of the Tchernaya, and was held by the Russians. From our side we could see the high and, in most parts,

ROCK-CUT TOMBS, INKERMANN.

was fairly free. As from time to time the Russians came on, a dozen or so Grenadiers drove them back with their bayonets. So we fought our way up-hill, fully a quarter perpendicular cliffs honeycombed with caves. These caverns extend over a considerable space, and there must be hundreds of them. An account of them

exists written by an Englishwoman, Lady Craven, as early as 1786. She had visited the spot, and gives a very good description of it: "The Count Wynowitch commands here, and has a little farm at Inkermann, which must once have been a very considerable and extraordinary town. At present the only remains of it are rooms hewn out of the rock. Here is a large chapel, the pillars and altars of which are extremely curious; the stone is whitish, and not unlike marble. I climbed up a staircase and crept into and out of very extraordinary spaces, large and commodious. I entered at the bottom of these singular habitations, and, like a chimney-sweeper, came out at the top, and though it cost me not a little trouble in turning and climbing up so high, I had no idea of having mounted so much, till, on looking about me, I turned quite giddy on seeing the Bay of Inkermann and all the Black Sea at least 250 ft. beneath the place where I stood."

The history of the place appears to have been lost, and little beyond guesses can now be made regarding the origin of the caverns. According to one theory, they were the dwellings of the ancient Tauri, the people who inhabited the Crimea before the arrival of the Greek colonies, and from whom the peninsula was named Taurida. or, the Taurica Chersonesus. Another theory is that Inkermann was the site of a town known as Eupatorium, and that the caves were the burial-places of its inhabitants. It was this name that the Russians transferred to the present Eupatoria, where our troops first landed in the Crimea; that place, previously to the Russian occupation, bore the Tartar name of Koslof. Of the rock-cut church on our side, at the lower end of the Quarry Ravine, although the front of it had fallen away, enough remained to show that it had been cruciform in plan; it was a purely Greek church, which would indicate that it could not be older than the Christian era. The principal church on the other side is of the basilica type, with nave and side aisles, these being sufficient evidence of its Christian origin. It need not be assumed that these excavations are all of one period. It is quite possible that the early inhabitants began them, and that the Greeks continued to cut out others and use them as tombs, which is the character now ascribed to most of the caverns. After the conversion to Christianity, anchorites would, no doubt, look upon these rock-cut cells as congenial places of abode; churches would be added, and the whole would ultimately become a monastery, as it is at the present day. An Archdeacon of St. Albans, who published a small book on the Crimea at the time of the war, says that the place had other names besides that of Eupatoria; it was also called Ctenos, then it assumed the name of Pompeiopolis, afterwards it was known as Doros, and finally Inkermann, which is supposed to be Turkish, and means the "Town of Caverns."

On revisiting the Crimea in 1869, I devoted one day to the old familiar ground of the Inkermann. I walked to it by the line that Soimonoff's Division must have gone by, and this led me direct to the battlefield. It was in April, a fine sunny day; the scrub had again grown up, flowers were plentiful, and instead of bullets flying through the air as in the old days, butterflies fluttered past me, bright in the sunlight. All was quiet and peaceful, not a soul to be seen. It was difficult to realise a cold, foggy morning, with the same heights crowded with multitudes of armed men, and instead of the flowers, the ground covered with the dead, the wounded, and the dying. The Two-Gun Battery still remained, and had not suffered much from the action of time. The only new feature that was visible being a small monument with the following inscription—

In Memory
of the
English, French, and Russians
Who Fell
In the Battle of
Inkermann,
5th November, 1854.

On another panel it was recorded that the monument had been "Erected by the

British Army, A.D. 1856." That was after the peace had been settled, and it was then soldier-like to include the memory of their former foes. I went down the Quarry Ravine, and found that the quarries were again being wrought. On crossing the Tchernaya and approaching the caves on the other side, some monks appeared, and addressed me with the salutation of "Christo"; a young one among them, a very pleasant fellow, attached himself to me, and became my guide. We had very few words that each understood as a means of communication—and these few were drawn from more than one language—so I cannot be quite certain that I realised with perfect accuracy everything he told me. His name was Feodore, which is a Russian variant of Theodore: this results from a Russian peculiarity of changing *Th* into *F*. A handsome new building had been erected for these monks on the flat ground under the cliff; but the attraction to me lay in the caverns. My guide led me to the principal church or chapel; its smallness, being cut out of the rock, would suggest the last word as the right one, but Feodore called it "Sobore," which is the Russian for cathedral, but I took it he only meant "church" by it. The full name as he gave it was "Sobore Swety Clement," "swety" being the Russian word for saint. At another smaller chapel my guide pronounced the words "Swety Clement"; I then pointed to the church on the other side of Inkermann—the one I had seen during the war—and he again repeated the same words. From this it appeared that all the churches were dedicated to Saint Clement. This agrees with the account that St. Clement, the first Pope after St. Peter, was banished by Trajan to the Crimea.

It was only some months after my visit to the Crimea that I had to be in Rome, and while there I made sketches of the Church of St. Clement, which belongs to the Irish Dominicans. Father Mullooly, who was then the friar, had, while making some repairs, discovered the remains of an older church under the present one, and it was these remains that I made illustrations of. Here I learned more about St. Clement; and the brethren were all interested in the details I was able to give them about the caves and the churches dedicated to St. Clement at Inkermann. I have still the book by Father Mullooly, which he presented to me, with an account of his exploration in the old church, and which has copies of the early frescoes with which the church had been decorated. One of these pictures, although only a fragment, is

MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE FIELD OF INKERMANN BY THE BRITISH ARMY TO THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND RUSSIANS WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE.

sufficient to show that it represents St. Peter placing Clement in the Pontifical chair, which is considered to be good evidence that, when the picture was painted, it was believed Clement was the first occupant, and not Linus, as some authorities affirm. After Clement had been banished to Cherson, the Heracleotic Chersonese, as the south-west corner of the Crimea was called, he was, by the command of Trajan, put to death: he was thrown into the sea with an anchor fastened round his neck. His disciples, in their grief, prayed to God that the martyr's relics might be restored to them; and at last the sea miraculously retired. They followed the receding water, and when they had gone about three miles, their surprise was great on finding a marble temple, and the body of the Saint in an urn, with the anchor close to it. Every year, on the day of the Saint's martyrdom, the sea retired, and remained dry for seven days, so that the shrine might be visited by the pious devotees. This, according to the records, continued for at least two hundred years. One of the frescoes in St. Clement's* represents a miracle at the ocean tomb of the Saint. One year a woman had taken her child with her to the shrine, and, somehow, she came away without him; she made an effort to go back, but the returning water made this impossible. Next year she went again, and to her great joy found her child at the temple living and well.

I have given these curious traditions as they are told about the Inkermann, feeling sure that they will interest others who like myself used to gaze across the valley at the mysterious city of caverns on the other side.

The "Sobore Swety Clement," or principal church, had been lately done up; the painting and gilding was all fresh and bright; so were the icons; the lamps and candelabra were new. Feodore led me through quaint passages and up and down curious stairs cut in the rock—everywhere there were tombs, and niches with collections of bones in them. I understood my guide to say that nearly all the caves were tombs—"grabnitza" was the word he used—and that monks had also occupied many of them; that is, that the place had been a monastery, as it is at the present day. After I had made some sketches Feodore led me to the new building below, where a "samovar" was produced, at which he presided, and helped me to tea from it with all the grace of a well-bred lady. After this I said "Good-bye," and I walked back to Sebastopol, passing again over the Field of Inkermann — having spent a most pleasant day.

* Copies of these frescoes may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

## THE PASSING OF ROBIN HOOD.

THE new Sheriff was a younger and more vigorous man, and Robin Hood preferred a foe of courage and resource. To outwit the old dotard who had recently died had ever been sufficiently easy. The newcomer was more worthy of his steel.

Many a time and oft Robin and his men were only saved by their knowledge of the Sherwood caves; none other held that secret. Indeed, the fear of these secret caves was widely spread throughout the neighbourhood, and many an old wife's story told of the sure and horrible death that awaited any man that entered them without having a clue. Gradually, as time wore on, those of the old band who were still left rallied about their leader. In spite of the Sheriff their numbers increased, and from their marauding expeditions they seldom came back empty-handed. Children in Nottingham said that when they grew up they also would live in the forest like Robin Hood, and eat of the King's venison, and be served with cups and plates of gold, and have many to follow them.

But Robin had not forgotten the ill omen. Outwardly his mirth was as boisterous as ever. He played rough jests with his own men or with travellers who fell into his hands. It was not enough that he should take their treasure, he must also send them on their way in some purely ridiculous and fantastic attire or position, even as, many years before, he had sent the old Sheriff back into Nottingham with his hands and feet tied and his face to his horse's tail. His presence of mind in the moment of peril was as great as it had ever been; one never found him at a loss, nor did he seem to be thinking of anything beyond the present moment. Yet if by chance any spoke to him of what he

should do in years to come, his answer was always—

"There are no years to come. This year ends all."

Almost unconsciously his two most able and faithful followers—Little John and the Friar—came to have the same mind on this matter. They had no doubt that the end would come, but only of the manner of its coming. They knew now that they went in greater peril than ever before, and their terror was lest Robin should be taken by the Sheriff. Had they spoken to him of it he might have laughed at their fears. Every night and day he kept his dagger by his side, and his mind was fixed that he would never be taken alive. As it was, every morning they asked themselves "Will it be to-day?" and every night that they slept in the open, "Shall we be taken while we sleep?"

* * * *

The autumn came, and already the trees of the forest were changing colour. Now and again a party of young nobles would come down to the river with hawk on fist. Sometimes in the early morning the horn would sound the *prise*, but ere forester or keeper could reach the spot the fat buck had been borne away. The berries were ripening on the brambles, and wood was being gathered against the coming winter. A rich knight, bearing great treasure in his train, passed through the forest unscathed, aye, even without sight of Robin and his men. Others followed, and were also left unmolested. It would, indeed, have been said that Robin, as was his wont at times, had left Sherwood and was hunting elsewhere but for the shrill call of the horn in the early morning and for the missing deer. It was as though so long as they could wrest a scant livelihood from the vert and venison of the forest, they were content to give up their war on men.

And this was because Robin lay sick in the caves; every day saying: "To-morrow it will be well with me, and we will take the road again, and some travelling prelate shall pay for his sins." And when the morrow came, always his weakness returned. It was as if the life died slowly out of him, as the flame dies slowly in the lamp when the oil is nearly finished. The Friar had used such skill in herbs as he had, but to no purpose. One day he said to Robin—

"Have you heard aught of the Prioress of Kirklees—she that was daughter of the old Sheriff?"

"Many years ago," said Robin half-dreamily, "she came to the forest by night. She would have the feather of the golden eagle that I wore in my cap—doubtless a wager, and one that I was willing enough that she should win. She was a slip of a girl then, and, to my thinking, recked little of the religious life. But with women——"

He broke off, gasping for breath, and then resumed with fury—

"A curse upon me that I can neither live nor die, and lie thus betwixt and between! What of the Prioress? How should she harm me or help me?"

"Her fame is great in these parts," said the Friar, "and daily grows greater. In surgery and physic she has such knowledge as God seldom gives to man. The lame go to her and cast away their crutches, and the blind see, and the old become young again. There is not a house in Nottingham or Mansfield where they shall not tell you some great story of the wonders which she has worked."

"What ails it?" said Robin; "Kirklees is far away, in Yorkshire. I have neither the strength of limb to walk thither nor to sit my horse. If you loved me you would take of the nightshade in the forest and mix me a draught which should end all this!"

"That would I, and speedily," said the Friar, "if the hand of death were indeed upon you, but it is not so. Haply in the letting of blood alone would you find relief, and were I a surgeon we would make trial of it. Say, Little John, are we already so sunken and enfeebled that we cannot bear our master to the Priory of Kirklees in order that he may march back again with his arrows in his belt, and ourselves behind him, as in the old time?"

"It shall be done," said Little John. And Robin, lying with eyes closed, said no word for or against.

So that night a litter was made ready and Robin was laid upon it, with his head on a pile of rushes and his body covered with the skins of wolves, for his natural heat had gone, and even in the day, when the sun was warm, he shivered. And every one of his men went with him. For, by reason of the activity of the new Sheriff, the danger of the journey was great, and it was needful to have scouts out far ahead to be sure that all was clear. Even so, and though they journeyed only by night, not once nor twice was the alarm given, and only by a long *détour* did the band get through in safety. And when they drew near to the Priory of Kirklees it was agreed that Little John and the Friar alone should bear the litter to the gate. He would have strength enough himself to enter the presence of the Prioress. But lest he should be recognised and some harm should befall him, he carried his horn

A LITTER WAS MADE READY AND ROBIN WAS LAID UPON IT.

hidden under his cloak; one blast upon it would bring the whole of his men unto his succour.

* * * *

The Prioress's Lodge at Kirklees was not one of the buildings that surrounded the Cloister-Court. It stood apart on the right-hand side, having a walled garden. And there in the heat of the day the Prioress walked, holding an illuminated book in her hands. She went slowly up and down the straight gravel walk under the trees. The hands that held the book were white and very thin; the face still kept somewhat of its old beauty, but changed. There had been a long struggle and the enemy was vanquished, but he was not dead and might yet arise again. As she walked there one of her maidens brought her word that a traveller, sore spent, had been brought to the porter's lodge, and from thence had been carried into the Guest Hall, and he begged the Prioress would go to him and work a cure upon him that his strength might return and he might go on his way. Even as she entered the Guest Hall she knew who it was that lay there, and yet not by one sign did she betray that she knew it.

Robin lay with closed eyes, and breathing heavily. He was conscious vaguely of women's voices speaking near him; then his position was changed somewhat. Through eyes that slowly opened he saw the glint of sunlight fall on polished brass and on a snowy napkin. He felt that someone was rolling back the loose sleeve of his tunic. Then he caught the sound of footsteps passing away in the distance. There was a deep silence, and when he opened his eyes all had gone save the Prioress, who looked at him intently.

"Do you know me?" she said.

"Aye," said Robin feebly. "I pray you to open my vein and let blood, that I may recover me from the sudden weakness which has fallen upon me."

She bent down beside him and said no word. He felt the sharp prick in the flesh of his bared arm, and then it seemed to him that he fell into a delightful sleep.

* * * *

His sleep was full of the happiest dreams, melting vaguely into one another. And they were all dreams of things that were past and over, as though the sleeping brain knew unconsciously that afterwards there would be nothing. Maid Marian stood by him, young and beautiful, in the days of her wilful youth, and whatsoever she bade him do for her he did, though he knew that it was to his ruin and undoing. He rode his great white horse through the forest on a very bright and sunny morning. All the birds were singing together, and a feeling of well-being was deep in his heart. His men were beside him, talking and laughing loudly. Suddenly, out from their ambush sprang the Sheriff's men, and Robin and his band fell upon them. That too passed. And now it was a clear moonlight night, and Maid Marian stood by the ruined chapel and looked at him wistfully with that gentleness in her eyes which came to her when at last she loved. And now, again by night, he swam the cold waters of the moat of the Baron de Troïlys's castle, and the Baron's archers shot afar or wide of him. Now he was with the King's army. The thought had come to him that since Maid Marian was dead, naught else mattered, and he swore and raved and drank, and went forth on some errand that was thought to mean certain death, and returned from it unscathed. And lastly, he was back again in the forest, and down the moonlit road came the torches with the funeral procession. His lips moved even in the swoon in which he lay.

"A bad omen," he whispered.

But in all these changing dreams there was one that never appeared to him—the woman of whom he had thought so little, who now, with white face and set teeth, bent by his side as he lay there unconscious.

* * * *

After the dreams there seemed to follow a long wave of darkness, and when this had passed and he had opened his eyes, he knew that he was dying. A vague wonder went through his mind whether it was by accident that she had taken so much blood from his arm, now tightly bandaged, or whether it was of intention;

knowing him to be one deserving of death, and thinking that in so doing she acted as the servant of God and the King. It came into his mind as so much idle guesswork; it did not matter, it might be dismissed. His restless eyes gazed round the room. Close by him on the floor there seemed what looked like a shapeless blotch of green light. As he gazed at it it slowly took shape, and he remembered. It was his green cloak, which had been flung down there, and lay there in the sunlight, and under it he knew was hidden his hunting-horn. Hard by the cloak was the narrow, open window. In the distance, from the chapel, he could hear the sweet voices of the nuns singing.

ALL HAD GONE SAVE THE PRIORESS, WHO LOOKED AT HIM INTENTLY.

Suddenly the thought came to him that he could not die like this, like a rat in a trap—a man that had fallen into the hands

of a woman. With great pain and exertion he managed to crawl from his bed and once more hang the horn about his neck. Then slowly he climbed into the window and leaned out. The fresh air fanned his face and seemed to revive him somewhat. For a few moments he knelt there, panting heavily, and then, bringing his horn to his lips, he blew a call. Faintly the sounds floated away into the distance. Then he fell back, and once more the swoon came back over him.

The first thing of which he was conscious was a confused sound. There was the screaming of women and the heavy tramp of feet. When he fully came to himself and opened his eyes, the great Guest Hall was silent, but there were many in it. The Friar held him up. Little John stood by his side. At the farther end of the hall, in front of the heavy oaken door, stood the men of his band, ranged closely together and waiting his order.

"Give me water," said Robin.

It was brought him, and he drank.

And then, after a pause, Little John spoke.

"Master, since it is by the foulest treachery that you are now brought to this pass, I pray you to grant the last request that ever I shall make of you."

"Speak on!"

"Firstly, that we may bear you hence to some safe place where haply you may yet recover; and then that we may burn out this nest of singing-birds, so that not one of them is left alive, and not one stone of all their buildings shall stand upon another."

Robin smiled.

"Nay, Little John," he said, "When did we make war on women? When have we broken down the house that was dedicated to Our Lady? It is my command—and, since I die and shall not recover, it is verily the last command that I shall give you—that you leave these women in peace, and all their house standing even as it is now, taking nothing from them and doing them no harm. And that you carry me forth and bury me in the greenwood, where my life has been spent."

Then, at his bidding, they gave him his bow, and he would have strung it, but strength failed him. They bore him to the window and held him there upright. Then Little John strung the bow and gave it to him, and put an arrow into his hand.

"See," said Robin Hood, "where this my last arrow falls there shall my last resting-place be. There bury me."

Then with all his strength he drew back the arrow and loosed it. And it sped far away in the sunlit air of the evening, farther than eye could follow.

And so he fell back into their arms and died.

* * * *

In the early morning the band of men spread hither and thither, searched carefully, and presently one, the youngest of them, held up his hand, and called aloud—

"I have it! I have it!"

He pointed to the arrow, deep in the mossy ground at his feet. Little John knelt down and examined it closely. He rose again, nodded to the boy, and said nothing. Then at a sign from him, a small party of men that had waited some distance down the road moved on to the point where the arrow had fallen. They bore a rough litter, and on it a body covered with a green cloak.

* * * *

The day drew on. The sun was fierce, and the air hung heavy with approaching storm. Up and down the straight walk in that trimly kept garden, under the shadow of the trees, walked the Prioress. The little illuminated book was open in her lean white hands. She paused as she came out into the sunshine at the end of the path, and looked down at the book, and began to read—

*Noctem quietam et finem perfectum concedat nobis*——

She closed the book suddenly and shuddered all over, and once more paced to and fro.

WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH HE DREW BACK THE ARROW AND LOOSED IT.

*See Preceding Page.*

# King Robert of Sicily

*And lo! among the menials, in mock state,*
*Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,*
*His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,*
*The solemn ape demurely perched behind,*
*King Robert rode, making huge merriment*
*In all the country towns through which*
*they went.*

LONGFELLOW.

# WALL-PAPERS.

By MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

*The Drawing-Room in an unfurnished house. There are two large books of sample Wall-Papers on the broad window-seat. In front of these is a plank on trestles.* Mr. John Eliot *and* Miss Cynthia Capel *are sitting on the plank and looking at the Wall-Papers.*

---

Mr. E. That one isn't half bad. It would light up well and look cheerful.

Cynthia. Cheerful!

Mr. E. Bless me, Cynthia! We *want* our house to be cheerful, I suppose!

Cynthia. What you call cheerful I call depressing.

Mr. E. That's unfortunate, isn't it?

Cynthia. I could *not* live in a room that jumped at you.

Mr. E. I shouldn't like it myself.

Cynthia. Now that design I showed you yesterday. . . .

Mr. E. Don't speak of it. Rows of roses as big as cabbages and the colour of blotting-paper. Have it by all means, if that's what you like, but don't expect me to sit in the room.

Cynthia. I'm afraid there won't be a room in the house we can sit in together. Surely we shall find that inconvenient.

Mr. E. What's the matter with the dining-room?

Cynthia. There would have been nothing the matter with it if you had left it to me. Aunt Sabrina recommended that beautiful carpet . . .

Mr. E. I draw the line at a mustard-coloured carpet. You've got yellow curtains in there, and very odd they'll look. Red's the colour for a dining-room.

Cynthia. What an early Victorian idea!

Mr. E. And, by the way, Cynthia, I went into Bunthorne's yesterday and saw the chairs you'd chosen, and I said I'd speak to you about them. They won't do, you know. And where's the sense of a board on trestles, instead of a properly made table? I'm not a mediæval baron.

Cynthia. No; but you can try to live like one.

Mr. E. Perhaps you'd like your floor strewn with rushes and lighted by torches.

Cynthia. I should. Even a suburban drawing-room in the nineteenth century might look beautiful by torchlight.

Mr. E. Well, we'd better get back to our papers. Dawkins will be here directly. He said five o'clock. How about this one? Poppies.

(Cynthia *starts so hastily to her feet that her skirt catches the corner of the plank and pulls it from the trestles.* Mr. Eliot *jumps up too. The plank falls on the floor with a good deal of noise.*)

MR. E. What *is* the matter with you this afternoon, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA. I might ask that of you, I think. Poppies!

(MR. ELIOT *stares at her as if he really thinks she has taken leave of her senses.*)

CYNTHIA. Have you quite forgotten that a year ago you were nearly . . . engaged . . . to a Poppy?

MR. E. (*firmly*). I had quite forgotten it at the moment. I generally do when I am with you, and it was never the near thing you make out.

CYNTHIA. But you want to surround me with flowers that will constantly recall her.

MR. E. They won't do anything of the sort. Besides, she 's married.

CYNTHIA. What has that to do with it?

MR. E. Really, Cynthia, if you can't trust me not to philander after married women——

CYNTHIA (*teasingly*). Yes . . . if . . . what then?

MR. E. Oh! never mind. Come, choose this wall-paper.

CYNTHIA. Aunt Sabrina says a woman ought to die rather than marry a man who does not swear she is his first and only love. Could you swear that, Jack, to Aunt Sabrina?

MR. E. My dear Cynthia, at the present moment I feel more inclined to swear *at* Aunt Sabrina.

CYNTHIA. Oh! if you are going to call me "My dear Cynthia" in that voice . . . as if we had been married for years . . . (*To herself*) And we have only been here half an hour. . . but it is very quiet and dull in this room . . . Aunt Sabrina is quite right . . . (*Aloud*) Jack! I have made up my mind that I don't want to go to the Lakes.

MR. E. (*vexed*). But it 's all settled. I 've engaged our rooms at that little inn on Ullswater, and my fishing-tackle is ready, and it was you who proposed it and planned it . . . walking and boating and fishing all day . . . and in the evenings you 're going to read Browning to me, and try to make me like him.

CYNTHIA. I 'm afraid if we walk all day we shall be too sleepy for Browning.

MR. E. Then we 'll sit in a boat all day. Anything to please you.

CYNTHIA. I think Paris would suit us better. I could go to the Louvre, and you 'd have the boulevards and cafés and things. I 'm afraid Ullswater will bore you.

MR. E. Oh! if you want to spend your honeymoon in a big shop . . . why not take rooms near Whiteley's?

CYNTHIA! ! ! (*Pause*) I meant the museum, not the shop.

MR. E. (*not as much abashed as he should be*). I dare say the shop would have a look in, too. I suppose you 're as fond of chiffons as most girls. I hope so.

CYNTHIA. I don't know why you should either suppose or hope that I am a mere empty-headed doll.

(MR. E. *says something quite inarticulate.*)

CYNTHIA (*sighing*). Aunt Sabrina is staying with us.

MR. E. I might have guessed it.

CYNTHIA. I don't know how. She came quite unexpectedly yesterday.

MR. E. I shall be glad when you have seen the last of her.

CYNTHIA. What can you mean, Jack? Do you propose to forbid my friends the house?

MR. E. Not your *friends*.

CYNTHIA. Aunt Sabrina is my dearest friend. She is so sympathetic. She is always *perfectly miserable* about other people.

MR. E. Who is she miserable about now?

CYNTHIA. Me.

MR. E. Rather unnecessary, isn't it?

CYNTHIA. I don't know.

MR. E. *You don't know!* . . . and our wedding is to-morrow week!

CYNTHIA. Aunt Sabrina says it is such a mistake to marry young. She says if we waited five or six years we might like someone quite different at the end of the time.

MR. E. Very likely. . . But we 're not going to make the experiment.

CYNTHIA. We *should* know each other better if we waited. When Mr. Allpress proposed to Mabel, Aunt Sabrina told him to come again in two years.

MR. E. Yes, and you know what happened.

CYNTHIA. Mabel found out that Mr. Allpress did not really care for her. Aunt Sabrina says it was a most lucky escape.

MR. E. Does Mabel see it in that light?

CYNTHIA. No. She droops, poor dear. I 'm afraid she doesn't quite understand or value her mother.

MR. E. (*laughs rather unkindly*). Allpress told me the whole story. He got sick of waiting, or of Aunt Sabrina's little ways, and married someone else. I don't blame him much.

CYNTHIA. If you mean that for a threat, Jack ——

MR. E. Why, dearest girl, I mean nothing. . . But I shan't keep my temper much longer.

CYNTHIA. I sometimes think Aunt Sabrina is right. It is a great mistake to marry at all, and to marry a man who can't even keep his temper it might be most unpleasant. Aunt Sabrina says——

MR. E. Damn Aunt Sabrina!

CYNTHIA. She says that if I broke off my engagement to you she would go back to Little Steeple happy. (*Plays with the ring on the third finger of her left hand.*)

MR. E. Very well, Cynthia. You must decide whether you will make me happy or Aunt Sabrina. You evidently can't please us both.

CYNTHIA. And you are indifferent.

MR. E. (*stiffly*). You do what you can to make me so.

CYNTHIA (*takes off her ring*). You leave me no choice.

(*A loud knock at the front door.*)

MR. E. There 's Dawkins. (*Rushes out.*)

CYNTHIA. Aunt Sabrina is quite right. He doesn't care for me. If he did, he would see how much—how very much—I care for him. I 'm sure I 've done all I can this afternoon to show it.

(MR. ELIOT *comes back, accompanied by* MR. DAWKINS, *a thick-set, middle-aged man with a strong Cockney accent.*)

DAWKINS. I 'd oughter order that droring-room pyper to-night if the 'ouse is to be ready by the sixteenth, and I did sy the sixteenth, and when I sy a thing I loike to do it. Of course, if the pyper isn't chosen . . . now that one would 'ang well, Miss. Good bold design I call it . . . no one would come away and sy they 'adn't *noticed* your pyper.

CYNTHIA *smiles faintly but does not speak.*

DAWKINS (*taking a long envelope out of his pocket*). 'Ere 's the agreement, Sir. I 've signed it.

MR. E. Oh, of course . . . the agreement. I suppose if I sign that, the house is mine for three years. (*Glances at* CYNTHIA.)

DAWKINS. Just as we arranged it, Sir. You 'll find it 's all right. You can sign it now if you like, and this young lady can witness it. Save you the trouble of posting it. I 've got a fountain pen in my pocket.

MR. E. Oh! have you? I 've often thought of getting one myself. (*Takes the paper and unfolds it and pretends to read it.*)

DAWKINS (*handing him the pen*). 'Ere you are, Sir. Just there, if you please; and the young lydy's nyme beneath yours. You see it 's all right, Sir. We 've put in that there clause "in case of fire."

MR. E. Very well, Mr. Dawkins, I 'll just glance through it. By the way, I 'm afraid there 's something wrong with the hot-water cistern on the top landing. I wish you 'd have a look at it.

DAWKINS. There 's nothing wrong with no cisterns in this 'ouse, Sir. But I 'll have a look. (*Goes.*)

MR. E. Well, Cynthia? Am I to sign it?

CYNTHIA. Are you obliged to, Jack?

MR. E. (*to himself*). Jack, indeed . . . and her usual voice. Then it 's all right after all. (*Aloud.*) It comes to that. I 've agreed to take it, and half the decorations are done. Well, you *know*.

CYNTHIA. You can't live in it by yourself.

MR. E. Certainly not.

CYNTHIA. What a pity you have no sisters!

MR. E. (*looks at her, takes a sudden resolution, and affixes his signature to the deed. Then he hands the pen to* CYNTHIA). Write your name there, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (*writing*). But now the house is yours and you must live in it.

MR. E. Or sub-let it.

CYNTHIA. It isn't everyone's house. It just suited us, but——

MR. E. Then come and live in it.

CYNTHIA. Oh, Jack! I *want to.*

MR. E. Have scarlet wall-papers and orange carpets . . .

CYNTHIA. I don't mind what we have if only I can be here—with you. I 'm so glad you asked me—and we 'll go to Ullswater and not to Paris.

MR. E. We might manage both.

CYNTHIA. I don't care about Paris; but Aunt Sabrina said that if we went to a quiet place you 'd hate me in a week.

MR. E. My dear girl, I 'll buy you what you please, and go where you please, and say what you please. But——

CYNTHIA (*meekly*). Yes, Jack.

MR. E. Don't quote Aunt Sabrina. She nearly parted us this afternoon. Sh! take care—here 's this old god out of the machine who joined us together again. If it hadn't been for his agreement—Well, Mr. Dawkins?

DAWKINS (*scornfully*). What did you think was the matter with that there 'ot-water cistern, Sir? I 've examined it most careful——

MR. E. Oh—well—there 's no *hot water* in it, you know——

DAWKINS (*after a prolonged sniff*). If you 've signed that agreement, Sir, I 'll write to the water company, and they 'll turn the water on, and then there 'll *be* some water in it. It won't be *'ot* then, Sir, not till you light the kitchen fire.

MR. E. I suppose not.

DAWKINS (*confidentially to* CYNTHIA). Thought the gentleman might expect it. He 'll know a little *more* about cisterns soon, when 'e 's lived in this 'ouse a bit. (*Going towards the book of wall-papers.*) Now this 'ere pyper, if I might recommend it—very tysty I call those magenta dysies . . .

# THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

By KATHARINE S. MacQUOID.

## I.

I NEVER knew how long that portrait had hung in my aunt's library; no one could tell me, and I did not venture to ask Aunt Deborah.

Before I had spent six months at the Moorhouse, I knew that Aunt Deborah had no love to give me. I am sure she tried not to hate me; that was all she could do.

When my dear father lay dying, he said—

"Darling, love Aunt Deborah, and she will love you."

She was repressive and I was timid; but she was quite frank about her dislike to me. It was my seventeenth birthday, and when she gave me a pretty gift, I put my arms round her, and kissed her.

She gently pushed me away. "Please don't, Edith; you remind me too painfully of your mother."

My mother died when I was a little child, and I had a dim idea that Aunt Deborah had been jealous of her.

If she wished by this rebuff to rouse my pride, and thus to check my efforts to win her affection, she succeeded—my heart, which had been full of love, swelled as suddenly as my wrist just now did when a gnat stung it; I knew that it would ache till tears came, but I could not cry.

I walked quietly out of Aunt Deborah's sitting-room; it was full of Louis Quinze chairs and sofas, with painted silk backs and seats; my aunt sat there from morning till evening, reading, always reading. I went back to the library and looked up at the portrait. I tried to cry, but could not; my heart felt too big for the place it occupied, as if it had lost all feeling but that of size.

"Can't you help me?" I said to the kind grey eyes and smiling lips, for the man in the picture was clean shaven. The smile seemed to broaden, the clear forehead was yet more benign, and the lines between the eyebrows were less distinct, as if they had been smoothed out.

"You dear," I said softly, "I wish I knew your name."

I had named my picture friend "Douglas," because he looked "tender and true." I was only seventeen. My aunt's maid Clorinda said, in answer to my question about him—

"Sh! You must not speak of that portrait, Miss Edith." Clorinda had always a repressive manner, and when she added, "We do not talk of that picture at the Moorhouse," I felt as much snuffed out as any candle when the extinguisher comes down on it.

At first I used to wonder why the beautiful vetoed face was allowed to hang in the place of honour over the library chimney-piece, and then I told myself my aunt never came to that room; no one else did except the maids: the library was absolutely my own.

I had excellent health, and never stayed indoors for weather; but the winter proved cold and rainy, with clinging wet mists. One evening early in December I began to shiver violently; I believe the damp, seldom-occupied passages in the house did not suit me, and my life was too solitary; father and I were always together, and though we lived quietly, acquaintances often came in in the evening, and, as I used to say, sparkled us up.

Presently Clorinda came in to close the shutters. She noticed my flushed face.

"You had best keep to the library, Miss," she said, "else your cold will

spread through the house; you shall have dinner sent in."

I was not a bookish girl; I liked a walk or a gallop on horseback far better than reading, so I felt rebellious at this announcement. I really did not know what to do. At last I seated myself on the Persian rug before the hearth, and stared up at the portrait.

The face seemed to smile down on me; but I fancied—perhaps my conscience was on the alert—a slight reproach for my laziness in his kind eyes.

"I cannot read to-day, my head feels too heavy," I said aloud.

I had not often thought about being married; to-day the idea seemed attractive. I told myself, as I sat drowsily before the fire, that life would be a dream of happiness with a man who looked like the portrait. I did not think of him as old, he looked to me so fresh and young and vigorous. Surely he belonged to my generation! My husband! My eyes drooped under his fixed gaze. Ah, if he were beside me what a sweet talk we should have! . . . I had been sitting with closed eyes, trying to picture to myself how it would be, half joy, half fear, and I suddenly woke up. Opening my eyes, it was a relief to find him in his frame. There was, I thought, a spice of mischief in his smile, as though my fancies had amused him.

I rose up from the rug and took a book. I like a story when I have nothing better to spend my time over, but aunt's books were sadly old-fashioned. I had pitched on "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and I soon tired of its long-winded sentiment.

I felt more and more feverish; I wished the fire would go out. When Clorinda came in, I said so. She again looked at me, and put her hand on my head. Before long she came back, with a couple of maids carrying a mattress and bedding. I felt strangely dull and stupid, and mechanically watched them make me up a cosy bed on the big red sofa drawn across the middle of the room and facing the fire.

When all was done, Clorinda turned to me.

"You are to sleep here to-night, Miss Edith," she said sharply. "The doctor will see you in the morning."

I felt alarmed; the library was far away from the other bed-rooms. But I had little time for imaginings, Clorinda was in such a hurry to put me to bed.

I must have fallen asleep at once; I woke as suddenly. Clorinda had put out my candles, and the room was dark except for a smouldering glow from the logs on the hearth. I instinctively looked up at the portrait; all was gloom. The overhanging mantelshelf obscured the feeble light from the logs. There was not a sound except a dull muffled tick from the grandfather clock, yet it seemed to me that I was not alone. I longed to raise myself on my elbow and look round, but I dared not. I lay still, almost breathless—by this time my heart-beats were more distinct to me than the ticking of the clock—straining my ears to catch any movement of the Presence which was assuredly beside me. I could not see it or hear it, yet something seemed to pass between me and the dim fire-glow. Then in the total darkness words reached me. They were not spoken, yet I grasped their meaning as fully as though they had been said aloud.

"Love me, trust me till I come."

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## II.

The doctor came. . . . Days and nights passed by, I hardly knew how. I had strange dreams, and I saw strange faces near me. One morning I felt better, and Clorinda said I might get up.

"What time is it?"

"You have been in bed nearly a fortnight, Miss, but the doctor says you are much better."

She said this aggressively, as if my illness were my own fault, and could be willed aside if I chose. I was amazed to feel giddy and weak, and I could hardly stand when she helped me to dress. I looked in the glass and saw a peeky, pale face, two dull blue eyes, and all the shine gone out of my hair, which my dear father used to call his "goldilocks."

"Have I been very ill, Clo?"

"Yes, Miss, I only know the doctor ordered me to sit up several nights with you, and such nonsense as you talked I never heard. My mistress told me to say Mrs. Brydon is coming to see you this afternoon."

Mrs. Brydon! I felt half shy, half pleased. A week before my illness I had gone with some books and a message to a pretty little house just outside the village of Moor. A lady who was in the garden had come forward; she greeted me kindly, and asked me to give her love and thanks to my aunt.

She was a very tiny woman with remarkable dark eyes: that was all I noticed; but I remember looking back at her with a clinging feeling that if I had the chance here was someone I could talk to without the snubbed sensation I always had with Aunt Deborah, for Mrs. Brydon looked lovable. Yet to-day I longed to say I was not well enough to have a visitor.

I knew, however, there was no escape from this. In that remorseless household everything always happened as it had been announced. It was revolt against that which seemed inexorable that made me rebel and long to defy my aunt's prime minister, Clorinda.

I am not romantic, but I strongly believe in the power of sympathy, and when the little lady came in, looking very dainty and refined, in her plain black woollen gown, I felt that a glow came in with her, a warmth and breadth of sunshine that brightened my gloomy room.

She came in smiling, and though her hair was almost white, I saw how red her lips were, how delicate her features, and she had the tiniest hands.

She did not ask me how I was. She said—

"I am so glad to see you again. I have been hoping you would pass by. I had not heard you were ill till yesterday."

Her sweet deep eyes said so much more than her words did that I put out my hand.

"You are very kind to come and see me," I faltered.

The soft voice and the look in her sweet dark eyes seemed to draw me into her heart. She kept my hand in hers.

"You can sing," she said brightly. "I heard you in church. When you are well you must come often and cheer my loneliness; and you will sing to me, will you not?"

She raised her eyes and looked round. She started; the slight colour which had tinged her pale face faded: she sat staring with frightened eyes at the portrait.

I could not take my eyes from her face, though she seemed so strangely moved; I felt I ought to look away.

At last she turned to me.

"Do you know who sat for that portrait?"

"No. I wish I did know. I love the face so dearly."

"Have you asked Miss Heriot who it is?"

I felt suddenly jealous of the interest Mrs. Brydon showed in the portrait.

"Aunt Deborah never comes in here, and I have not asked her who the original of the portrait is."

I spoke coldly; I wanted Mrs. Brydon to talk of something else. Bright colour flew into her cheeks, and she gave me a caressing smile.

"Ask your aunt, dear child; it is quite natural you should wish to know his name."

His name! Just as if she thought him as real as I did! I said—

"It is useless to ask Aunt Deborah; she will not like it. I have been told she will not have the picture mentioned to her. I think she avoids the library because it is here—at least"—I paused and sighed—"that is, I fancy, one reason why she keeps away."

"Do you mean she has not been to see you during your illness?"

"I do not think so," I answered shortly. I was vexed, I thought Mrs. Brydon asked troublesome questions.

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## III.

Mrs. Brydon conquered me before she went away. When she gave me a good-bye kiss, I could not help loving the kind woman and her tender dark eyes.

In a few days the doctor took his leave, and I was told I might go and see Aunt Deborah. She was more genial than usual.

Presently, I said — timidly, I own — "Aunt, Mrs. Brydon was greatly interested in the portrait over the fireplace."

I could hardly get the last word out, I was so startled by the change in her face: it was distorted with anger. At last she forced herself to say quietly—

"You had better go out walking, child, the air will strengthen your nerves, and it may help your memory; you have forgotten the directions you received."

Why was I such a coward? I longed to ask why I might not speak of the portrait? But that sneering aquiline face with its thin curved lips, its blue eyes, usually so cold—but now flickering with light, like tranquil water overswept by a breeze — had irresistible power in silencing me.

I shivered when I had quitted my aunt's repressive atmosphere.

The fresh air brought me a rush of renewed spirits; I longed to run away from this hateful bondage and seek freedom somewhere else. I did not believe that Clorinda or any of my aunt's household had more feeling than she had. My only refuge seemed to lie in Mrs. Brydon. I went straight to her pretty home.

On the left side of the house was the low, broad, latticed window of her "den," as she called it. There was warm sunshine this morning, and from one of the open lattices came a sound of pleasant voices. I fancied one was a man's voice. I went on to the porch in front and rang the bell.

Perhaps the presence of a stranger kept me from feeling shy with Mrs. Brydon; though this was my first real visit to her, she seemed like an old friend.

"Van"—she turned to a man who stood behind her—"I must introduce you to Miss Edith Heriot. My dear Edith, this is a great friend of mine, Mr. Vandeleur Sneyd."

I had been conscious in a vague way that her visitor was very tall; I now looked fully at him—he was exactly like my beloved portrait.

The room seemed to go round with me; I could not believe I was awake. It was like one of the troubled dreams in my illness about which Clorinda had complained. I sat down in a dull, mechanical way, and listened to the talk between my hostess and her visitor.

"You will at least stay a week with me," she said. "Think how lonely I am; you cannot stay less than a week."

"Thank you; I am ever so glad to stay," he answered. His voice was very pleasant. "I will walk back to Carsack, and tell them to send my things over. But I fancied you were altogether lonely?"

He gave me a merry smile, as if to imply that my visits must count for something.

"Ah! but I had not made this girl's acquaintance when I wrote to you." Then she turned to me. "Your aunt and I were schoolfellows; but I did not know she lived at Moorhouse till a few weeks ago, when I settled to take this cottage, and when I wrote to Mr. Sneyd to give him my new address, I thought he was in his Yorkshire home."

He laughed. "There was decided fate in your letter reaching me; my people did not know I was here. It had been to two or three places in Scotland before it came south to Carsack."

"Fate!" I said to myself; "it is certainly fate that you should be the image of my picture."

But I was so mystified I could not talk; even when I was spoken to I only made commonplace answers. At last I rose to go, conscious that they must both think me a very dull girl.

Mr. Sneyd opened the door for me, then he followed me to the garden gate.

"It is very kind of you to come and cheer my old friend," he said; "she lived near friends till she came here; she must miss them, I fancy."

"I think she is charming." That was all I could find to say.

"She is indeed."

I looked up into his grey eyes, and I then discovered that, unlike the portrait, he wore a short brown beard and moustaches.

"What does it mean?" I asked myself as I opened our side gate, and, looking back, thought how ugly the Moorhouse, clothed only with dark ivy, was compared with that charming cottage covered with evergreen rose and bright-berried fire-thorn.

I supped with my aunt that evening, and when she asked about my walk, I said there was really nothing new to set down; besides this, I often met Vandeleur Sneyd at her house or on the moor. I went home from my walks with so bright a colour that more than once Aunt Deborah said—

"Moorland air evidently suits you, Edith."

I fancied she was growing kinder;

"YOU MIGHT SAY 'GOOD-BYE.'"

I had called on Mrs. Brydon, but I did not mention Mr. Sneyd. I told myself there was no need to do so. Time enough for her to know when Mrs. Brydon brought him to call.

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## IV.

A blank comes in my diary after the record of my visit to Mrs. Brydon.

I now went every day to see her, so anyway, life at the Moorhouse was more endurable. There was not much of it now to endure. The weather had become clear and frosty, and I spent all the time I could out of doors. Those long hours with my portrait were almost forgotten; its living likeness had taken its place.

"And when he is gone, how then?" I asked myself one morning, as I saw him coming to meet me on the moor. His

week's stay with Mrs. Brydon had lengthened to a fortnight. "What shall I do?" Then I resolved not to think of it; it was much wiser to go on enjoying the present, without troubling about what lay before me.

We walked on together till we reached the top of a ridge that rose behind the Moor village. We talked about his sisters, till suddenly he said—

"I am sure you are fond of dancing; your willowy figure is made for it."

I think this was the most personal thing he had said. I looked up and met his eyes so intently fixed on me that I flushed a little.

"Never mind me, please go on telling me about your sisters; you did not get beyond their names, I want to hear more about them."

We stopped and stood facing one another.

"I say, too, never mind my sisters; this may be our last walk; our time together is too precious to waste on any outside person. I want to ask you a question, if I may?"

I laughed; his manner made me feel shy; I took refuge in sauciness.

"That depends; you can, of course, ask a question, but I cannot promise to answer it. I may not be able, you know."

He was looking at me again in the same intent way, and I was vexed to feel warm colour spreading over my face. One of Aunt Deborah's first lessons had been, "Never blush, Edith, it is a commonplace, school-girl habit." In those days girls still deferred to the opinions of their elders, and I did not wish him to think me "commonplace."

"Well, I want your opinion. I asked Mrs. Brydon to take me to the Moorhouse to call on Miss Heriot, and she absolutely declined to do so. She said your aunt dislikes strangers, and this morning when I pressed my request she said there had been a soreness between Miss Heriot and my family; she added that my name and my face would both bring back painful memories. Now what do you think? You must understand your aunt much better than Mrs. Brydon can; you have, perhaps, spoken of me to her? Do you not think I may call before I leave Moor?"

I could not answer: the news that he was going stupefied me.

I resolved that he should not discover my trouble; I stood looking down at the heather.

"Well," he asked, "what do you say?"

I looked up at him; the sweetness of the grey eyes, the broad kind forehead, made me forget the brown beard and moustaches, which had somehow weakened his likeness to the portrait. For an instant I felt that it stood before me in the flesh, was actually speaking to me. All at once I saw clearly into my aunt's mystery—the sudden flash of inspiration which often helps a woman to divine the truth swept away the mist that had obscured her relations with the original of my picture. I saw and knew why she would not look on it.

For all that I did not know how to answer his question. I said—

"Is Mrs. Brydon an old friend of yours?"

"She was a friend of my father's years ago, before he married; after his death she came and lived near us, and was a great comfort to my mother. She had been a widow for years; her husband was old, and died a few months after marriage."

I remembered how she had started when she saw the portrait, and I began to see a little romance in all this.

"I think Mrs. Brydon will know best about your visit to my aunt."

He looked utterly disappointed, and, I fancied, surprised.

"Can you be in earnest?" His eyes were neither kind nor grey: they looked as dark as a stormy night, and the flash in them frightened me. "Don't you wish me to win your aunt's good opinion? Is not she your guardian?"

"Yes, she is my guardian," I said slowly. I did not grasp his meaning.

"Well, then"—he was still very much disturbed; at least, he looked so—"would it not be pleasanter for both of us if Miss Heriot made my acquaintance?"

"I suppose so."

I said this in a low voice, but I felt it was not quite the truth. It was not likely

that my aunt would make herself pleasant to him. His strange abruptness wounded me, and when he said, "I will leave you here," I felt ready to cry.

He turned away. A sickening fear came to me that this was good-bye. I must know why he was angry with me.

"You might say 'Good-bye.'" I found courage again now that I could not see his frown.

He turned and snatched my hands in his.

"Is it to be 'Good-bye,' then? Do you really mean it?"

The tightness of his clasp hurt me. I tried to speak calmly.

"I thought you were leaving Moor?"

He looked into my eyes as he bent over me, as though he tried to see into my heart.

"I must leave Moor to-morrow." Then, after a pause: "Only you can tell me whether I shall come back."

I looked up; he was not frowning.

"Yes, come back," I said faintly.

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## V.

I have always disliked secrets. All this time that I had been meeting Vandeleur at Mrs. Brydon's and on the moor, I had been oppressed with a consciousness of deceit, because I had not spoken about him to my aunt. Now that this great joy had come to me, that Vandeleur Sneyd had actually asked me to marry him, I resolved to go home and tell my news. In my joyful excitement I forgot my aunt's constant avoidance of me, and when I reached the Moorhouse, I went at once to her sitting-room.

I opened the door, and voices told me she was not alone.

A tall screen hid the speakers, but I recognised Mrs. Brydon's voice.

I went round the screen, and stood still beside it. Aunt Deborah saw me; she was evidently too overwrought to notice my presence. Mrs. Brydon had risen from her chair, and stood with her back towards me.

"Oh, Deborah," she was saying, "think what you are doing; if you have no sympathy with the happiness of these young creatures, are you not afraid of thwarting love? Think how you have suffered, how much we have both suffered, because our love was hindered."

"Hindered?" Aunt Deborah's voice sounded fierce. "Such a word suggests the interruption of something real, of something which has existed; I tell you, silly woman that you are, while I was loving him with all my heart and soul Vandeleur Sneyd was simply amusing himself. He wanted my money, not me. When he found how entirely it was settled on me, he felt no pain in giving me up, and seeking a wife elsewhere. I never understood why he trifled with you, however?"

The questioning tone and her keen glance at Mrs. Brydon surprised me; I had not thought Aunt Deborah would condescend to be curious.

Mrs. Brydon drew up her small slight figure.

"He did not trifle with me, he loved me," she said gravely, "and I loved him dearly; I would not marry him because I should have sacrificed him. I was poor, and so was he then; besides, I was older than he was. I never saw him again." She paused, and then went on warmly: "Deborah, I have always loved him, I love him still. If I had that portrait, I should find happiness in only looking at it."

"I don't know why I keep it, Lucy; I hate it." Aunt Deborah paused, and then, "At your age it is useless to tell you you deceive yourself; but this is the truth. Vandeleur Sneyd was too much in love with his own handsome face and figure to love any woman; I tell you, his son is a chip of the old block. You do not see that foolish listening child, her heart beating and her eyes glowing with what she thinks is love. Love, indeed! This young fellow cares no more truly for her than his father did for either of us; he believes her to be my heiress, and he came here to see what she was like, that is all. If he finds a richer girl, she will see no more of him."

She turned suddenly to me, "If you have come to ask my consent, Edith, you are answered," she said sternly; "I am not demonstrative, but I care too much

for your father's daughter to help you to a mercenary husband."

Mrs. Brydon crossed the room to where I stood and kissed my forehead; then she spoke again to my aunt.

My aunt's eyes brightened.

"And you, Lucy, knowing what you did of the father's inconstancy, have been wicked enough to throw these young fools together. What can the girl know of him

"LOVE IS NOT TRUE WITHOUT TRUST, AUNT DEBORAH."

"I was afraid of this, and would not bring him to see you; but you mistake if you think that Vandeleur needs money, and you greatly wrong him if you think he does not dearly love this child." She smiled at me. "He tells me he loved her the first day he saw her."

except that he has a handsome face? I suppose he is like his father?"

I could not keep silent.

"Please don't be angry, aunt, but I cannot let you blame Vandeleur; I could not tell you before to-day, because—because—I did not know he—he cared for

me, but I loved Vandeleur before I saw him, long before he came to Moor."

"What do you mean? Are you crazy, child? What can you know about love?"

"Don't laugh at me. The face in the portrait made me love it, and so when I met Vandeleur at Mrs. Brydon's I—I knew I could not be happy away from him."

I spoke earnestly, my aunt sat staring at me as though I had gone crazy.

"Good Heavens! What folly! And if he proves false, child, of what good will your love be to you? You have yielded to a foolish fancy which will simply make you miserable."

And now, to my surprise, Mrs. Brydon placed herself between us; her eyes were brighter than I had ever seen them, their dark glow brought a faint flush to her cheeks like the bloom on a China rose.

"Hush, Deborah, you are talking treason—a woman who loves truly has always a treasure she had not before; death may take her lover from her, it cannot take away the wealth with which love for him has filled her heart. And remember this, my Edith: love is a memory that will keep you happy, let what will betide; it is always more blessed to give than to receive; the one who loves best is the happiest." I shall never forget the radiant look in her eyes as she spoke. She turned again to my aunt. "Ah, Deborah! if you had kept your love fresh and bright you would be a happy woman; distrust sours the very springs of love. No, I have not done; I cannot go away till you have promised not to make yourself a stumbling-block between these happy lovers. You had better leave your aunt to me, Edith."

I went into the garden with my own happy thoughts, and after a while Mrs. Brydon joined me. She said Aunt Deborah wished to be alone, so I did not disturb her.

Evening came, the curtains were drawn and the candles were lighted; I was beginning to feel anxious, when the library door opened, and there stood Aunt Deborah. Her face was flushed, and she came in as if she had some fault to atone for. She looked up at the portrait and gazed steadily at it.

There was a pause before she spoke, and I noticed a softened tone in her voice.

"I may have misjudged you, child. God knows! I thought you wanted heart. I may still be in error, but I am bound to guard your future happiness. I cannot consent to your engagement with Mr. Sneyd, but you may see him once more and tell him this: If a year hence you have both remained faithful to your love, he may come to the Moorhouse, and I will give you to him. Meantime I forbid all letters and meetings. Are you willing to wait, Edith?"

"Yes, yes, aunt; I should think I was." I put my arms round her and kissed her heartily.

She took my hand in hers, and held me from her, while she studied my face.

"You are not afraid, then, that your lover will forget you?"

"Love is not true without trust, Aunt Deborah."

MODERN war is a matter of money, and in the case of John Jacob Astor money has enthusiastically gone over to militarism. He belongs to the fourth generation of millionaire Astors (his fortune is £30,000,000), and he is a cousin of William Waldorf Astor, who has become an Englishman. He has been on the military staff of the Governor of New York for several years, and has fitted out a magnificent battery, while he turned over his splendid yacht to the Government free of cost for use in the war.

The first of the Astors, John Jacob, was born at Waldorf, in Germany, in 1763. He went to America as a mere lad, and married a Scotswoman, Miss Sarah Todd. Only one of his sons had children. This was William, who had John Jacob (the father of the owner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*) and William, the father of the Colonel.

The part of Iris in "A Greek Slave," at Daly's Theatre, has given Miss Letty Lind a chance of catching the public eye for many a night to come. Hers is probably the most carefully developed talent in the world of light-music entertainment; for while she made her name as a dancer, she has cultivated a tiny voice that improves as the years go by, while her delightful art of expression is a secret of personality. You have only to hear her songs sung

*Photo by Price, Washington.*

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO HAS EQUIPPED A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

MISS LETTY LIND AS IRIS IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

by anybody else to feel her immense superiority, even where her imitator has a much finer voice. It is her peculiar individuality of interpretation that does it, unconsciously learned and possibly unconsciously practised.

There may be something, too, in her origin; for her sisters possess something of her talent. They hail from Edgbaston, Birmingham, and their real name is the prosaic one of Rudge. They are all as follows—

| Stage Name. | Real Name. |
|---|---|
| Letty Lind .. | ... Lætitia Elizabeth Rudge. |
| Millie Hylton... | ... Sarah Frances Louise Rudge (Mrs. Clulow Sim). |
| Adelaide Astor | ... Elizabeth Gertrude Rudge (Mrs. George Grossmith, jun.). |
| Lydia Flopp ... | ... Lydia Agnes Rudge. |
| Fanny Dangle | .. Fanny Rudge. |

Letty Lind made her first appearance at the age of four as Eva, in a burlesque version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but she was really brought out by Mr. Howard Paul, who, by the way, is a nephew of John Howard Payne, who wrote the words of "Home, Sweet Home," and died homeless at Tunis, where he is buried, in 1852. She made her first appearance at the Gaiety in "Monte Cristo," and she has remained under Mr. George Edwardes' management almost ever since. Miss Millie Hylton, the next sister, made her reputation in the music-halls, but she is now touring the country with Gaiety pieces. Miss Adelaide Astor has retired from the stage since she married; while Miss Flopp was the Middy in "The Geisha."

A FRENCHMAN WHO IS WALKING ROUND THE WORLD.

*Photo by Lafayette.*

AN AMERICAN WHO IS WALKING ROUND THE WORLD IN A PAPER SUIT.

The craze of walking round the world is occupying the attention of both the pedestrians pictured on this page. George Melville Boynton is an American who means to perform the journey in a suit of paper clothes (to signify that he is journeying

*Photo by Lafayette.*

LADY MARGARET INNES-KER, WHO HAS MARRIED MAJOR ORR-EWING.

without funds); and if he succeeds, his friends will give £10,000 to charities in San Francisco. It was from there that he started on Aug. 13, 1897, and he hopes to finish the task on Aug. 13, 1902, when he will arrive in Washington and dine with the President.

M. Gilbert is a French journalist who is tramping for a £10,000 wager, and must finish his long walk by arriving in Paris on June 1, 1900. He has already covered 23,631½ miles, and has 17,868½ to overtake. He wears kharki, a broad-brimmed pith hat, and bears the arms of his beloved France on his coat. He has already been three years on the road. Some years ago two young Germans walked round the world.

MISS C. COOPER, THE TENNIS CHAMPION.

Lady Margaret Innes-Ker, who married Major Orr-Ewing in the last week of the season, is the daughter of the seventh Duke of Roxburghe, and the granddaughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. The Roxburghe family were originally Kers, who had been settled on the Borders from a very early time. They received an earldom (in 1599) in the person of Sir Robert Ker, who accompanied James VI. into England. The fifth Earl was one of the great promoters of the union, and received a dukedom for his trouble in 1707.

One of the most interesting members of the family was the third Duke, who collected a magnificent library in his house in St. James's Square, and his fellow bibliophiles founded the Roxburghe Club in his honour. He died in 1804.

The double-barrelled name Orr-Ewing is less than a century old, and was introduced by the Major's father, Sir Archibald, whose mother was an Orr. The Ewings, however, are a very old family, traces of them being found in Dumbartonshire for 700 years. Major Orr-Ewing, who was originally in the 16th Lancers, has been Aide-de-Camp to Lord Roberts in Ireland since 1895.

Miss Cooper, the lawn-tennis champion, has been an enthusiastic player for some years, representing a club at Surbiton. Probably if Mrs. Hillyard had been present, Miss Cooper would not have won the proud position. As it was, she walked over. Mrs. Hillyard has succeeded mainly by possessing strong nerves. Miss Martin, of the Fitzwilliam Club, in Dublin, is, on the other hand, exceedingly nervous. The best player of all, Miss Dod, has gone over to golf.